CORONATION— WATCHING THE EARTH'S GREATEST SHOW FROM A TRAILER by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

MAY 15, 1937

Liberty

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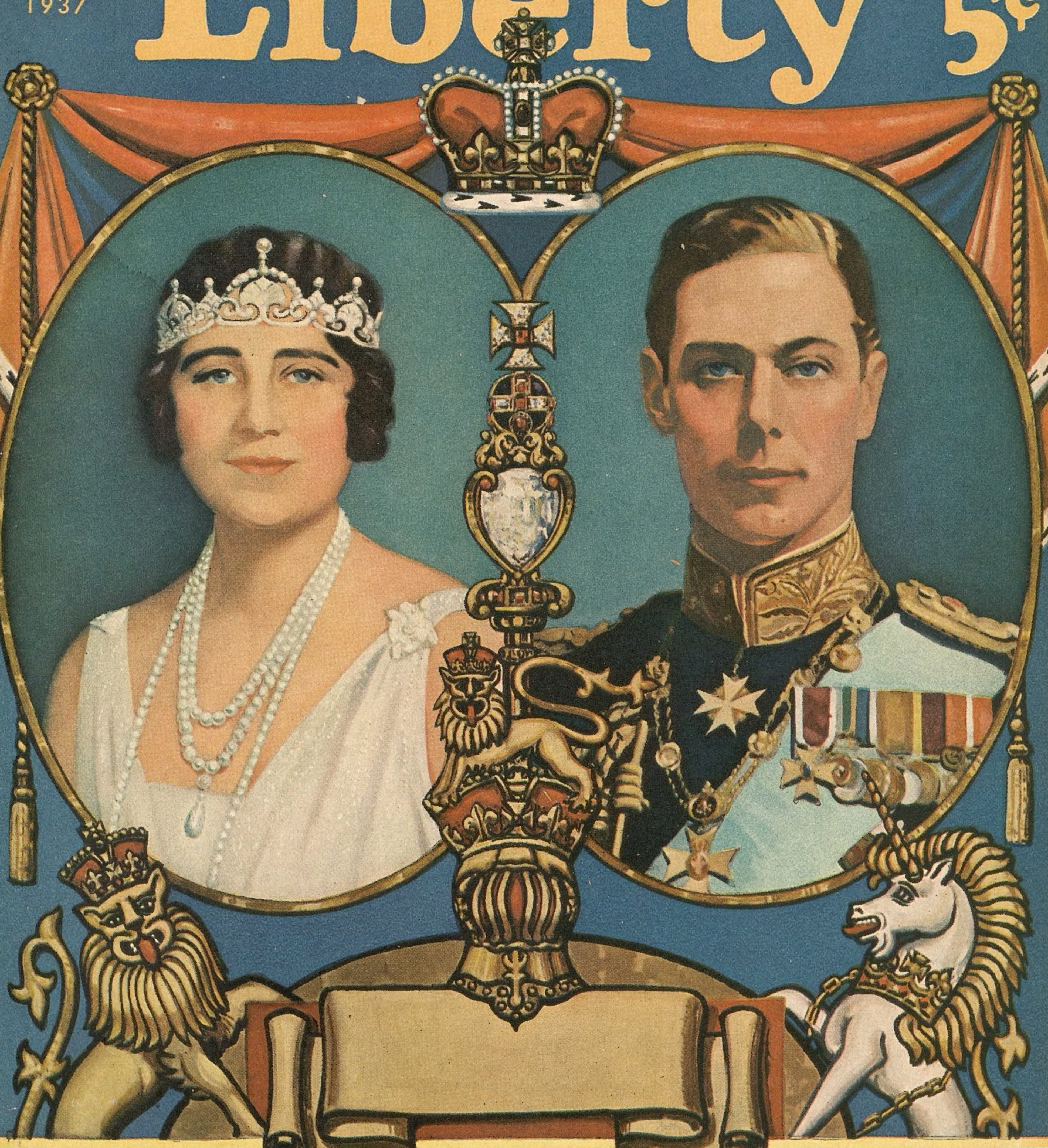
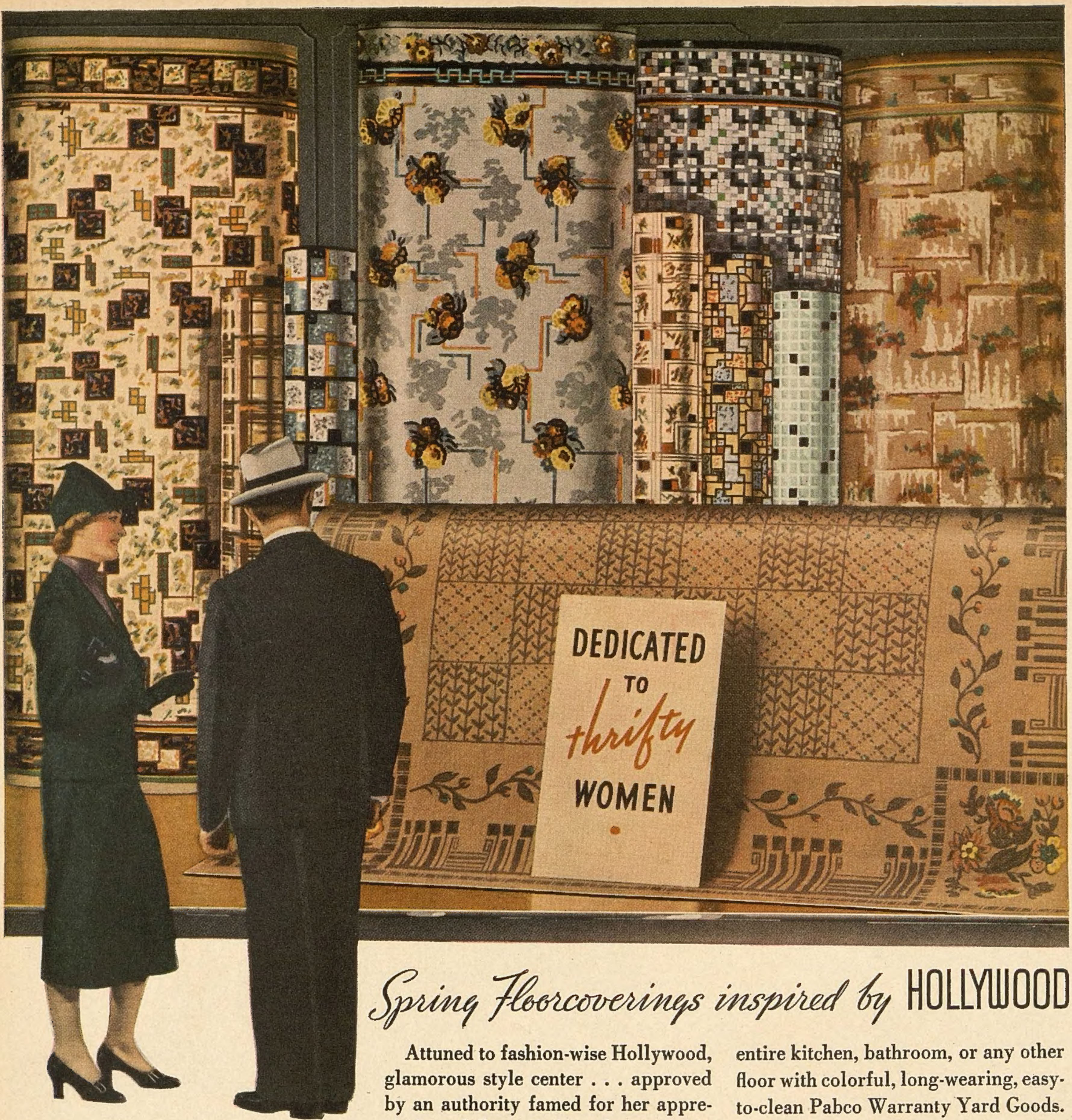


A NEW NOVEL by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot

WILL MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER RULE OVER ITALY?



Rear rugs (left to right), Numbers 9711, 9680, 9700, 9650. Large rug displayed in front Number 9720. Yard Goods (left to right), Numbers 3621, 3701, 3640, 3710, 3720.

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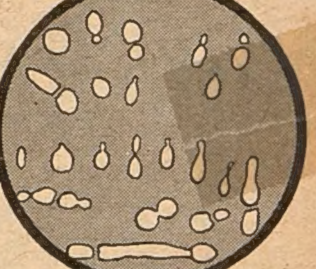
AT LAST—THE TRUTH ABOUT DANDRUFF

AT LAST—A METHOD THAT WILL CURE!



Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, magnified many times.

Ten years' research shows queer bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Listerine treatment brings quick relief to 76% of patients in New Jersey clinic.

ARE you troubled with dandruff? Itching, burning scalp? Lifeless or falling hair? If so, remember: instead of merely treating the *symptoms* of dandruff, you can now attack the *cause* with Listerine Antiseptic.

Instead of momentarily ridding scalp surfaces of dandruff accumulations, you may now look for quick and more lasting relief and, in many cases, complete cure.

These benefits are now possible following one of the most searching studies ever undertaken on the subject of dandruff. It revealed the true cause of dandruff and a successful method of treating it.*

Pityrosporum Ovale Causes Dandruff

In this study, test tube and microscope proved that a savage little bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, caused dandruff. It is always present on the scalp, in hair follicles, and dandruff scales.

No less important to you than this startling discovery are the results of prolonged clinical research on the treatment for dandruff. First, rabbits suffering from dandruff were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic. Within an average of 14 days, there was *complete cure* of dandruff on the sides treated with Listerine. On the sides not thus treated, dandruff was in evidence *nearly a month later.*

I LOVE THE WAY LISTERINE KEEPS MY SCALP SWEET, MY HAIR IMMACULATE—NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW QUICK LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING, AND BURNING

76% Got Relief

In a midwestern and an eastern skin clinic, definitely satisfactory results were obtained on men and women suffering from dandruff. In the midwestern clinic, a substantial number of those using Listerine once a day, obtained marked relief in the first two weeks. In some cases a complete cure was noted in from three to eight weeks.

In the eastern clinic, 76% of the patients who had used Listerine twice a day showed marked improvement in or complete disappearance of the symptoms of dandruff within three weeks.

Be Patient, It's Deep-Seated

If you have any evidence of a dandruff condition, start today with full-strength Listerine once or twice a day. After applying Listerine, massage the scalp and hair vigorously.

Listerine surrounds each hair, penetrates infected hair follicles, attacking Pityrosporum ovale. As Listerine spreads its soothing medication over the troubled scalp, note how wonderfully fresh and clean, how healthy, vigorous and full of life both hair and scalp feel. See how quickly unsightly scales and flakes are removed.

Do not expect the overnight miracles promised by remedies which have never been put to clinical test. Dandruff is a germ disease and requires persistent treatment. Listerine's marked curative properties are due to certain ingredients in a unique combination shared by no other antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

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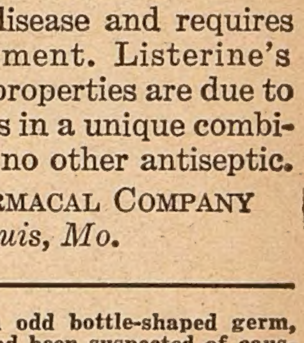
* For many years an odd bottle-shaped germ, Pityrosporum ovale, had been suspected of causing dandruff. No bacteriologist, however, had been able to isolate it and keep it sufficiently alive for dandruff experiments. Where older men had failed, modern technicians succeeded. Pityrosporum ovale was not only isolated and kept alive, but produced dandruff, by inoculation, in rabbits, guinea pigs, and man. From the dandruff thus artificially created, Pityrosporum ovale was re-isolated and again, by inoculation, produced dandruff. This sounds like a simple accomplishment, but actually it required years of application.



LISTERINE
Once a day . . . for Dandruff

MAY 15, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 20

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Nine Thousand Mothers Die Annually
CAUSE—IGNORANCE or NEGLECT

WE boast of our progress. We assume an air of superiority when comparing ourselves to other nations. But the mortality record of motherhood is greater here than in any other leading country. The number of deaths per thousand births is more than double that of Italy, and exceeds that of any other English-speaking country.

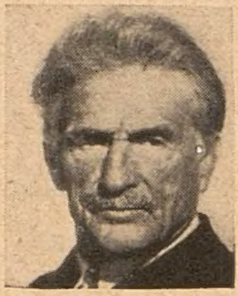
In European countries what we term hospitalization is rarely used. There only the charity patients or the wealthy are allowed this luxury, if we may use such a term. And obstetricians, high-priced specialists, are employed here far more than elsewhere. In fact, in most foreign countries midwives usually perform the services necessary in this crisis.

Now, what are the causes of these unnecessary deaths?

The New York Academy of Medicine, in a recent report, maintained that more than 65 per cent of these deaths might have been prevented. In other words, that more than nine thousand deaths could have been avoided, which would indicate they were caused by either ignorance or neglect.

The State of Nevada has been severely criticized because of the freedom with which marriages have been terminated in Reno; yet a legislator in that state recently introduced a bill which proposed to take care of mothers previous to childbirth and as long thereafter as needed. The law is to be so liberally construed that the mother need not even be a resident of the state, nor is it necessary for her to be protected by the marriage bond. This is indeed a shining example that could be followed advantageously by other states.

Childbirth is distinctly a physical process, and the American tendency to " coddle " our women has in many instances weakened and enfeebled the body—the main cause of the prolonged suffering and deaths at childbirth. Some medical advisers forbid vigorous exercise of all kinds during pregnancy. Even that activity which may be necessary in household duties is often prohibited. Adherence to such advice weakens and devitalizes the tissues which should be firm and strong for the coming crisis.


BERNARR MACFADDEN

The physical procedure of childbirth is simplicity itself in savage life. When the American Indians were on the trail in pioneer times, the expectant mother would stop by a stream, give birth to her child, give it and herself proper attention, then continue on her way and join the group. The physical procedure of childbirth in civilized life need not differ greatly if the mothers possessed a similar amount of vigor and vitality.

We are not advising mothers to ignore the advice to be careful during pregnancy; but we warn them against the advice that forbids the ordinary activities to which they are accustomed. Violent efforts should usually be avoided, but the usual exercises which a mother has been taking in previous years should be continued almost to the time the child is born. The ease and safety of this maternal crisis depends upon the strength of the muscular tissues in the central portions of the body. Abdominal and back muscles should be especially strong. And muscles will be enfeebled in every instance unless they are used with a reasonable amount of regularity.

The nausea that accompanies pregnancy is greatly increased when the expectant mother is inactive. When the functions of motherhood are truly understood, the mothers of the future will be put through a preparatory training process not unlike that required of an athlete, not only during the pregnant period, but for many years previous.

The faults that have brought us so many maternal deaths should be remedied. The New York Academy of Medicine learned through its investigation that two out of three of the deaths could have been prevented. When making that statement it undoubtedly knew the causes of these deaths.

What, if anything, has been done to properly penalize the practitioners who are to blame?

Medical ethics, which forbids a doctor to testify against a fellow practitioner regardless of how culpable he may be, should be changed. Perhaps this fault, if properly corrected, might do more than anything else to lower the high mortality record during childbirth.

Bernarr Macfadden

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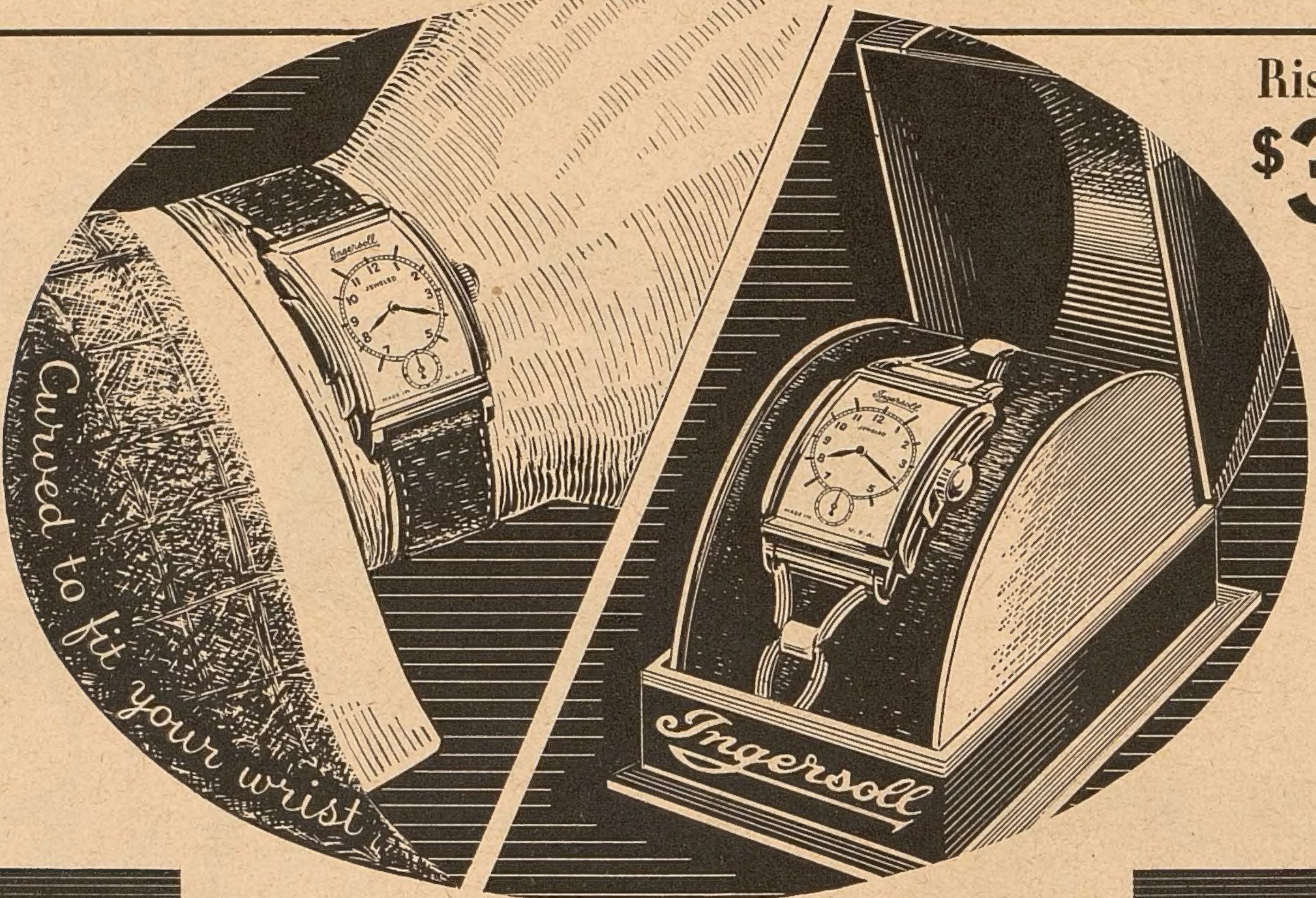

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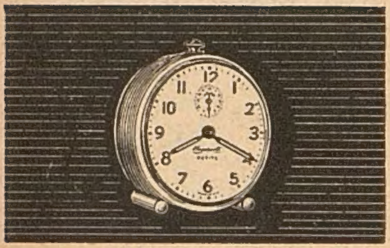

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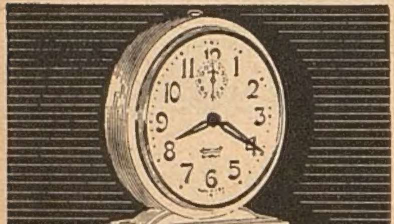

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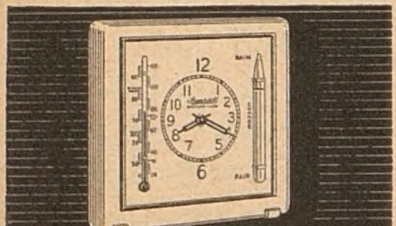

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Ingersoll leads again! Now with the first low-priced jeweled wrist watch! It's a beauty. Case is curved to fit the wrist like the smartest, expensive wrist watches. Non-tarnishing chrome finish. See it now at the best dealers in your locality. An all-American watch—American-made—America's idea of value.

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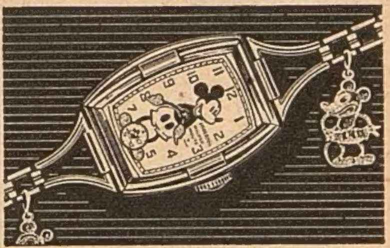

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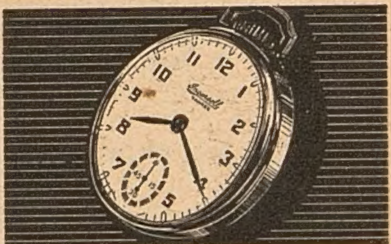

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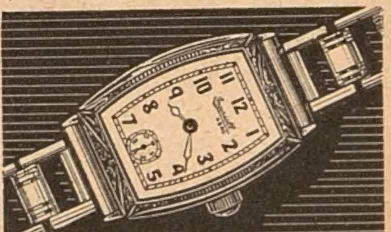


AERO WRIST WATCH—*Smallest and slimmest at the price. Chrome-finish case, leather or metal band. $3.50.*

Ingersoll-Waterbury Co., Waterbury, Conn.

Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GOTLIEB

A lusty, colorful novel of love and a life that was full to the brim — The story of a woman who had been around

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

PART ONE—DEVIL-DOINGS IN PANAMA

I AM going to tell you the life story of Emerald Annie, the hellcat of Panama. I do not say it is a pretty tale, or elevating; and nobody would seriously maintain that Annie ever had a moral purpose in her career. All that I do have to remark about those incredible years of Annie's life, as she confided them to me one steamy night in Cristobal, is that they actually happened. Enough has come to light to prove the whole horrible business—from her beginnings back on Avenue A, through all the inferno of building the Canal, with Annie and her girls looking after the wants of the toilers in the Big Ditch, physical and spiritual. You laugh, eh? Spiritual was the word that made you laugh? But I meant spiritual, just the same. Those delirious sweat-soaked diggers who died in Emerald Annie's arms sometimes called her sister, wife, at other times mother.

It's not hard to laugh at Emerald Annie, unless you know her real story, and she never told anybody that—except me. The only reason she did tell me—and took one hot night to do it—was because I had come to her house of flashing lights to march her off to prison—and she did not want to go. Not then, anyway.

Queer, too—the way that started.

It was around half past three when Michael Darcy came into my office—at Ancon, on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal. Now it can be told—I was detailed to the Isthmus for two years on a special assignment from the Narcotics branch of the Treasury Department, referred to by ingenuous and romantic souls as the Secret Service. Darcy slammed some papers on the desk in front of me. There was a triumphant expression on his hard, shrewd face.

"Well," he announced—"I done it!"

"You don't mean broke the case?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You mean—*the* case?"

"You said it, chief!"

"Great work, Mike! Tell me everything! Why, man, if you've cracked this thing—"

I had good cause to be excited. For months we had known that a dope ring of wide proportions and intricate ramifications had been operating with Panama as a base, importing heroin from Far Eastern ports and shipping it through the Canal to New York and New Orleans. We had succeeded in stopping the actual traffic—yet, I was afraid, only temporarily. For I had got precisely nowhere; nowhere, that is, when it came to discovering the people at the top, the directing intelligence of the criminal syndicate, since it really did not matter how many of the small fry—Chinese sailors, Filipino stewards, Jamaican and Barbadian dock laborers—we arrested and sent to jail.

On the important part of the job I seemed to be getting nowhere. So, of late, my superiors in Washington had begun to take it out of me—in that stilted and ponderously polite diction which is the unpleasant habit of stay-at-home bureaucrats the world over. This very morning I had received a letter in which they suggested, in that same supercilious phraseology, that my stay in the tropics, already prolonged, had perhaps undermined my health and blunted my perspective, my mental faculties; and if, therefore, I cared to apply for a three-months leave of absence . . .

I knew what that signified. It implied a dull, drab routine desk job in Washington at the end of those three months. It meant that somebody else would get my job in the Canal Zone.

And—slightly embittering thought—I had done good work in Panama, in spite of all the departmental nagging. Besides, I loved the place. My friends were here—my human and social interests. It had become home to me.

And now—the news Darcy had brought! No wonder I was pleased—and I pushed the cigar box over to him . . .

" Smoke, Mike? "

" Thanks, chief." He helped himself lavishly; lit one panatela and put three in his pocket. " Sure got that dame by the short hair," he went on.

I looked up.

" A woman? "

" Right. Miss Hopkins—see? " . . .

The name conveyed nothing.

" Hopkins? " I echoed.

" *You* know. Annie Hopkins—the red-haired skirt who runs that joint over at Colón." . . .

I did not believe my ears.

" You "—I stammered—" you don't mean Emerald Annie? "

" Nobody else but! "

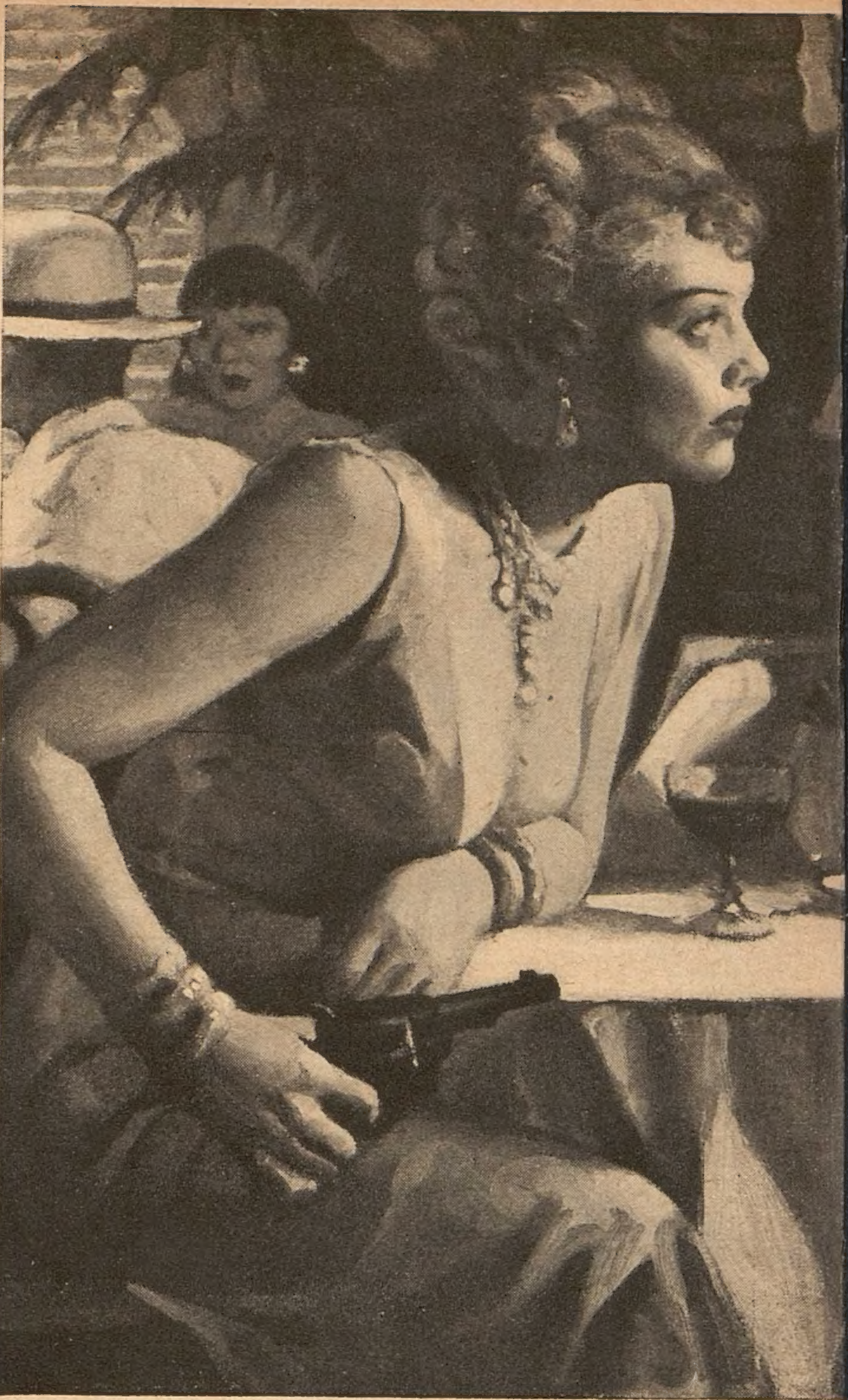
" Rot! I thought you had something! "

My exclamation must have expressed a certain chagrin, a certain doubt; for Darcy laughed.

" Feel sorry for Annie, chief? " he inquired. " You won't be lonesome, you know! The whole world's had a yen for Annie."

" Shut your face, Mike! "

I was suddenly angry. Angry—I suppose—at having been found out, since I admitted to myself that Darcy had not altogether missed the mark.


A split second later I saw the wicke

INDEED I had a soft spot in my heart for Emerald Annie. Not that I knew her well. One doesn't know many people well—not really well—in my business, especially here on the Isthmus, this land of quick and, half the time, rather shoddy contacts. Still, I repeat, I have always liked her. And it saddened me to reflect that she could be mixed up in such a mess—any white man loathes the dope racket—and so I was sorry that it was my duty to arrest her, to send her back to the States and, doubtless, to federal prison, probably for the rest of her life.

Then I reconsidered.

Why—Annie was not poor. She made a good thing out of her night club. Therefore why . . .?

I put the riddle to Darcy; and he replied:

" That's what stumped me, too—when I got the first tip to watch her. But I kept on watching, kept on digging—and at last I got her dead to rights. She's the brain of the whole lousy outfit. No getting away from it. Just take a squint at my report, chief." . . .

There were a dozen or so typewritten sheets. I read them through. They told a fully damnatory story, substantiated by a number of affidavits that dovetailed without a chink and that, welded together in a federal courtroom, would undoubtedly spell three cold merciless words: " Guilty as charged."

It was hopeless for Annie. Absolutely hopeless.

I said again:

" Good work, Mike."

" Not so dusty "—complacently—" eh? " . . . He paused. " Shall I run over to Colón and pinch the dame? "

" I'll attend to that."

For I remembered my strict orders: to remove the case, as soon as it had broken, from the neighboring influence of Republic of Panama politics; to bring the suspected party back to the States for trial on the first northbound boat. . . .

I consulted a steamship folder on my desk. The S.S. Toloa was leaving Colón fifteen minutes before midnight. I looked at my watch. Another eight hours. . . .

I opened a file; took out a blank warrant; filled in the name: " Annie Hopkins—alias Emerald Annie."

Then again I studied the affidavits. Oh, yes—they dovetailed, clicked.

I pointed at one of them.

" Carlos Urdaneta," I read out the signature; inquired, " How did you get hold of him, Mike? "

" He got hold of me. Fact is, he's the guy who gave me the first tip about Emerald Annie. Helped me straight along in obtaining my evidence . . ."

" Did he? Why? "

" Mighty lucky for me. For that Urdaneta baby rates tops amongst the greaseballs, with his wealth—and his social position."

" I know."

" And he'd like to talk to you. He happens to be in town. I made a date for him to be here around four. He's taking the five-something train home to Colón. You going by the same train? "

" Can't do it. I've a raft of work to finish."

uish glint of a revolver in her right hand.

“What about that eight-o’clock plane?” asked Mike.

“Suits me perfectly. Get me a seat, Mike. And hop over to the steamship office. I want two staterooms, side by side, on the Toloa.”

“For you—and Annie?”

“Yes.”

“O. K., chief.” He went to the door. “Be seeing you . . .”

He left. I was alone, and thought of the woman who had so many names, the saddest face in Cash Street—the best rifle shot in the Zone, the hellcat of Panama—

Emerald Annie, of Annie’s Ritz!

Old-timer in Panama. Had come here a long time ago, back in the clouting, roaring, epic years when the Big Ditch was being dug from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

An almost legendary figure, Emerald Annie. And yet —not old!

Hale and hearty. Full-blooded. Beautiful in a rather Junoesque way.

“Not a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—not me!” she had told me only last week. “I’m not like them modern girls that are so damned thin you don’t know if they’re coming or going—and I don’t want to be, neither. But with a real figure—God-made, not diet-made—see what I mean, kid? . . . To hell with vitamins—and give me honest curves.” . . .

That’s what she had, too. Honest, well rounded curves; and her skin still smooth and satiny, neither too white nor too brittle-tanned, in spite of the tropical sun; and—it clashed barbarously, gloriously, with the emeralds on her fingers, the emeralds in her hair, the emeralds round her neck and wrists—a mass of ruddy-gold hair piled up like a carved Florentine helmet; and the bluest eyes in the world—eyes strangely true in the face of a woman like that.

Amazingly frank eyes. Eyes that held a deep laughter, persistent in spite of pain.

For Annie was naturally fond of laughter—jolly, decent laughter. And I recalled what Ted Scott, the editor of the Panama-American, had once said of her: that she was a gentleman amongst women, with a gentleman’s sense of honor—and a gentleman’s sense of humor.

Well, I reflected bitterly, Ted was right enough about the sense of humor. But—sense of honor? . . .

Why—here, on the desk in front of me, was this damning mass of evidence that stamped her as the lowest and most cowardly type of criminal. It gave the lie to my former opinion of her. For in the past I had admired her so. I had admired chiefly her courage in carving out a career for herself, here on the Isthmus, singlehanded, purposeful, hard-bitten, without asking a favor.

Cold pluck—that’s what I had always judged to be her main characteristic—a man’s driving, fighting pluck. And, too, one other trait. Not exactly trait. Gift, rather; or quality. For she had glamour. . . .

Now, glamour is a strange and indefinable thing. The dictionary is not altogether right in defining it as a false glitter. Glamour is not—at least, not entirely—a quality of the woman who has it. It is also, and paradoxically, a quality of the man as he looks at her; a trick of his soul and a quirk of his imagining.

And many, many men had looked at Emerald Annie. Many, many men, looking at her, had fallen under the spell of her potent glamour. Had been fooled by it—as, it appeared, I had been fooled by it.

Well—I’d show *her!*

Back to the States for her. Trial. Punishment. . . .

And I was a little ashamed of myself as I realized that the thought of Emerald Annie in jail held a certain measure of personal revenge, personal and rather shabby triumph—and, irrationally, a moment later this consciousness of shame made me feel sorry for her. . . .

A knock at the door interrupted my conflicting emotions.

“Come in!”

Carlos Urdaneta crossed the threshold.

“How are you, Mr. Hardesty?” he greeted me. . . .

A FASCINATING man—perhaps the most fascinating on the Isthmus—Carlos Urdaneta was of quite amazing beauty, with his thick black hair beginning to gray at the temples and curling over an ivory-white forehead; his greenish-brown wide-set Castilian eyes; the curve of his short nose with the nervous flaring nostrils; the intensely red lips—the sort of beauty which suggested all the informal vices and not a single one of the formal virtues.

Romance was about him like a cloak. Unwholesome romance; yet puissant.

All women felt it. So did most men.

To me Carlos had always seemed like the subtle vagary of a dim forgotten century. A figure out of Italian history, the Renaissance period.

Oh, yes. One could imagine Carlos Urdaneta as a bravo in the pay of some great Florentine or Roman noble. One could imagine him waiting in a dark postern—velvet-masked, silver medals of the Virgin and the Child in his plumed hat, naked dagger in hand—for the enemy whom he had been hired to slay. One could imagine him, after the deed, mumbling a prayer for his victim’s soul.

A dangerous man—decidedly.

Dangerous, too, from the political angle.

For—and here, in his fanatically sincere patriotism, was his one high and shining virtue—Carlos Urdaneta was a Panamano first, last, and all the time. He played his country’s game, quite properly, against the world. Thus, convinced that Uncle Sam was a brutally selfish imperialistic interloper who had obtained jurisdiction over the Canal Zone by force and fraud and should be booted out, he had headed, for years, a cabal ready to ally itself with any one—Japan or Germany or the Man in the Moon—

willing to throw his diplomatic, commercial, or military weight into the scales against the United States.

But—more recently—there had been a change in the man.

From working underground, he had emerged into the light of day with the avowed intention of becoming President of the Republic of Panama. Not—Washington justly suspected—to be elected by popular vote. Something, rather, if politely disguised, in the dictator line.

Since popping into the open, he had made a radical switch in his international alignments. No longer did he breathe fire and flame at the mere mention of Uncle Sam's name. On the contrary, he had announced, only the other day, that the interests of the two countries in the Canal Zone were identical; that he considered the United States to be Panama's big brother; that big and little brother should work hand in hand, should help each other unselfishly. . . .

I THOUGHT of it as he sat down across from me, and I pointed at the affidavit which bore his signature.

"Is this detective work of yours more of that unselfish big-brother-little-brother stuff?" was my ironic query.

"No. Pure selfishness."

"Pure?"

"A patriot's selfishness. You see—I want to rid Panama of corruption, dishonor, crime. I want to build it into a model republic." . . .

He spoke as if he were already the dictator—and I reflected that, being a Central American, he would at least be a dictator without highfalutin slogan or funny shirt, maroon or yellow or pink. And, if he tortured political enemies or murdered them, he would do it with the peculiar, tragic charm of his breed. . . .

He went on:

"After all, you are responsible for local conditions here, including the traffic in narcotics."

"I? How do you make that out?"

"Not you personally; I mean your country. When you built the Canal you brought here the scum of half the world, their vices and crimes and diseases. Well, the least you can do is help us to get rid of all this dirt." He leaned forward eagerly. "For instance, this woman—you have all the necessary evidence?"

"Yes."

"And you will arrest her?"

"As soon as I get to Colón."

He stared at me; demanded slowly:

"Taking her back to the States?"

"Tonight." I was getting a little irritated at the cross-examination. "On the Toloa."

"Obeying orders from Washington, no doubt. . . ."

"How do *you* know?" I exclaimed angrily.

"Because, aware that the woman has a number of powerful friends hereabouts, I communicated with your government. It was I who suggested that she should be deported just as soon as . . ."

"Seems to me," I interrupted, "you've been meddling a whole lot with what's none of your business."

"But, my dear fellow, it *is* my business . . ."

"As a Panama patriot?"

"Yes, sir—yes!"

My anger sharpened. The man was so damned smooth.

"Of course," I inquired sardonically, "you have no personal animus?"

"Against Annie? No—by the saints! Why, I adore her!" He gave a little laugh; added: "Ask her—if you don't believe me."

. . . . .

I caught the eight-o'clock plane for Colón, arriving there half an hour later; and it was a little after nine when I got to Annie's night club—Annie's Ritz, it was called—on the corner of Bottle Alley.

"Annie around?" I asked the Jamaican doorman.

"No, Mr. Hardesty. She's over to the movies."

"Let me know as soon as she comes."

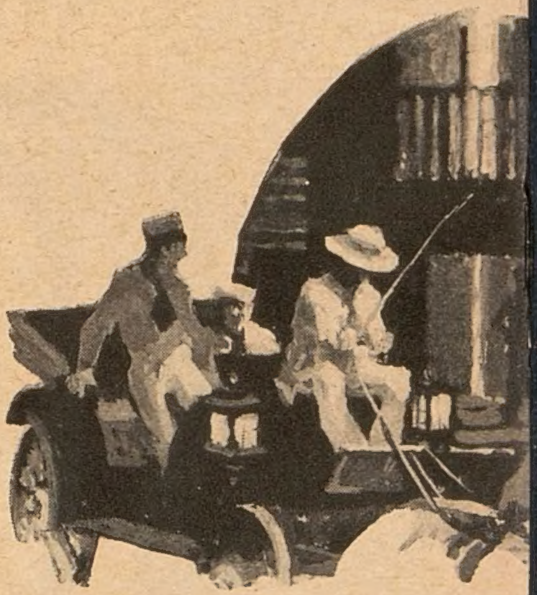
I waited around for a while. But there passed too many people I knew—and half of them wanted to buy me drinks, while the other half expected me to buy them drinks. So I entered the cabaret.

Seven times a week it was comfortably filled from half past eight until long after cockcrow. Was most uncomfortably filled when, as today, a couple of cruise ships had unloaded their human cargo.

Tourists—Americans mostly.

They would sail north on the early-morning tide, and ten days later would tell their stay-at-home neighbors all about Panama. They would—suppose they had the gift of fluent speech—paint in an exotic and colorful background: a moon, for instance, quite amazingly vermilion; a thousand glistening stars pricked against the purple dome of the night; a high-noon sky enameled into flaming tones, topaz and pearl and curious pale amethyst; the shiver of a lace mantilla; the falsetto strumming of a guitar; a marble fountain sentimentally tinkling in the patio of an old Spanish house; an alligator's raucous primordial bark; a screaming flight of rose-red parrots athwart a rose-red cloud . . .

All that—and then some. So picturesque, so romantic—and so untrue, since these impressionable tourists, in their few hours ashore, would see little except a few saloons, the shops along Front Street, and a cabaret or two.



Preferably—it was well advertised by word of mouth—Annie's Ritz.

For, being Americans, they liked American things—even, perhaps chiefly and nostalgically, when far from home. And Annie's place, although from the outside there drifted in the decadent, cloying smell of the tropics where a million flowers bloom in the morning to die before sunset—an atmosphere, I have always thought, partaking of both the greenhouse and the graveyard—Annie's place was uncompromisingly of the Stars and Stripes.

Everything here was as it was in Chicago, Baltimore, Twin Falls, Yonkers. The same hat-check girl giving you a haughty stare if you tipped her less than a quarter. The same electric blaze leaping about the same ornate crimson-and-gold decorations. The same powdery film flying up from the waxed floor and settling lightly on hair and gown as couples jerked in the Negroid abandon of the same belching, braying jazz. The same food, the same liquor, the same Virginia tobacco, the same catchwords of Broadway, the Loop, Main Street here and there.

MODERN American—that's what it was; while Annie—she came in a few minutes later, waved to me across the room, and shouted: "Be with you in a minute, Jack!"—was old-fashioned, pre-Hollywood American. As homespun as clam chowder and apple pie à la mode and ham and eggs. And it seemed good, it seemed somehow a tribute to the flag, to have her pronounce—on purpose and for business reasons, I have often suspected—"girls" as "goils" and "those" as "dose" when she stepped out in front and ballyhooed the floor show: which needed it.

The usual petroleum-circuit performers.

A pimply-faced Brooklyn youth, graduate of Major Bowes' amateur hour, offering a bad imitation of Joe Penner and a worse of Fred Astaire.

A sleek Broadway Jew warbling about his home on the range where the elk and the buffalo roamed; giving as an encore something about his sweetie, who—it appeared—was lazy, and was lousy, and she loved it.

A few more numbers. An intermission. And Annie walking from table to table, greeting, so shrewdly, new acquaintances with the warmth reserved for old friends, and old friends with the interest due to new acquaintances. . . .

Finally she came over to me; sat down.

"Fred said you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Annie." I felt embarrassed, ill at ease. Oh, yes—the woman had glamour. I gave a little cough. "I hate to tell you, but—you're under arrest."

She laughed. "A gag—ain't it?"

"Sorry—no gag."

"You're not nuts, brother?"

Without a word I produced the warrant. She picked it up; frowned; turned deathly pale as she read aloud a telltale phrase or two:

"Illegally dealing in narcotics—smuggling heroin—conspiracy to . . ."

Her eyes narrowed into slits. Her jaws clamped.

"What the hell *is* this?" she demanded. "A frame-up?"

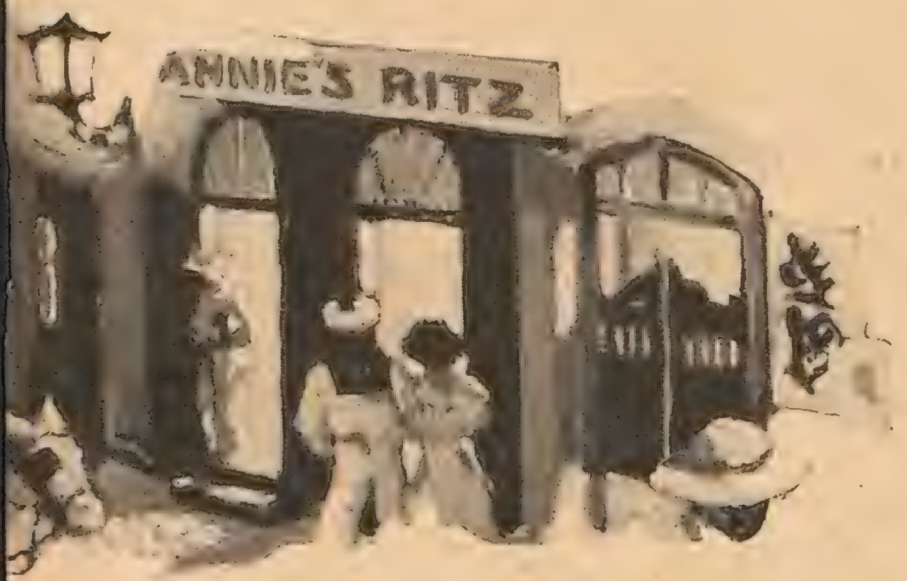
Her accents had peaked half a hectic octave. People at adjoining tables were looking our way; and I whispered:

"Come along quietly. No scene. Or . . ."

"Handcuffs?"

"Precisely, Annie." I made my voice hard.

There was a momentary silence. It was shivered as the orchestra broke into the latest rowdy hiccupy jazz.



She said: "A dope peddler—me? It's a goddam lie—and you know it!"

"I know nothing of the sort. Our evidence . . ."

"Is a bunch of tripe. Fake—that's what it is. Where did you get it?"

"It's our business to get it." I half rose. "Come along."

She did not move. "Who gave you *my* name?" she asked. "Who tried to put me on the spot?"

"I'm not telling."

"You don't have to tell. I—know!"

"That so?"

"You bet your life that's so. Little Carlos, eh? . . . Carlos Urdaneta." . . .

I did not reply. Her blue eyes were flinty.

I'VE been around"—she spoke with slow, heavy precision—"I've been places—and seen things—and known men. A hatful of men. And some of them I loved—sure I did—and some of them I hated. And," with a bitter intentness, "the one I've hated the most is Carlos. I—I hate his soul. I hate his brain. I hate his handsome face. I hate his guts. And—get this, brother, and get it good—some day I'll kill him!"

"What're you giving me?" I was getting a little impatient. "A touch of Hollywood?"

"Hollywood—in a pig's eye! I'm telling you—see?" . . . Her accents dropped to a raucous mumble. "Sure I'll kill him. Maybe next month. Maybe next week. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe no later than tonight."

"Not tonight—that's a cinch. For tonight you're leaving the Isthmus."

She gave a start.

"What's that?"

"We're leaving on the Toloa."

"When does she pull out?"

"A quarter of an hour before midnight. Better get your things together."

She leaned forward. A driving eagerness crept into her voice:

"Listen, Jack! I don't want to go—that is, not tonight."

"You've no choice in the matter, I'm afraid."

Her fingers quivered on my arm.

"Have a heart, Jack!"

"But . . ."

"I don't want to make no fuss. I'll stand trial in the States. I"—defiantly—"I ain't afraid. I'll beat that lousy frame-up. But I don't want to go tonight, Jack. Not tonight." . . .

"I don't see why not. Seeing you're so sure you'll beat the case . . . why not get it over with?" . . .

"There's another boat leaves here Wednesday." . . .

"Nothing doing, Annie."

"Or—say—I'll go Tuesday. By plane. I'll pay my own fare—and yours. Fair—ain't it? But—for the love of God!"—she was terribly in earnest—"don't make me go tonight. You see—the Posadas gets here tonight, from New York. She docks about the same time the Toloa pulls out. And there's somebody aboard her. Somebody I've been waiting for—long, long years. And I've got to see that somebody tonight—just got to! It means a lot to me. A hell of a lot." . . .

"Sorry, Annie. But—can't be done."

She moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue.

I said: "Let's go!"

"Wait." . . .

SHE gave a backward glance at the dancing couples. They were now stepping a slower measure, the music having changed—muted cornets and clarinets and saxophones wailing out a jungly tom-tom adagio. . . .

She asked: "You mean that, Jack. You ain't going to do that small thing for me?"

"I have my orders."

"O. K., big boy." Again she moistened her lips; again, rather furtively, glanced at the dancing couples. "Well"—suddenly her accents were curiously chilly and flat—"here are other orders. *My* orders—see what I mean?" . . .

A split second later I saw the wicked bluish glint of a revolver in her right hand, her shoulder thrust forward so that the people at the next table were unable to observe what was going on.

I smiled.

"Don't be a melodramatic little goose, Annie!"

"There are times when anything goes, see. Well, this is one of those moments. Get up. Cross the cabaret—I'll be right on your heels, mind you—and walk up the stairs to my apartment on the second floor."

"What are you going to do up there? Shoot me—and stuff my body in a trunk?"

"Nothing of the sort. All I'll do is make you listen to a story; explain to you why I can't leave Colón—not tonight, leastways. Well"—raspingly—"get a move on. I swear to God I ain't bluffing."

I didn't think she was, so I reached over and knocked the gun out of her hand into her lap. Then I grabbed it and put it in my pocket. Luckily, nobody seemed to notice; maybe nobody cared.

"All right," I said. "I'll follow you and hear what you've got to say." I rose; followed her toward the stairs that led to her apartment.

It was several hours before the Toloa sailed. And I was curious about her story—a story, evidently, of vital importance to her, since she had pulled a gun on me so as to force me to listen to it. Besides—did I mention that Emerald Annie had glamour? . . .

Anyway, for the next few hours I was listening to her story—and that's how it is I can tell it to you now—

Straight! The straight story of a crooked life—Emerald Annie's life—and may God have mercy on her soul!

And what a story Hardesty hears! But is this arrest a frame-up on Annie? And why is Carlos Urdaneta so insidiously concerned? Who is it that Annie must see that night at all hazards? Questions bristle at every turn. Don't fail to get the next Liberty for the intimate revelations from "the hellcat of Panama."

Will MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WILL Italy have a woman dictator?

Preposterous! Fantastic!

Perhaps. But let's consider an amazing situation which, for sheer paradox, approaches the fantastic.

Mussolini once told me: "Nothing is impossible in Italy."

Mussolini runs Italy.

Does a woman run Mussolini? And will a woman run Italy after he has gone?

"Yes," sigh certain admirers of Il Duce who see in their dictator's indulgent affection for his daughter Edda, Countess Ciano, the one vulnerable spot in their Iron Man's make-up. "And Countess Edda," they exclaim, "is going to America! Why?"

Ever since the one-time Red Socialist, her father, purged the shaking Italian Constitution of such menacing anti-Fascist germs as democracy and liberalism and started making trains run on time—and the world safe for dictators—the query has been: "After Mussolini, who?"

Said Il Duce: "My successor is not yet born." And therein lies the beginning of the great Italian paradox.

Mussolini, from the first American-published explanation of the Fascist program, which he gave me in August, 1922, up to the present day, has left no doubt as to his ideas on woman's estate.

"Woman," says Mussolini, "is a parenthesis in the life of man." Her function is purely biological; she has no place in the Fascist state other than as breeder and rearer of children.

Mussolini has two grown sons and one grown daughter.

What irony that this woman-contemptuous dictator's able offspring should be the female! His sons, Bruno, aged twenty-two, and Vittorio, aged twenty, have given no evidence up to date of having inherited any of the qualities which have made their father a dominating world influence. But his daughter is his confidante to a degree far greater than the casual observer suspects. Apparently he can deny her nothing, even when her willful childish demands have grown into an insatiable lust for prestige and power.

Mussolini may defy the codes of civilization. But, although born into a regime where women are discredited as individuals, his daughter defies the codes of Mussolini. The same spirit which has given Mussolini the temerity to snap his fingers in the face of the civilized world and get what he wants is Edda's. To be sure, she has lived up to the last letter of her father's Fascist decree regarding her sex. She has married, she has children—*but*—if woman's place is the home, as her sire proclaims, then Edda believes that "home is where the heart is." And Edda's heart is far, far away from the lowly hearthside.

To the query which her father has evaded for over fourteen years: "After Mussolini, who?" she has had the defiant Mussolini spirit to answer: "I."

WHAT! HOW? A WOMAN DICTATOR!

"How?" The clever daughter of Mussolini smiles shrewdly to herself. "Why, through my husband!"

Those who have watched aghast the unprecedented advance of young amiable Count Galeazzo Ciano since his marriage to Edda Mussolini in 1930, have been amazed and uneasy. For Mussolini himself, in reply to an interviewer's query as to when did Napoleon's star first begin to set, replied: "When he began to practice nepotism."

That this powerful, seemingly impersonal dictator should repeat what he himself declared the first motivating step downward in Napoleon's fall seems incredible—that is, to all who do not know Mussolini's daughter. For stronger than the Salic law, stronger, in some instances, than even her father's iron will, is the purpose of Il Duce's female child, Edda, Countess Ciano.

She is a woman—but she can dictate and dominate vicariously.

Donna Rachele, Mussolini's wife—she acquired the title when his position as dictator was assured—never stepped outside the domestic scene. The daughter of a Romagna tavernkeeper, in whose inn she once assisted, she has shown herself as one of the most self-effacing and sensible of women in a position for which she knew her past had not prepared her.

But not so Edda. No back seat for this feminine replica of Mussolini. Born, as was her father, in the comfortless lowliness of the proletariat, this determined young girl soon left no doubt in the minds of those who came in contact with her that she was Mussolini's daughter. At the exclusive Florentine school, Poggio Imperiale, this child of the people became a real problem child for her cultured instructresses. Surrounded by schoolmates of royal and noble blood, she alone defied rules or corrections. No gentle sister, trying to teach the uncontrollable, domineering Edda, was free from the arrogant: "*Non voglio! Sono figlia di Mussolini.*" ("I won't! I'm Mussolini's daughter.")

From one aristocratic school to another the self-willed Edda was sent in pursuit of education. But what she has learned has not been from books. Unlike her father, who from early childhood has been a serious student, an omnivorous reader, a man of unappeased intellectual curiosity, Edda was unawed by academic learning. But she was born with that gift which serves sometimes more pragmatically than education. She is alert mentally, intelligent, astute politically, shrewd, with a flashing insight and real appraisal which might pass for wisdom. And she has acquired the necessary cultural and social veneer which at times conceals a ruthless purpose and ambition.

Physically, as well as mentally, Edda resembles her aggressive sire more than her handsome robust mother. Her dark eyes are not protuberant, as her father's, but they have that same penetrating quality. She is too forceful to be classified as pretty; rather she might be described as handsome. As a girl, she was rangy and sallow-skinned, thin and somewhat boyish in appearance, and with a boy's indifference to clothes. But since her marriage to Count Ciano, she has gone in for Society in the biggest way within her Fascist powers, and she has developed a keen interest in modish raiment. While she has an aggressive "grand manner," she has no repose of manner. But repose is not what Countess Edda seeks.

Mussolini's power and his daughter's vaulting ambition gave rise to extravagant rumors about her marriage. But, although her husband has a title, it is just a Fascist badge of nobility. His father, then an officer of the Royal Marines, along with d'Annunzio, distinguished himself off the Island of Cortellazzo. Later, as President of the Senate and as Minister of Communications, he rose to fame and fortune.

The son Galeazzo was a rabid Fascist before he was out of his teens. His first diplomatic training was in South America. Then he went to Peiping. Then back to Rome as Secretary to the Holy See. After he married Il Duce's daughter, life became just one advancement after another, until today, at thirty-four, the youngest Foreign Minister in the world, he is being groomed, "they say," as Mussolini's successor.

When Count Galeazzo Ciano, who had been made head of the Government Press Bureau, was exalted to a new

☆ Ironic, amazing . . . a look ahead at a possible paradox—Il Duce succeeded by a woman dictator!

Rule Over Italy?

BY ALICE ROHE

ministry and became Italy's official Minister of Press and Propaganda, knowing eyebrows were raised in Countess Edda's direction. Critical whispers in Rome dwelt on the point that Edda's ambition and Mussolini's indulgence exceeded Ciano's ability. It was pointed out that a skilled journalist and propagandist would have explained, in time, Italy's "cultural" aims of pacific expansion in the Ethiopian situation. The Ministry of Press and Propaganda, it was murmured, failed Italy the first time an important issue lay before it. But as events proved, Mussolini was stronger than propaganda.

And Edda was strongest of all. Her young husband was scheduled for higher posts. One almost hears her whisper in her indulgent father's ear: "Make him a member of the Fascist Grand Council." And Mussolini did. "Make him Foreign Minister." And Mussolini did.

It is no wonder that above the inevitable murmurs of nepotism and the reiterated legend of the Napoleonic decline, the paradox of a woman dictator finds voice. With Edda's astuteness, Mussolini, it is whispered, feels safe to appoint his son-in-law to any exalted position.

Neighboring states obviously sense something of this appraisal. Countess Edda's triumphal progress through official Germany and Austria would indicate a higher valuation than that of mere wife to a Foreign Minister or even a dictator's daughter. (It is suggested that Il Duce's own valuation of Herr Hitler was not completed until he had Edda's opinion of Der Führer.) Although diplomatic etiquette was punctiliously observed, it became apparent that it was not the Foreign Minister and his wife but his *wife*, Mussolini's daughter, and *her* husband who inspired the honors paid them.

Although Edda inherits something of Mussolini's credo: "I would rather be feared than loved," she also possesses her father's sense for the dramatic. She is, too, an alert diplomat, as her visit to Budapest proved. Passing through the ranks of cheering school children, she paused long enough to bestow a kiss upon a little girl and say: "This kiss means Italy's love for all Hungarian girls." No empress smiling benignly upon her subjects could have bettered this well timed gesture.

AND no royal princess of Savoy could "take" with such gusto the pomp and display for which Mussolini's daughter seems to have an insatiable thirst.

When members of the royal family go to Naples it is without pomp. But, amused patricians whisper, when Countess Edda goes to the seaport to salute a departing friend, it is by special car, with full police escort.

Critical smiles, however, are in private. For few underestimate the power of this twenty-six-year-old daughter of Il Duce. The dictator of the dictator, they call her, under their breath, and wonder what new pomp and honors will attend her imperious orders.

For it is generally accepted that Edda's husband is being groomed as Mussolini's successor. Should Mussolini die, Edda's husband would become dictator—and Edda runs him. Should he die while dictator, there are those knowing ones who say that Edda would not hesitate to take the place left vacant by husband and father. Dictator of dictators—a dictator herself!

Surely no other reactionary government offers so paradoxical a possibility as does antifeminist Italy.

Soon Countess Edda plans to be among us. Conjecture as to the real scope of her visit ranges from a financial mission to Banker Giannini in California to a diplomatic one to President Roosevelt!

Whatever be the object of her visit, she is Mussolini's daughter, the most influential woman in Italy. It will be interesting to observe whether America will outdo Germany and Austria in receiving her with the American equivalent of imperial pomp.

THE END

COUNTESS
EDDA CIANO

Why these Airplane Crashes?
—AN AIRLINE PILOT'S ANSWER

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHY THESE AIR-LINER CRASHES? WHAT CAN BE DONE TO STOP THEM?

When an accident occurs, the blame can usually be laid to one or a combination of the following causes:

Mechanical failure of some part of the airplane.
Pilot.
Weather.
Air-line management.
Regulatory agency of the government.

Every one knows that things mechanical are not infallible: my boy's bicycle, your automobile, trains, busses, steamships. Engines—even airplane engines—can quit or falter. Instruments, as good as they are, are not infallible. Radio is by no means perfect.

On December 21, 1934, I took off from the Chicago airport on my regular run, and after proceeding ten minutes westward found my hands filled with dead throttles. Both motors had quit with every instrument in the cockpit registering normal. The result was a forced landing in the treetops at night, with injury to no one but myself. It was even possible to rebuild the plane.

This was my first serious accident in nearly twenty years of flying, but I have no doubt that if my co-pilot and I had not lived to defend ourselves, " pilot error " would have been given as the cause of this crash.

Practically all of the air-line companies have seen fit to discard single-motored equipment and adopt multi-motored equipment, thereby greatly lessening the chances of complete power-plant failure.

What can be done to eliminate mechanical trouble? Strict and enforced federal control, entirely free from politics, governing the engineering, inspection, and upkeep of all air liners used in interstate commerce carrying human cargo.

Next, pilot. And I speak of and for air-line pilots; not pilots, veteran or new, who have not flown air lines.

The air-line pilots are sober, well educated, industrious professional men. Most of them are family men and own their own homes. They are respected members of the communities in which they live; no better, no worse than the average good citizen.

By **DAVID L. BEHNCKE**

President of the Air Line Pilots Association

Air-line pilots are for the most part army, marine, or navy trained. The rest come from commercial schools. Uncle Sam is very exacting in choosing his young men for aviation training. Out of every four young men desiring to take up flying training, only one can meet the physical aviation requirements. From forty to fifty per cent of those accepted possess sufficient flying proficiency to win their wings. The remaining fifty to sixty per cent are washed out by a Benzine Board made up of experienced army pilots. Why? Because they do not have the " it " or " what it takes " to make a pilot.

The training these green pilots receive from the experienced pilots is indispensable to air safety. The air-mail cancellation catastrophe, during which the army carried the mail, conclusively proved this point. Eight army pilots were killed because, though they were good pilots, they just didn't have the kind of experience, the " what it takes," to fly air liners under all kinds of conditions, during both daylight and darkness.

The Air Line Pilots Association contends that when a pilot reports to take out a trip he should make a careful survey of the weather conditions, and, if he feels that they are dangerous, the flight should be canceled without further discussion. If he feels that the flight can be made under border-line weather conditions, it should then become the responsibility of the company through its dispatching system to cancel the flight if the company feels that it cannot be completed with absolute safety. This procedure would definitely place responsibility for the actual starting of flights with the company, where it belongs.

Once dispatched, the pilot should be assisted by dispatchers and ground control giving him all helpful information possible, including any changes in weather along the route. But no ground officials should ever try to dictate to the pilot flying miles away, where only he and not the ground officials know what the conditions are.

Much has been said about pilot pushing and competitive flying. It may be taken for granted that operators have pushed their pilots but that they are not doing so at the present time. Unfortunately, these things are, in most cases, intangible and not susceptible to proof. A pilot cannot reasonably be expected to report against the company from which he derives his livelihood.

Answering some of the questions our critics ask when a pilot is faced with an emergency:

WHY DOESN'T HE COME DOWN?

Coming down to low ceilings or no ceilings at all due to blind weather may mean collision with obscured high ground or mountains.

WHY DOESN'T HE GO UP?

If the pilot is in trouble, the chances are that he cannot go up because it takes a high motor-power output to climb. The ice hazard may prohibit him from climbing, because a very thin coat of ice over the entire surface of the ship quickly adds weight, causing the ship to vibrate and become logy and hard to manage.

Sometimes he must choose between flying underneath, which may bring him dangerously close to high ground, mountains, or other dangerous obstructions—or flying entirely by guess in or over the weather.

WHY DOESN'T HE STAY ON HIS COURSE?

In all seasons at high levels the winds are almost always as much as fifty miles an hour, often ninety and a hundred. When the sky is overcast no one can tell their velocity or their direction. When the radio beam is out, the pilot has to guess his position.

WHY DOESN'T HE GO BACK?

The ever-diminishing space between zero and the trembling pointer on the gas gauge usually answers this.

WHY DID HE ATTEMPT TO FLY THIS KIND OF WEATHER?

He was dispatched by the company and in accordance with air-line regulations, federal and otherwise, that are supposed to insure safety.

How is the cause of an accident determined? By an investigation. And whom do we find at this investigation?

1. The company which dispatched the plane and which is responsible for the mechanical upkeep.
2. The manufacturers of the machine that has crashed.
3. The Bureau of Air Commerce, which

(a) Writes the air-line regulations under which the aircraft was operating at the time of the crash.

(b) Is responsible for installation, proper functioning

and upkeep of all aids to air navigation on which the wrecked plane was depending.

(c) Is responsible for approval of all engineering on the wrecked plane when it was placed in scheduled air-line service.

We find that, under the Bureau of Air Commerce system of investigation, every participant is a "party in interest," including the Bureau of Air Commerce.

First, the Bureau makes the regulations, O. K.'s the engineering, installs and maintains the navigation aids; and then, when an accident occurs, it sits as judge and jury to decide as to the efficiency of its own activities. No man can be expected to decide a case against himself. This applies to every other participant under the present D. O. C. system of investigating airplane accidents.

When all of the various elements which may enter into a crash are considered, the high percentages of "pilot error" issued by the Bureau of Air Commerce are obviously inaccurate and add nothing to public safety.

Bad weather has been the direct cause of many an airplane crash and has been a contributing factor to many others. It is the only hazard to air transportation over which mankind never has had and never will have complete control. There will always be bad-weather areas in the atmosphere through which we cannot fly and over which we cannot fly unless stratosphere flying becomes commonplace.

But there is no weather hazard if planes are not dispatched into areas of bad weather that cannot be flown with safety.

Regarding air-line management, this is certain: abrupt and shortsighted supervisory and managerial policies are bound to cause a mental hazard in the minds of the line pilots that may lead to accidents. Tolerance and good common sense on the part of the officials is the answer to this problem.

"The flyers themselves are most to blame," said one of them recently in Liberty* ... Here's an emphatic rejoinder

The National Labor Board has no jurisdiction over air-line pilots, but the Congress of the United States has seen fit to extend protective legislation to them.

The regulatory agency of the government which is responsible for the safety of the air-traveling public is the Bureau of Air Commerce. Air safety is, therefore, in politics. This Bureau, too, was created under an act passed when, to all intents and purposes, there was no air-transportation industry.

Bureau officials have repeatedly admitted that their aids are faulty, obsolete, and inadequate.

Four years ago the cry was for economy. Cut! Reduce the wattage of revolving beacons, the number of inspectors! Now the same voices are demanding money to modernize the American air-transport network, to equip it with proper navigation facilities.

If "pilot error" were the primary cause of practically all accidents, there would be no logic in the present cry for millions to improve airway aids on which the pilot must depend for guidance to put his human cargo over the line day after day. The air-line pilot is no different from the sea captain, except that he must, when flying blind and in bad weather, depend to a far greater extent upon threadlike beams and accurate radio communications.

The vital lines may be cut by inadequate, obsolete, failing, multiple-course swinging beams; or a pilot may be forced to bridge long distances on his run where navigation aids are improperly located. The pilot may also be forced to fly where aids do not exist at all, and where they admittedly are needed. That applies to the area in which Pilot Samson, with crew and four passengers, was last heard of on the night of December 15, 1936. He apparently lost his way where there is a gap in federal aids to air navigation. Under these conditions, is it just to say that the pilot failed, or would it be more just to say that the aids failed the pilot?

Money alone will not solve this problem. What will solve it? The creation of a sharply defined, enforceable air-safety law.

The public may rest assured that, before any material gain can be made in the direction of increasing air safety, the federal regulatory agency responsible for the safety of the air-traveling public must be removed from all political influence and interferences.

THE American air-line pilot has, despite handicaps, carried the banner of American air transportation to the highest peak in world aviation.

The real price of pioneering has always been, not dollars and cents, but human life. Threescore and nine pilots have sacrificed their lives in the last five years to give to our country the swiftest of all modes of transportation, the potentialities of which, in speed, safety, and reliability, are beyond reckoning.

The Air Line Pilots have long been of the opinion that air transportation should be lifted out of the Bureau of Air Commerce and placed in a separate section of the nonpolitical Interstate Commerce Commission, which is quasi-legislative and quasi-judicial in its procedure, and where proper regulations will be created and enforcement insured. The Interstate Commerce Commission's long record for increasing safety in transportation speaks for itself. The pilots point out that within the to-be-created air-transportation regulatory section of the Interstate Commerce Commission there should be created a five-man Air Safety Board, the members of which will be properly fitted, thoroughly experienced, and carefully selected career men and not political appointees. The sole purpose of this safety board will be to safeguard the American air-traveling public. This is the Air Line Pilots' answer to the question: How can we increase air safety?

Such legislation is now before Congress, and, if passed, the American public may look forward to a phenomenal improvement in air safety.

Mr. Citizen, it is up to you!

THE END

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*Why These Airplane Crashes? by Swanee Taylor, in March 6 Liberty.

Blondy

The sprightly story of a girl who was jilted into Paradise

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

GET this, Joan—and get it straight. The deal's off.”

“Oh, Warren—”

“You heard me.”

“But it's a swell break. Think of what it would mean to go into the Silver Sandal.”

“That's just what I *am* thinking about—and just what I don't like.”

“But why?”

“Why? Asking me that again. I guess you know the reason as good as I do.”

“Is it because Eddie is master of ceremonies?”

“No. Not exactly, anyway. It's because Eddie is your ex-husband. It's because he's just doing this so he can give us the laugh. Miller & Hayes! H'mph! Fine chance we'd have. He'd take us for a ride from the first show.”

“That isn't fair, Warren. Eddie's a good scout.”

“Well, why did you divorce him if he's such a hot shot?”

“We've been over all that a dozen times. We just didn't click, that's all.”

“And you're sorry?”

“I'm not sorry. Eddie Carr and I are through. I'm engaged to you. We've got a first-class dancing act and—”

“Small-timers—that's all we are, and you know it.”

“I don't know anything of the kind. I think you've got what it takes, and I won't let you underrate yourself. Oh, don't you see that that's why I want you to take this chance? Ever since we teamed up we've been grubbing around playing fourth-rate engagements, and lucky to do it. Now Eddie comes along and offers us a spot in the best night club in New York—and you say no.”

“And I mean it, too. I reckon I know Eddie Carr pretty well. He was married to you and couldn't hold you. You get divorced, and he happens to click as an m. c. Right away he thinks he's gonna play big shot for you—to make you see what you passed up. He's gonna give us a break in his club. He's gonna rub it into you about being engaged to a hoofer who couldn't ever get a break except that he was generous. Well, grab this, Joan: I'm not having any part of it. I don't take favors off my fiancée's ex-husband.”

“Isn't that rather unreasonable, Warren?”

“There you go again. Sticking up for that goof.”

“He's not a goof.”

“I guess I know better. You said yourself he drove you almost nuts pasting stamps in books.”

“He didn't paste them, Warren. He put them in with hinges. And they aren't books. They're albums.”

“It's still screwy.”

“It is not.”

“Well, ain't that why you and Eddie got divorced?”

“No, it isn't—and I've explained it to you a hundred times. I didn't mind his collecting stamps. It was just—well, it doesn't matter what starts quarrels, does it? It's the quarrel that counts—not the beginning of it.”

“He must have been crazy about you—I don't think. Spending all his dough for used-up postage stamps. Going home after the show every night and keeping you awake while he sat around pasting them in. So you divorced him.”

“Listen, Warren. It wasn't that. Truly it wasn't. I used to get nervous and irritable because I'd be tired after rehearsing all morning and dancing all night. He was always sweet about it. He used to try to interest me in his stamps. He said if I would help him with them I'd love it. Bookings were slow, and things got bad—so bad that we were kind of riding each other all the time and we both forgot all about his stamp collecting.”

“Yeh, I know—I know. I heard it a hundred times. It ain't what you quarrel about—it's the quarrel that counts.' So what? So he acted lousy and you and him got divorced. And you got engaged to me. And no matter what other bad habits I've got—at least I don't collect stamps.”

“Warren—please! I'm only asking you to be reasonable and to take this chance Eddie is offering.”

“So he can high-hat us? Not me! How do I know that he ain't trying to win you back?”

“You *don't* know it, Warren. But I do. Eddie and I are through.”

“But you wish you weren't; is that it?”

“Oh, don't talk that way. I'm engaged to you. And I'm in love with you—not Eddie. He and I had our chance, and made a mess of it. Or, anyway, I did. But that's finished. Now I'm just thinking of you and me. Can't you understand? You're really big-time stuff, Warren, but you've got a small-time complex. You never will know how good you are until you get a chance to prove it in a spot like the Silver Sandal. Just for your own sake, why not say yes? Think of what it would mean if you really clicked.”

“We-e-ell . . . H'm-m . . . Say, I guess that would make your Eddie Carr feel plenty bad, wouldn't it?”

“No-o, I don't believe it would.”

“It's not a bad idea—”

“Then you'll accept?”

“O. K. But the first time Eddie starts putting on the ritz—or the first time he starts making passes at you . . .”

“He won't. That's the amazing thing about Eddie. He's strictly on the level.”

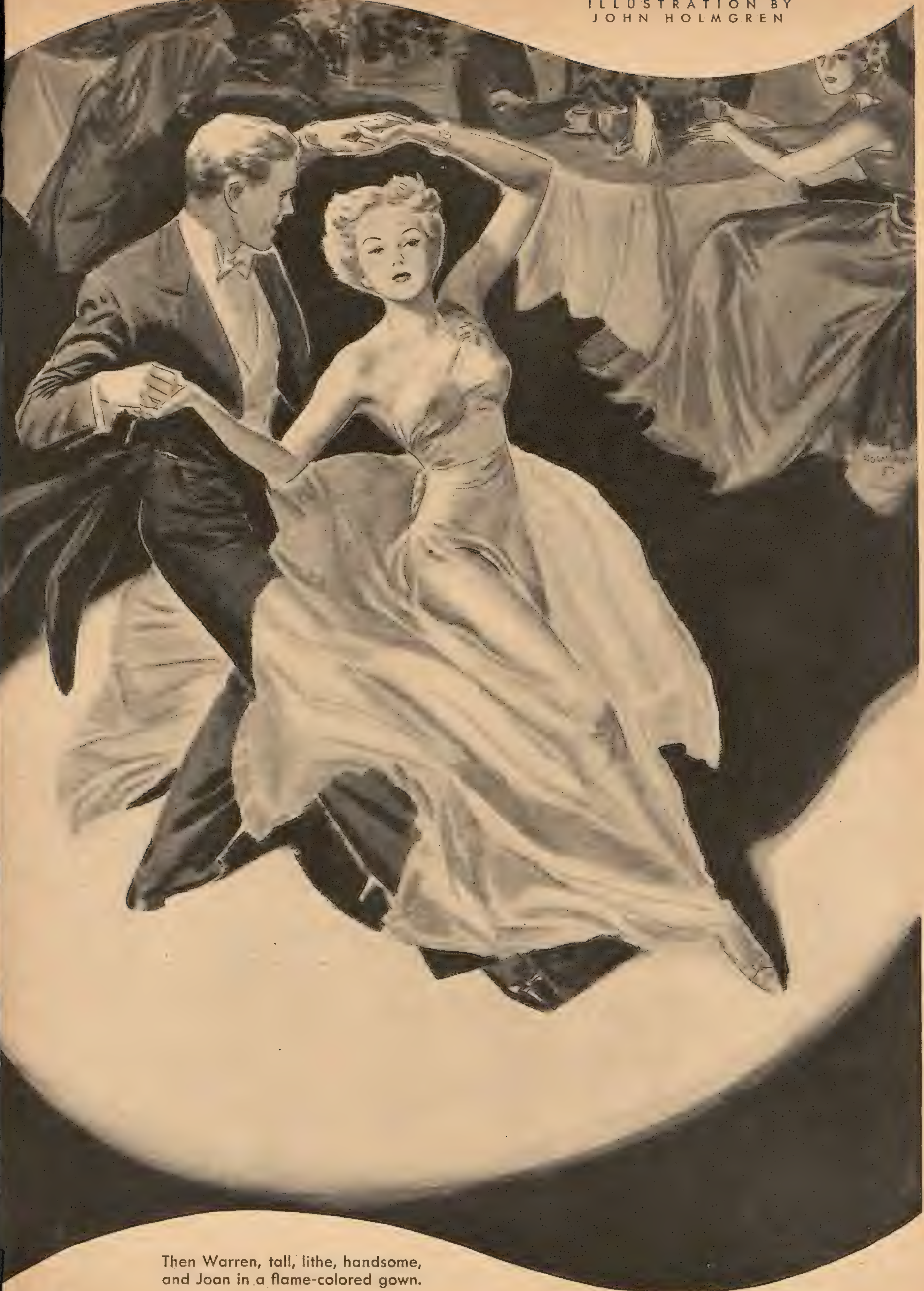
(From Variety)

Nifty angle to the Miller & Hayes opening in the new Silver Sandal show Tuesday night. Eddie Carr, wow m. c. of the exclusive and expensive nitery, is the former mate of Joan Hayes, fem member of the dance combo. They made their separation final about a year ago, and la Hayes teamed up with Warren Miller, who is said to pack a wallop with his terping. Eddie Carr clicked as m. c. at the S. S. and now books in his ex and her boy friend. It's good sportsmanship or good showmanship. Maybe both.

• • • • •

The Silver Sandal was crowded. It was small but not too small; exclusive but not too exclusive; gay but not too gay. From its inception it had attracted the right people—that is, men and women who dressed well, drank well, and did not too closely scrutinize their checks. It was a rather startling silver-and-onyx affair, and was vaguely referred to as being “smart,” which in New York is merely a synonym for being popular. It was one of *the* places to see; one of the inevitable oases in an after-theater night. Before eleven thirty it was no more lively than a morgue. By one in the morning large gentlemen escorting trim little blonde companions were tipping

ILLUSTRATION BY
JOHN HOLMGREN



Then Warren, tall, lithe, handsome, and Joan in a flame-colored gown.

headwaiters with ten-dollar bills so that an extra table could be shoved on to an already overcrowded floor in order that they might better see people whom they did not know and be stared at by strangers.

At one o'clock the show went on. The appearance of Eddie Carr was the signal for applause, hilarity, and a salvo of personal greetings. Eddie had a personality that the Silver Sandal patrons loved. He was a little fellow, slim and nimble, and with a homely good-natured face. His eyes twinkled incessantly; his fund of humor was constant and irrepressible. He knew his mob psychology, and while he never handled any two crowds the same way, he also never handled any crowd in any way that it did not like.

He walked to the center of the floor, waved friendly greetings, and pleasantly assured the patrons that while the place, the show, the food, and the drinks did not justify the prices or couvert, he was still pleased to see them, even though he thought they were not entirely sane for tolerating the gyp. They loved it. And then—

"Our next act, ladies and gentlemen, presents one of the finest dance teams in the country. May I introduce that terpsichorean marvel, Warren Miller, and his charming partner, the exquisite Joan Hayes? Thanks, my friends, for your kind and prolonged applause."

Then Warren Miller, tall and lithe and boldly handsome, in conventional white tie and tails; and Joan Hayes, her slender body sheathed in a flame-colored gown, her gorgeous corn-colored hair crowning a delicate face.

Their routines were tricky and intriguing: an exhibition tango; a rumba remindful of Havana's Las Fritas; and then an insanely fast amazing dance brought straight from Harlem and given a social polish. The applause was tremendous.

In Joan's dressing room afterward Warren Miller expressed his pleasure. He barged into the room, kissed the blonde girl, and said, "Well, we knocked their eyes out, didn't we?"

"You were wonderful, Warren."

"Well, why not? What's the difference between dancing here or any of the other spots we've been?" He drew a deep breath. "Feels pretty good to get away from the grind, don't it, honey?"

"Yes . . . But I can't quite get accustomed to it. We owe Eddie a lot."

"Him? For the luvva Mike, Joan, can't you get off that? What do we owe Eddie—except that he was smart enough to spot a class act when he saw it? It's a feather in *his* cap, ain't it? I guess he's the one who owes us something."

She gazed at him for a few moments. "You're hard to figure out, Warren."

"What's so difficult? Am I supposed to bow down because a mug gets a good act cheap and I'm in the act?"

Her lips were tight and her eyes narrowed slightly. Then she put her arms around his neck and touched her lips to his. "Let's don't quarrel, Warren."

SOMEWHAT mollified, he dropped into a black-and-silver chair. He gestured toward the furnishings of the elaborate little dressing room. "Not bad," he said.

"Better than I've ever had before."

"Stick around with me, honey, and you'll go places."

"We're there now." She smiled. "Places, I mean."

There was a light rap on the door and the head of Eddie Carr was inserted. "Intruding?" he inquired.

"Welcome home," called Joan, and Warren Miller growled, "Come in, Eddie."

The master of ceremonies entered. His grotesquely attractive face was wreathed in smiles. "Knockouts!" he said. "Just like I knew you'd be." He turned to Warren. "Feller, you've got it. Those routines hit 'em where they like it."

"So what?" inquired Miller.

"So you're in, that's all."

"Is that so tough to take?"

"Aw, don't be that way, Warren. We're one big happy family at the Silver Sandal—or words to that effect."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I'm just working here." Warren Miller rose and walked from the room. Eddie looked after him and then turned back to Joan.

"Had you been stepping on his pet corn before I came in, Blondy?"

"I suppose so."

He shook an admonitory finger. "Naughty—naughty! Gee, Joan—you look grand."

"You think we'll make the grade, Eddie?"

"You've made it already. The lad can dance, Blondy—and how! If you want the truth, he makes you look better than you are."

"How do you figure that?"

"I know you. Gosh, didn't I dance with you for years? Don't I know every step you've got? Look. Where's Warren been keeping himself?"

"In the sticks. Never got a break, that's all."

"Are you happy now, Blondy?"

"What makes you think I'm not?"

"I didn't say I thought anything. I just asked."

"Why?"

"Two eyes, Blondy. Both working overtime. Warren seems to have a chip on his shoulder."

"Maybe he has."

"How come?"

"Oh, it's silly, Eddie . . . but I think he's jealous of you."

THAT'S a laugh. Did you tell him we were all washed up?"

"Yes."

"And did you remind him that you're engaged to him?"

"Yes. But that didn't register very strongly, either."

"Just looking for something, eh?" Eddie Carr grinned. "We had our chance and we muffed it, Blondy. But that don't alter the fact that you're the prize package of the universe. I was the goofy one, so Warren Miller gets the break. Well, good luck to him, sez I . . . and plenty of happiness to you."

She seated herself at the dressing table and spoke without looking around:

"You're making out pretty well, aren't you, Eddie?"

"Pretty fair."

"I don't mean professionally."

"Personally? Oh, so-so. Not much time for anything but work."

Her voice was scarcely audible: "How are the stamps?"

"Swell! Look, I've rearranged my albums, see—so that I'm collecting nothing but countries which can be completed without spending too much dough. So I don't worry about the expensive stamps I never could afford. Now, last night . . ." He broke off abruptly. "There I go again—acting dumb."

"But I'm interested. Really."

"Being a good scout, that's all."

"No-o . . . It seems so long since we've had a real talk. We'll have to try it. You can tell me all about your stamp collection—"

His smile vanished. He moved to the door.

"And you can tell me all about your engagement to Warren Miller," he said. "Some fun, eh, Blondy?"

NIGHT-CLUB NOTES
(From Variety)

Miller & Hayes still wowing 'em from the floor of the ultra-ultra Silver Sandal. The gal is a looker and can step, but Warren Miller is the real nugget. He's doing one number solo now, a nifty tap specialty, and standing them on their ears. Looks like another Fred Astaire in the making. Club grossing heavy with repeats. Not a tourist spot. No space. The regulars are from N. Y. and they go for this act in a big way. Eddie Carr still jamming 'em in with his intimate m. c.-ing. Two orks: one American for straight dansapation and an imported gang of maraca-shakers for the Latin touch. Couvert upped one buck last week, but still worth it.

Joan said, "Let's have it, Warren."

"Let's have what?"

"Whatever's on your mind. You haven't been yourself for the past two weeks."

"Same to you and many of 'em."

"We've been in the Silver Sandal now for three months. I should think you'd be pretty fairly happy."

"Why?"

"Why?" She frowned slightly and shook her head. "Well, in three months you've become a top-line act. New York likes you. You've gotten the break—"

"Break!" He ran slender fingers through his glossy black hair. "Hoofing in a night club. What kind of a break do you call that?"

"A pretty good one." She stood before him, looking down on his lithe sprawled-out figure with some little annoyance. "What's wrong, Warren?"

He did not look directly at her as he said, "You've been seeing an awful lot of Eddie these last few weeks."

"Can I help that? Working in the same club from eight at night until three in the morning?"

"You seem to be paying more attention to him than you do to me."

She hesitated for a moment, and then seated herself impulsively on the arm of his chair. One smooth white arm went around his shoulder. "Don't play like that, please. Aren't we engaged?"

"I suppose so."

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Oh, forget it!"

"But I can't forget it. You see, Warren—you're the one who has been indifferent. Has anything happened?"

He lifted his big figure from the chair and sulked across the room like a small boy with a guilty conscience. He said, "You might as well know it, Joan. I'm quitting."

"Quitting! You mean you're leaving the club?"

"Yes. Tomorrow."

"But you can't! Our contract! The two-weeks clause!"

"I'll fix that. And I'm quitting anyway, clause or no clause."

For several seconds she did not speak. Then she said, "Jealous of Eddie, aren't you?"

"No."

"Of course you'd say that. But it doesn't matter. We're a team, and if you're going to be foolish—why, I'll be foolish with you."

"There's no need for you to walk out just because I'm fed up."

SHE wasn't smiling now. "You mean you're willing for me to stay on here?"

"Sure. You can get another partner."

"What's it all about, Warren?" Her voice was edgy. "You're not doing this blind."

"Did I say I was?"

"You haven't said much of anything. So suppose you begin."

His face was flushed and sullen. "I've got my big chance—that's all. I'm going to Hollywood."

"Contract signed?"

"This afternoon. Feature spot in a new musical."

"It's been brewing for a couple of weeks, hasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because—if you must know—the offer didn't include you. Hollywood has been looking for another Fred Astaire and they think I'm the guy."

There was a thin little smile on her lips. "You should have known I'd be happy about it, dear. It's a grand opportunity." Her lower lip was tremulous. "It'll be a thrill—being engaged to a Hollywood celebrity."

He said, "Yes, I suppose so." Then he shrugged, turned, and brushed from the room. For several seconds she stared at the panels of the dressing-room door. Then she dropped into a chair and her lips formed words.

She said, "He never even asked what I was going to do."

EDDIE CARR was grinning in his own grotesquely attractive manner. He patted Joan on the shoulder and said, "Forget it, Blondy. Let the lad blaze his way. He belongs at the top."

"You're taking it nicely, Eddie. Or isn't the act important enough to make much difference?"

"Important? Sure, it's important." Eddie's toes tapped. "Look. I'm a showman. So how does this strike you? Tonight I announce that the great Warren Miller has graduated from the Silver Sandal to film stardom. Great publicity for the club. Then"—he flushed—"then, if you think you can stand it, why, you and I will take a whirl at the old routine. I'm not Warren Miller, but I can still hoof."

"Eddie—"

"Aw! Don't go mushy on me. And why not? They're goofy enough to like me here, and they're crazy about you. So they won't be too critical—"

"—and I won't be out of a job. Is that it?"

"Never even thought about that."

She put her hands on his shoulders. They were narrow, wiry shoulders, and his eyes were on a level with hers. She said, "I don't wonder people like you, Eddie. You're an adorable liar."

(From Variety)

HOLLYWOOD: . . . But second only to the stars in Colossal's new filmusical was Warren Miller's click. Eight months ago an unknown hoofer, then a wow in a class New York nite spot, he takes over the terping end of this picture and panics 'em. Not only that, but he's got all the symptoms of being an actor. It's no certainty that they got everything they're looking for, but Colossal has Miller slated for a feature role in a new show which is being readied for the cameras. Part being rewritten to fit. Pic is budgeted heavy. Also gossip around the lot that they've torn up his contract voluntarily and stepped it up into the four-figure bracket. Miller's former dancing partner, Joan Hayes, still at the Silver Sandal

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in New York. Dancing now with Eddie Carr, the m. c. with personality. So everybody's happy, or are they?

Ten thirty at night: that dull period of night-club life when almost all of the diners have departed and the midnight revelers have not commenced to arrive. Eddie Carr tapped on Joan's door, made the conventional inquiry, " Are you decent? " and walked in. He said, " How's for a sandwich and a glass of something? . . ." then broke off abruptly. " Who ate the canary, Blondy? "

She had taken off her evening gown and her slender figure was wrapped in a Japanese kimono. She was looking down at a letter, and without a word she handed it to Eddie. " How to Become Popular," she commented with some bitterness. " Read it."

There was a Beverly Hills date line and Eddie recognized Warren Miller's handwriting:

> Dear Joan:
>
> For a long time I have been making up my mind to write this letter, and I suppose I better had do it now.
>
> Well, Joan, as you know I have clicked heavy out here. It's like I always said—I belong at the top. I think after this next picture they will star me, and already I am getting heavy fan mail, so I guess the studio officials are plenty impressed.
>
> Now let's be sensible. Our lives are entirely different. I do not think you would like Hollywood at all. Too much parties and etc. and all that sort of thing. Besides, a picture star never does make such a good husband, and anyway you seem to be doing fine where you are; your letters not being overloaded with affection and etc.
>
> So I am wondering if you don't want to call it off. Between us, I mean. I want you to know that you are not tied to me unless you want to be, and you would not like it here. Of course, if you insist on us getting married, why, I suppose that's all right with me too. So tell me how you really feel about it. Please write air mail and special delivery.

For once Eddie Carr was at a loss for words. Then, with an attempt at lightness, he inquired, " Want an air-mail stamp, Blondy? "

" No, thanks. I wired."

" What? "

She showed him a copy of her telegram. It was addressed to Warren Miller and said simply, " Thanks."

Eddie chuckled. " He won't understand."

" It doesn't matter." She, too, tried to smile. " I'm a jilted woman, Eddie. I've been completely forsook."

" Under the circumstances, Blondy, might I offer my congratulations? You see, I've always had the suspicion that Warren was a trifle on the louse side."

She said, " That offer of a sandwich still open? "

He put his hand on her shoulder. " Hurt much? "

" It hurt my pride, yes."

" Nothing else? "

" No."

" Attagal! Let's go eat."

NEW YORK theaters emptied their crowds into the side streets near Broadway. Taxis honked and snorted and throbbed. A small but prosperous percentage of men and women in evening dress found their way into the onyx and silver of the club where Eddie Carr was master of ceremonies and dancing partner of Joan Hayes.

For no particular reason, this night gave early evidence of being a large one. Celebrities were arriving. There was one particular distinguished group from the Coast, headed by a portly gentleman who controlled the destinies of the Colossal Film Company. He saw Eddie and Joan in a far corner and came across to greet them. Eddie introduced him to Joan, and he seated himself at their table.

" How's the boy, Eddie? "

" Oh, so-so."

" Still wowing 'em? "

" You tell me."

" So you haven't any regrets, eh? "

" Me? I never had a regret in my life. Or, anyhow, not more than one."

The film magnate chuckled. " Hollywood, you mean? "

" Not Hollywood."

" Then, Eddie, you're just plain dumb. You could have been where Warren Miller is today, and he's still climbing."

" Aw, lay off."

" No kidding. Why did you do it, Eddie? "

Joan's gray eyes were focused intently on the flushed face of Eddie Carr, but she spoke to the film executive.

" It's really none of my business," she said, " but why did Eddie do what? "

" Pass up a screen career."

" Did he? "

Eddie broke in: " Let's talk about something else—"

" No." Joan was insistent. " When did Eddie pass up a screen career? "

" Six months ago," answered the man from Hollywood. " I offered him a contract and he turned it down. But I owe him plenty."

" For what? "

" For recommending Warren Miller."

" Oh . . ." She leaned forward tensely. " Let me get this straight, please. You offered Eddie the chance. He turned it down and suggested Warren. Is that it? "

" Sure. Didn't you know? "

She shook her head. " No. And if you'll excuse me . . ." She rose and walked away—not quite steadily. The film executive stared after her. He said, " I hope I didn't make her mad."

Eddie nodded soberly. " I hope so."

" But you *were* awful stupid, Eddie . . . turning down that chance," the film executive said.

And Eddie Carr, looking at the door through which Joan Hayes had just passed, said, " I wonder."

AT three thirty in the morning Eddie took Joan's arm and said, " Let's walk."

" I'm willing."

A block farther on he inquired uncertainly, " Not mad, are you? "

" Of course not. But why did you do it, Eddie? "

" Shuh! This face of mine wasn't ever meant for pictures. Why not give Warren the break? "

" It was pretty generous. Yet . . ."

" Yet what? "

" You knew he and I were engaged. Didn't you know it meant that he would most likely take me with him? "

" I'm not very smart, Blondy. I just didn't figure it that way."

" How *did* you figure it? "

" Oh, I don't know. Maybe I just wanted to see what really would happen."

They reached her apartment hotel. She said, " Good night, Eddie—and thanks."

" For what? "

" Snapping me out of it."

He said abruptly, " May I come up? Just for a few minutes."

She led the way to the elevator. She opened the door of her tiny apartment and snapped the wall switch.

He looked across the room toward the desk. Then he said, " Oh, gee, Blondy," and left her standing by the door.

He stood staring down at the desk. There was a stamp album—a small one such as youngsters use—and littering the surface were hundreds of canceled stamps; postage stamps from the four corners of the world—from Persia and Mozambique and Nicaragua and Rhodesia and Korea. There were innumerable gummed hinges, a copy of the standard catalogue, and a general impression of bewilderment and confusion.

She was standing near him now, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. His arms went around her and he said:

" Oh, Blondy—I'm so glad I came up with you."

She tried to laugh as she clung to him. " I get so mixed up, Eddie. I can't do it alone."

He said, " I'll help you—every night." Then his crooked grin broke through. " Aren't you getting to love stamp collecting, Blondy? "

" That isn't the point," she answered. " The important thing is that I love a stamp collector."

THE END

CORONATION

Watching the Earth's Greatest Show from a Trailer

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

who has been assigned by Liberty to represent this magazine at the historic ceremonies

I WENT to George V's coronation in a steam yacht.

I'm going to George VI's in a trailer. Father called his boat the North Star. I call mine Star Dust. Father had a captain and large crew to sail his. I am captain and half the crew of mine. Father's cost— Well, that's none of my business. Mine cost $800.

There are other differences. King Edward VII used to visit on the North Star, and sometimes the Kaiser and the Czar. My friend who was Edward VIII won't be around to ride in Star Dust; and as for George VI, whom I also know well, I just can't see him riding in a trailer.

The two Edwards were very much alike, only Edward VII was jollier. Like the late Theodore Roosevelt, he had the knack of making children love him. Sister and I used to laugh at him for creasing his trousers down the side instead of the center, and he laughed at us for being little American savages and not dressing like the English children. Edward VIII has the same *joie de vivre,* only in a quieter way. George, or Albert as he was then called, even as a boy was very like his father.

But to get back to Star Dust, there is one thing that it has in common with the North Star and of which its owner is just as proud—an American flag flying at the stern. I suspect it may be the first automobile trailer to fly the colors in a foreign land. Anyway, it's the first one to go to a coronation that way!

A New York Yankee at King George's court! The story of a unique sight-seeing adventure

On that earlier occasion I was only thirteen, and sister, aged eleven, and I were parked with a tutor and governess in an old English inn at Hazlemere. I remember riding into London, though, the morning of the ceremony in an automobile, and gawping at the parade.

Father and mother sat in the King's box at the Abbey—an honor which didn't impress me greatly at the time. What did impress me was that Mr. J. P. Morgan, who was also in the box, kept passing chocolates to mother all through the ceremony.

An extraordinary housing shortage accompanies the crowning of a king. I don't know where my parents would have laid their heads if it hadn't been

STAR DUST
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
U.S.A.

The Star Dust at her Hollywood christening, with Mrs. Rob Wagner about to perform the rite. Witnesses: Mrs. Hal Smith and myself.

for their respective cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, whose not too modest establishments were each able to provide a single cot. Father slept in one house and mother in the other.

So, when I decided to go to this new coronation, I started early on my plans. For example, I have had my steamship accommodations for ten months now, and was recently offered five times as much as I had paid for them. As for London, the crowd is ten times as big as it was twenty-six years ago; the prices, ten times as high.

My first idea was a small flat. I soon discovered that the entire available supply had been picked up by realty sharks more than a year in advance, and was being peddled out at fabulous prices.

Next I tried the hotels, including the little West End inns. To my amazement, I found that bedrooms anywhere in London proper were selling for coronation week for the usual yearly rental of a good-sized house, and rooms outside of London, as far away as seventy miles, were being held at $350 for the week, plus another $350 for an automobile to get back and forth.

It was then that I thought of going to the coronation in a trailer. The next thing was to get the trailer. Finally I decided upon a sixteen-foot streamlined silver job, six feet six inches wide, seven feet two inches high, to weigh in the neighborhood of seventeen hundred pounds. This I have had specially designed and built for me with a body of masonite and aluminum, strengthened with pine and steel uprights, which is vacuumed by an interlayer of air. It is painted silver, all except the frames of the nine shatterproof-glass windows, which are bronzed and equipped with curtains, Venetian blinds, and tiny red window boxes. Each window has a new and very ingenious device which washes it.

The inside is done up in dark-red leather with white trimming. The walls are natural knotty pine, shellacked. The floor is rubberized wool with a touch of red in it. There is a full-size double bed in the rear end—six feet four inches long and fifty inches wide, with springs and a double-thickness mattress. There is also a small lavatory and a shower. At the front end there is a sort of breakfast nook with a table. By night this table sinks into the chassis and the cushions form another full-size double bed. The blankets—and also the cushions and rugs—are of the approved American Indian variety.

One side of the trailer consists of two large clothes closets, drawers and a medicine chest, as well as a full-length mirror. There is a tiny wood-and-charcoal stove on this side, also, for heating purposes. The other side is given over to a two-point gasoline stove, a good-sized refrigerator, a large sink with a twenty-gallon water tank, and a tiny very practical bar.

We are carrying two telephones, one between the driver of the car and the trailer, and the other ready to plug in wherever we park for any length of time. We shall take two radios—a battery set and an electrical one.

STAR DUST has no less than four electrical systems: a small generating plant; an eighty-hour storage battery in the trailer; current from the towing car, conducted by cable when in motion; and a 110-volt wire, so that, in this country at least, we may hook up to the lighting system of any city where we are camped.

We will probably wear riding clothes while en route, and sombreros. In my cupboard will be "tails" and dinner jackets—both black and white; also regimentals—I'm a major, General Staff Reserve; also cutaway, two business suits, and a sports coat and trousers.

Landing at Plymouth near the end of April, we will commence a two-weeks tour of the British Isles, beginning with Exeter and going down to picturesque Dartmouth. We will cruise leisurely through beautiful Devonshire; then bear up through Wales and the north country to Liverpool, and eventually enter Scotland. Then back through Manchester, Canterbury, Stratford upon Avon, Oxford, Cambridge, and Eton, to some parking place on the outskirts of London.

I expect to commute back and forth to London in the tow car, while Arthur Thompson, my long-suffering pal of many another land-yacht voyage, will keep the home fires burning. It is his car we are using to tow us.

I expect that this commuting business will be the hardest part of the whole trip. Father and mother still talk of the crowd which blocked the passage of their car twenty-six years ago. Troops by the thousands were marching through the streets; milling millions surged everywhere. Even in the heart of London, where father and mother were living, they were obliged to get up before daylight and get to the Abbey. It was a cold, foggy, bleak London morning, and they were nearly frozen before they arrived at the historic spot. I hope I have better luck on weather, but I know I'll have worse luck on crowds.

After the coronation we plan to go on to Paris to see the World's Fair, tour a bit, and drop in on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. It wouldn't seem right to go to a British coronation and not see David Windsor. I had rather a hard time in English schools as a boy. Most of the young sprigs rather looked down on Americans. Later, during my twenty-two months in the A. E. F., although I admired the British Tommy, I had very little use for many of the nobility who held officers' commissions. But Edward, boy and man, was different.

One evening on the western front, the Prince of Wales suddenly appeared among us. I understood even then why the British people adored him. He had that intangible "something" which marks a great man—something of humanity, understanding, gentlemanly kindness.

LAST summer in London I stood within fifty feet of McMahon when he attempted to kill the King. I saw Edward VIII turn on his horse and look through the crowd at the scuffle as the police seized him and dragged him away. Again I said to myself, "Any man who can show that kind of courage should be King." I verily believe with Mr. Frederick L. Collins that his ghost will hang heavily over much of England's population on May 12.

In fact, British royalty will always mean to me the jolly laugh of King Edward VII and the nervous laugh and the stirring handshake of Edward VIII. But George VI is a fine man, too; and I expect to be thrilled, as countless other thousands will be, until this courteous, splendid little gentleman has been put through the rigors of becoming a full-fledged king.

And what will this coronation thrill cost?

Well, I have found that it costs about twenty-five cents a hundred miles to operate a trailer in this country. With the additional cost of gasoline abroad, I suppose this figure may be doubled; but I doubt it. We believe our total cost for the two weeks we are in England will not exceed fifty dollars. In fact, outside of our own steamship passage but including Star Dust's, we put a $300 limit on the entire trip.

And it needn't cost even that!

Many food companies, advertisers and others, have asked us to carry their wares. But we will only carry things we actually use. Also, we have been offered more than $1,000 apiece by several different people simply to make the trip with us. Of course, if some charming stranger should happen upon us en route, we might take him—or her—along purely for the fun of it. Otherwise, we are quite satisfied with the financial setup.

We expect to have fun before we leave this country, too. In California, the governor will bid us bon voyage. We'll call upon every governor on the way across. And we hope to take Star Dust to Washingon and let the President, his Cabinet, and Congress see her.

Since our home port is Hollywood, California, we are taking over with us, for the benefit of English visitors, several interesting photograph albums of autographed pictures of the more important Hollywood stars.

Another book contains large pictures of the natural wonders of these United States, all of which we will have visited in our land yacht before or during our transcontinental tour. A third book will be full of snaps taken en route; and this we expect to keep up after we get across the ocean. And a fourth contains a file of our favorite magazine.

You've guessed it—Liberty!

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

BY NORMAN ANTHONY

A suhfit of suhs and a yo'all log; the "Colonel" wends his way east

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up betimes, leaving Houston, Texas, by Route 90 and so on across the state line into Louisiana, inadvertently taking the wrong highways, and when I did ask several natives the whereabouts of Baton Rouge without getting any intelligent replies whatsoever, I did remark to my wife that now I understood why they called it Solid South.

So on, finally reaching Baton Rouge, and so to bed.

TUESDAY: Up late, and on our journey we did come upon a Southern gentleman of the old school hitchhiking his way to New Orleans, so we did give him a lift and he did prove a mighty interesting passenger indeed, introducing himself as Colonel Taylor and regaling us with heroic tales of the Southland. But he did use so many "Yes, suhs" and "No, suhs" that by the time we had reached the city limits we were both suhffering from a suhfit of suhs, and I did remark to my wife after that the Suhth suhtinly had suhm suhprising suhtizens, to which she did retort, "Suh what!"

WEDNESDAY: Up tardily, then out to take in the "pints of interest," and in one tavern did run across none other than that old suh-and-suh Colonel Taylor, whereupon he did introduce me to several other Colonels, suh.

So on, talking of this and that, until my friends did proclaim me "Colonel Dunkle." And so home, informing my dear wife of the great honor which had been bestowed upon me, to which she did reply that now she understood why they said "War is hell" and would I kindly take off that Civil War uniform and go to bed.

THURSDAY: Up late, my dear wife informing me that we must look up cousin Lemuel, an undertaking which with my hangover I greatly dreaded and especially so when she did make it known that he too was a Colonel. And when we did arrive at his home I did find him little different than the other Colonels, only, instead of saying "suh" continually, he did say "yo'all." But after several quaffs of his excellent Bourbon and his "Yo'all must be my guests for a while," I did accept with alacrity, notwithstanding my wife's black looks.

So out with Colonel Cudd for one mint julep. But after the tenth he did pass out so completely that I was forced to carry him home bodily. And when my dear wife did ask what in heaven's name I was doing, I did reply with simple dignity, "I am bringing in the yo-all log!"

FRIDAY: Up heavy-eyed, suffering from Julep Jitters which Colonel Cudd did inform me is a common Southern malady, and at his suggestion we did take a constitutional, stopping in at a publick for a pickup, where we did see a man standing at the end of the bar laughing to himself with great glee, albeit every once in a while he would wave his arm away in disgust. And when I did ask the barkeep the reason for the man's strange behavior, he did inform me that the gentleman was telling himself funny stories. But when I did inquire, "Why does he wave his arm away every once in a while?" he did reply, "Oh, those are the ones he's heard."

So on, talking of this and that and finding that Colonel Cudd would gamble on anything so long as the odds were large enough. And he did meet a man who did wager him ten thousand dollars to a dollar that the sun would not rise on the morrow, a bet which the Colonel did take greedily, exclaiming, "I can't turn down such wonderful odds as that!"

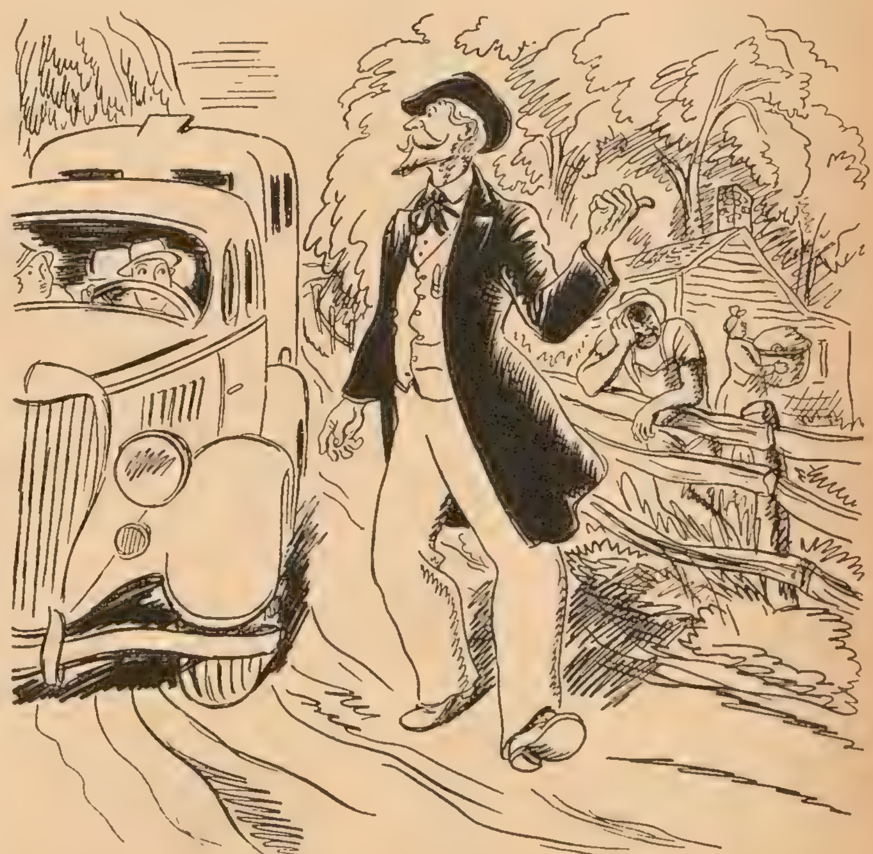
SATURDAY: Up in rare spirits, Colonel Cudd inviting me to the Fair Grounds Race Track where I did invest two dollars in a Daily Double ticket on the first and second races, and, to my utter astonishment, both of my horses won, making my ticket worth eight hundred and seventy dollars. But having put the card in my mouth the while I did peruse my program, I did inadvertently swallow it in my excitement.

So rushing me to a doctor friend of his living near the track, the Colonel did induce him to take X-ray photographs of my larynx and upper cavities in the hope of showing proof of the number on the card. But the plates did show nothing whatsoever save an old collar button, and we did repair to a tavern, despondent indeed. But after several beakers of Bourbon, a violent attack of hiccups did overtake me and the ticket did suddenly plop out of my mouth.

So back to the track to collect, and thence home, informing my dear wife of my harrowing experience, which did cause her to remark that that was the first time she had ever known any good to come from liquor or from me.

SUNDAY: Up betimes, bidding adieu to Colonel Cudd, and heading our trailer eastward, we did cross the state line into Alabama, where we did park for the night on the edge of Mobile Bay, seeing there a car with two small trailers attached to it. And when I did ask the owner the reason, he did shrug his shoulders and reply, "Oh, my wife insists upon twin trailers!"

Further details in the Dunkles' mirthful meanderings will appear in an early issue.



WHY WOMEN ARE GIVING UP LYING

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ALL who have read The Dominant Sex, by the Vaërtings, profound scholars who quote authorities ancient and modern, know that for centuries women were the ruling sex in Egypt. They went forth every morning to the market place, engaged in commerce, banking, law, and trade. The husbands stayed indoors and looked after the home. Men were cooks, chambermaids, nurses, and what not. Unless too dispirited, the husband followed the example of male harlots, curled his hair and beard, scented himself, used kohl and paint freely.

There was just one thing the dominant sex could not impose upon men, and that was the bearing of children. In this regard only Nature was too much for them. But in nothing else. It has been demonstrated by the Vaërtings that, aside from mere sex, there is no biological difference between men and women. Those ancient females were tall and strong, as powerful of body as of mind, whereas the men, who lived the indoor life, were inferior in both physical and mental development.

Permit me to imagine myself an Egyptian Woman of Importance in the fifth century B. C.

I arise at dawn, go to the bath, put on my severe garment, without folds—an ugly garment, exactly like that of all the other women, but adapted to active life in the market place.

After a frugal breakfast I open a door and regard my husband, who is making his morning toilette before a bronze mirror. He is a pretty little thing with curling hair and beard, which I suspect him of treating with henna: it has acquired a reddish tinge of late. Not that I mind, for I am extremely tolerant, and, after all, it is a harmless manly weakness. I am quite fond of my dutiful little husband, and it is rarely I have occasion to knock him about—never, except when his lying has exasperated me beyond endurance. But on the whole we are happy, for I am a woman of stern principles and quite faithful to him. Life is too busy for dalliance.

As I wish him a pleasant good morning, he rises, drops on one knee, and bows his head. I raise him graciously and ask after the baby—our fourth.

"He had colic in the night, and I walked the floor with him that you should not be disturbed. Now he sleeps, but if he should be attacked again, may I call in the doctor?"

I give an indifferent consent and ask after my three fine girls, an unnecessary question, as I hear their robust voices in the inner court. My husband assures me eagerly that they are well, and so strong they have kicked their nurses black and blue. Satisfied, I drop a negligent kiss on the timidly uplifted brow and go forth to attend to more important matters.

My spacious villa is some distance from town, but I cover the distance with long womanly strides. I throw back my broad shoulders and draw in deep breaths of the sparkling air. The landscape is studded with magnificent temples to Isis and other goddesses. From all within hearing come the chanting of priestesses adoring the goddess. In imagination I see far away in the desert the great pyramids of Giza, and the famous Sphinx, whose austere features I am proud to say are an exact reproduction of an ancestress's, one of the Queens of Egypt. For many generations now we have forsworn queens, who grew too ambitious and split the country into factions. A king is our nominal ruler. He does as he is told by a Council of Women, but is permitted to build temples and pyramids and call them by his name. This gratifies his vanity and keeps him contented. We want neither scandals nor attempted revolutions.

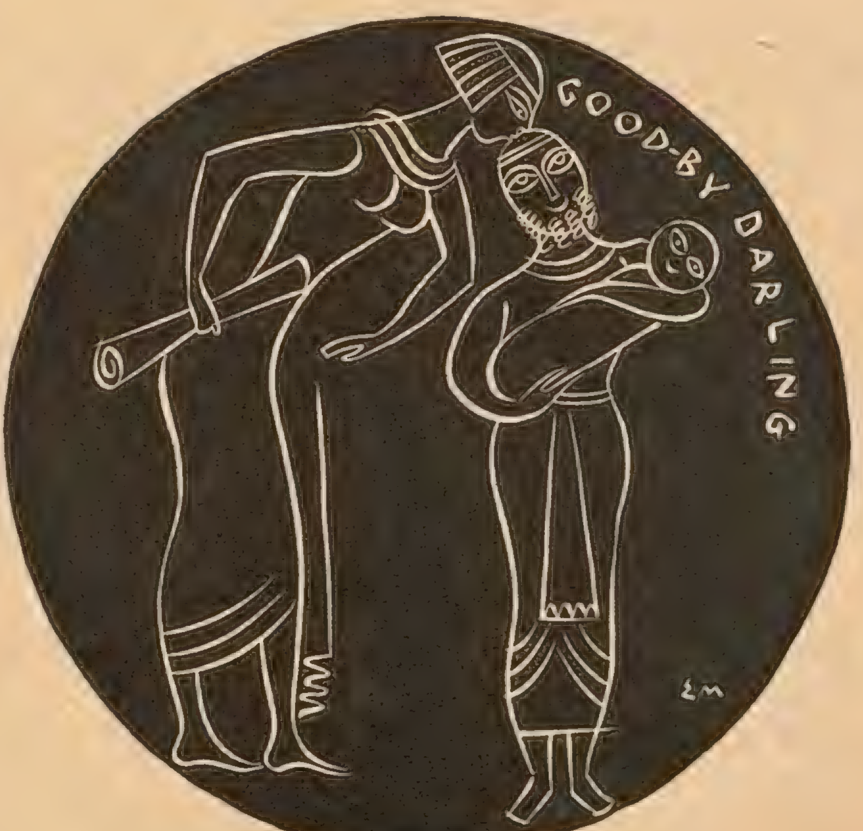
The market place is a large irregular square surrounded by ornate buildings devoted to law, commerce, banks, private offices, shops, and bazaars.

It is already swarming, for the harbor is full of ships, and merchants have come from far lands to buy and sell. But I notice at once a group of women whose position in the city is as important as my own, and they seem to be conferring with unusual gravity. I join them at once. With anxious brows they inform me that Ethiopia is threatening to make war upon us, and that we must reinforce at once our mercenary troops of men.

We are a peaceful nation and are seldom embroiled in war, but there is always danger from savage hordes, and we keep a small standing army of foreign mercenaries. The Libyan women do their own fighting, like those mythical Amazons, but the women of Egypt have no taste for hardships and brutalities, see no reason to make beasts of themselves when they can hire men who live for nothing else. The king may lead the troops to battle if he wishes. It makes him feel important and less inclined to rebel at his impotence in the state.

We adjourn to the council chamber and send for the captain of the mercenaries. He arrives in haste, a great hulking fellow whose eyes flame with the lust of battle and increase of pay. Nevertheless, he stands before us in an attitude of extreme respect, takes our orders to send several of his men to neighboring states for additional troops, is given a bag of money, and departs without presuming to utter a word.

I am not only a member of the council but a woman of business, and when the others adjourn to the palace to go through the formality of informing the king that a possible war impends, I cross the market place to the Hall



of the Merchants. Here for several hours I am hearty and breezy, shrewd and calculating, and in nine cases out of ten getting the best of the bargain.

As I leave the hall and am about to cross the square I notice a young man standing by one of the pillars. He is watching the bustling mass of women and the foreign men from the ships with a satiric expression, which changes, as he meets my disapproving eye, into one of defiance and resentment. Nor do his eyes fall before mine.

I had seen him before hanging about the market place and wondered who he was. An Egyptian certainly, but as he was neither scented nor painted it was evident that he was not a courtesan. Moreover, he had a curiously virginal air, as if unmarried, which he should have been before this. He was taller than most Egyptian men and held his head with an almost womanly pride.

I determined to satisfy my curiosity and, walking over to him, demanded to know who he was. He was haughty and sulky, and I had some difficulty in extracting the information I was bent upon; but he no doubt realized that I would cuff him soundly if he refused to speak, and he finally, and by no means respectfully, informed me that he was the only child of a wealthy widow whom I had known years ago and who was something of an invalid. And that he was twenty years old.

"Twenty!" I exclaimed. "And unmarried! What is your mother thinking of?"

"My mother does not wish to lose me, nor do I wish to leave her," he replied curtly.

"But a daughter-in-law would be far more useful to her than a boy. And she must have granddaughters to inherit her property. Boys cannot inherit, as you well know."

Again that detestable satiric expression crossed his face, and he had the insolence to look straight into my eyes as he said coolly: "All that may be changed one of these days, you know."

I HAD a flash of memory and advanced upon him threateningly. "Ha!" I cried. "I have heard rumors of clubs where men meet and talk about equal rights. Equal rights! Man's place is the home. I shall instruct the police to root out these meeting places and suppress them."

He shrugged. "Very likely they will succeed. And beat us, no doubt. But—well—let them do their worst. And you. It won't matter in the end. There aren't many of us now; most of the men of Egypt are miserable parasites, fit for nothing but to be husbands of tyrannical females. But there are a few of us who are different, and we think our brains are as good as yours, if not better. And in the next generation there will be many more."

"You are nothing but a spoiled brat!" I thundered. "What you need is a good spanking. I shall call upon your mother myself and see that she marries you at once."

"Try it." And turning on his heel without ceremony, he walked off with the stride of a woman.

I walked to my office, feeling somewhat disturbed. This was a type of young man new to me. I could not see him going to bed with the baby to keep it warm, nor titivating himself before the mirror, nor practicing all the silly little arts of his sex to wheedle money out of his wife to spend in the bazaars. Were there many like him? I had the impression that, although he had found an impudent pleasure in defying me, he had not told me half. Deceitful hussies. Liars. You never know where you are with the best of them. As for *him*, the thing to do was to marry him to a fine healthy young woman who would present him with ten daughters. That would take the starch out of him.

But I found more men in my office, waiting to transact important business, and forgot him. Nor did I remember to call on his mother or to instruct the police, for other ships came in and more rumors of war, although nothing came of them in the end.

When he crossed my mind he seemed too unimportant for consideration by busy women. Let him and his silly friends amuse themselves with their "clubs." Who cared? *Men!*

So, in my ancient arrogance, I disdained that first faint warning note of revolt in the subordinate sex. In succeeding generations it sounded more distinctly not only in Egypt but in all the women's states. The time came when we were awake to the danger and fought those determined men bitterly, but in the end we were compelled to grant them equal rights. We became reconciled. As a matter of fact we were happier, as men grew in both mental and physical stature and we were forced to respect and treat them as equals.

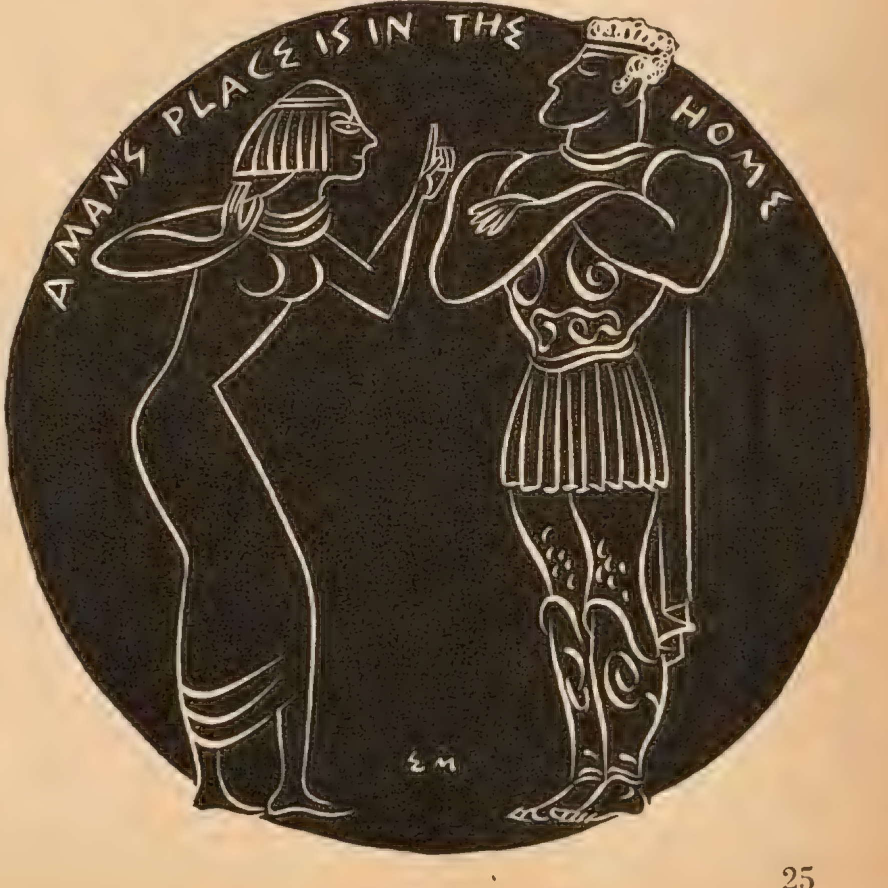
BUT, alas, one who has long been the underdog is never satisfied with mere equality! By slow stages those men increased in numbers, in power, became mighty on the battlefield, grabbed the best positions in the state, until, after that long blissful period of complete equality, men became the dominant and women the subordinate sex. Then—after centuries of submission to the tyrannical male—women grew as restive, resentful, and ambitious as those men of ancient times. Slowly but surely the new revolution got under way.

We are now in the first stage of sex equality, but the first stage only. The winning of the franchise was the initial step, little more. Man still bestrides the world like a colossus.

But let us see how firm his foundations are today, confining ourselves to the United States. (In a novel, Julia France and Her Times, I have given the story of the militant movement in England.)

Some thirty years ago the self-supporting women were authors and other artists, newspaperwomen, nurses, a few doctors, government clerks, some typists, schoolteachers, dressmakers, shopgirls, and servants. In 1920 the census revealed there were 8,500,000 employed women in the United States. In 1930 there were 10,752,116. For this seemingly slow advance the depression was responsible. Thousands of servants had been dismissed, firms great and small either retrenched or closed down, many typists and girls otherwise employed in offices and industries had lost their jobs. And as for the women who had invaded the business world and were succeeding as well as men, they also had a hard struggle, and many went under. But there is no doubt that in this year of 1937 the great majority of these women are at work again, and

Once Milady ruled . . . will that day come again? — A novelist arrestingly surveys the changing ways of her sex


A MAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME
EM

that in another five years their numbers will have scaled a far higher peak than that of 1930. In the business and professional world particularly they will assert their equality in increasing numbers, and the time will come when big-business women, women eminent in science and the professions, will cease to be phenomena.

Significant as is the upward sweep of their present conditions, even more so is the immense activity of women in public organizations. The old Browning Clubs (the original high-brows!) and other ladylike gatherings have given place to great organizations like the National League of Women Voters, numbering many thousands, for they have 600 local leagues in thirty-six states; the General Federation of Women's Clubs, composed of intellectual women deeply interested in current history; the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, a nation-wide organization whose activities and accomplishment would appall men if they took a little time off to investigate and ponder.

The National Womans Party is out to fight for a constitutional amendment guaranteeing equal rights to men and women in all fields, to say nothing of their other formidable activities. The National League of American Penwomen, composed of professional women in all the arts, with 2,459 members, is concerned with cultural development. It abjures politics but its members vote more intelligently than many groups of men we could mention, and its mass influence is very great.

Aside from these powerful organizations, of which I have mentioned only a few, there is probably not a town of any size in the United States that has not only its cultural clubs but forums devoted to the study of politics and civic and governmental questions. Women have already elbowed their way into Congress, legislatures, civic jobs, and we have all heard of one or two women governors and mayors.

Mr. Uzell and Mr. Le Roy, in a recent magazine article, lamented that " women buy eighty per cent of the consumers' goods," are the chief beneficiaries of most estates; receive eighty per cent of the benefits of life insurance; sixty-five per cent of all savings-bank accounts; about forty per cent of all railroad corporations; some forty-four per cent of all real estate." And, to quote a recent editorial, " Between eighty and ninety per cent of American spending is controlled by women. They own seventy-five per cent of the nation's wealth, seventy-five per cent of all suburban homes, as well as forty per cent of all real estate."

The New York Times recently was aghast at an advertisement sent in by Women Investors in America, Inc., and commented: " They talk boldly about women deciding what the nation should eat and wear, what is good for it and what is not. America isn't a democracy, it is a matriarchy."

NONE of these grieving gentlemen has the faintest idea what all this really means. It will be some time before they realize that the long era of male dominance is over and that women are striding along the road to complete equality.

And are women as entirely dominated personally by men as of yore? As if in answer to Otto Weininger's silly assertion that women are wholly sensual and have no character apart from their relation to men, a jury in New Jersey, composed entirely of women, recently brought in a verdict of guilty against a handsome and eloquent young rascal who had been so sure of his blandishments that he had demanded a jury of the once weaker sex.

And what of that tremendous mass movement in the State of Washington last year, when thousands of women of all classes and from all over the state invaded Seattle, crowding its streets and overflowing its great auditorium, for the purpose of " ridding their state of the racketeering monster which had been fostered by machine politicians, threatening the ruin of helpless industries and individuals "? The objects of their particular wrath were the governor, and the mayor of Seattle—who wrung his hands and cried: " Don't let them make a fool of me! What have I ever done to be held up to scorn and contumely? " What, indeed! When the women finished with him, both he and the world were fully enlightened.

Mr. Macfadden recently called attention to the fact that in Phoenix, Arizona, 500 women had banded together with a view to attacking corrupt officeholders, and hopes " their example will be followed throughout the country." His hope will be fulfilled, for in many states similar organizations are working secretly and will make a public demonstration when the time comes.

There are many other straws in the wind. Men are suing for alimony, patronizing beauty parlors, using every device to make women support them. But even the most manly of the sex—and they are still in the majority —have never even guessed that their shaven faces and women's planklike figures are symptoms of the unconscious urge of the sexes toward equality.

Some one has written: " A girl's upbringing today differs from that of her grandmother as much in independence of attitude as in scholastic subject matter. Her viewpoint and her willingness—nay, eagerness—to try new things rival that of her brothers."

AND how about women being born liars, as some men assert? It has been sufficiently demonstrated that, with the sole exception of childbearing, women are no more congenital in any respect than men. You might as well talk about born athletes or born butchers. With the millions of women who are now out in the business world, or members of serious organizations for the betterment of mankind and their own government in particular, it may be safely assumed that lying has gone out with curves, trains for street wear, hatpins, airs, and plucked eyebrows. Of course we still have a fine quota of fools and parasites, but even they will feel the force of example in time. Fashion is fashion. This article, nor a hundred like it, will wake men up. Male arrogance is still too strong. But if they woke they would be helpless. The tide is in full spate. No mortal hand can turn it back.

It is amusing to think of this revolution going on almost out of sight but gathering strength and momentum every year, while men grow excited over the menaces of Fascism, Communism, the proletariat, strikes, and what not. Plato, Christ, Kant approved of that equality which is well under way. It is to be hoped that when women have achieved it in its fullest sense, they will be content and not press onward toward dominance. Either extreme is fatal to happiness, which can be found in full perfection only where neither sex despises or fears the other.

Nor is there any reason to believe that woman dominant would do any better than man has done with the world of today. Man and woman are merely human nature under two different labels.

THE END

500 B.C.
1937 A.D.

This Car
has been carefully checked and reconditioned as shown by (✓) marks below

Serial Number
Stock Number

RADIATOR	✓	HORN	✓
MOTOR	✓	BATTERY	✓
CLUTCH	✓	BODY	✓
TRANSMISSION	✓	GLASS	✓
REAR AXLE	✓	FENDERS	✓
STEERING	✓	FINISH	✓
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1934
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1935
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2,019,839
people bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States

Whitewashed Lady

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DIANA KILDARE is left alone in the world at the death of her gambler father. Alone, except for sleek, oily Guido Ferrone, who has been a backer of Dan Kildare's gambling ship and who takes an amorous interest in Diana's young golden beauty.

Determined to escape from Guido and her past, Diana goes to a tawdry half-world restaurant to meet Honey Dacey, a gambler's "girl" who has promised to help her sell her clothes and jewels. She is waiting alone at a table when two girls arrive, girls of the type she wants to know and be like. It is apparent from their conversation that they are trying to track down Dick Norton, the brother of one and the cousin of the other. When Dick arrives, he scolds them, and sends them back to their school.

Then he turns and sees Diana for the first time. The orchestra is playing My Heart Stood Still, and Diana's heart *does* stand still as her eyes and the eyes of the lean handsome young man rush together. He speaks to her. The arrival of Honey Dacey, too blonde, too glittering, too shrill, breaks the spell, and he leaves. But Diana is sure she will meet him again, for she has overheard the name of his sister's and his cousin's school and she has made up her mind to go there.

Back on the ship, she turns down an offer brought by Spike Gillis from Pete Galeffi to be hostess at his club. Then she tells Guido that she now has money enough to leave.

"Don't you think I can queer your game, if you don't want people to know who you are?" he asks.

Reg Van Tuyl, black sheep of a good family, who has been Dan's friend, suggests that Diana's future be left to the cards. If she draws the high card, she can leave, and Guido must keep her secret. If Guido draws the high card, Diana must be prepared to have him try to get her back.

Diana fingers the cards and hands them to Reg to spread. She takes one from the fanlike wedge on the table. As she turns it up, Reg sees her little finger straighten it out as if unconsciously. It is the ace of spades. And Reg knows that she has cheated to win her chance.

PART THREE—A DREAM . . AND AN AWAKENING

GUIDO shrugged. "You've won," he said.

Diana's head went down on those smart hands and she began to cry, big gasping sobs that rattled the little table. Guido sat there, looking at the golden curls on the back of her white strong neck, and Reg got up feeling sad. How she must want to get away, he thought. To cheat for the first time in her life. To violate the only code her father'd ever gone by. Her father, who had taught her every card trick there was; but if you were a gambler you had to be honest when you played. How she must want to get away! It was her cheating that shocked him into seeing that he'd really have to help her.

"Calm down," he told the quivering golden curls. "We've got to get going on this. I have a stuffed-shirt sister who has to do certain things I ask her, even now. She's elected to get you into your girls' school, with all the fixings you crave."

What a joke this was going to be on Olivette Van Tuyl, who was still fighting to get him back into the New York Social Register, which had dropped him some time ago but had not dropped Olivette—oh, no, never Olivette.

Diana slowly raised her head, with radiance spreading over her tearstained face. She met Guido's stolid unchanging regard.

"You cheated to get away from me," he said. "Go ahead and make your plans. I'll cheat to get you back."

He went out.

"Can your sister get me in," she said deliberately, "to Miss Hunter's School in Rivington, Connecticut?" . . .

For the next two weeks Diana was so busy that she did not have time to worry about Guido.

Reg began to enjoy the situation. It was such a lovely joke on his stuffed-shirt sister, who was briskly unaware that she was recommending the daughter of a notorious gambler to enter one of the most exclusive schools in the East. Olivette Van Tuyl was on so many executive committees that she was apt to be a little absent-minded, which Reg had counted upon. So when he said reproachfully, "You forgot to do anything about getting that poor girl into Miss Hunter's School," Olivette was quite ready to believe that she had forgotten, instead of the fact that she was hearing about it for the first time.

While Reg waited she wrote out a recommendation for Miss Diana Fenmore, filling in Diana's parents' pedigrees with the mythical names and aristocratic Continental addresses that Reg supplied, and telephoned a command to two important dowager friends that they do likewise when Reg presented himself.

Diana looked so beautiful and so happy on the day he drove her out to Connecticut that he felt moved to a parting gallantry. "If you're in New York on holidays," he said, "and in need of a swain sometime, call me up, Diana —that is," he added hastily, "if you can't possibly get any one else."

Diana laughed. Sitting in the tiny reception room of Miss Hunter's, he was uneasily aware for the first time that her laugh was pretty loud. A girl going by craned her neck to see where that unlikely noise was coming from. But Diana did not see the girl. She was looking at Reg with her big amber eyes that were so like a deer's —a deer waiting to be hurt, Reg thought.

"Thanks, Reg," she said, "but I have a swain. He doesn't know it yet—but that's why I've come here."

Diana didn't know about her loud laugh and the girl who had passed the word along that some sort of female donkey had arrived. She was breathless with anticipation when Miss Hunter took her to her room and knocked upon the door next hers, which flew open to reveal, amazingly, the Fra Angelico face of the girl Sally who had followed Dick Norton to the Club Shalimar. Behind Sally there was a group of girls, all of whom had just heard the donkey story.

Miss Hunter said, "Girls, this is Diana Fenmore. Diana, this is Sally Trevelyan, who has the room next you."

She went out. A silence fell. Diana stood awkwardly in the middle of the room waiting for Sally Trevelyan to introduce her to the others, which Sally made no move to do. Instead, as if she enjoyed Diana's confusion, she

A dramatic chapter in a stirring novel of love between two worlds

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

stood looking at her for a long moment out of her bachelor's-button eyes before she said coldly, "How do you do, Miss Fenmore?"

Diana had never known civilized rudeness. She took a step back as if pushed by those hard bright eyes. Then suddenly she went cold all over. There was a big enlarged snapshot of Dick Norton in a silver frame on Sally's dressing table.

As if drawn by a magnet, she walked up to the snapshot past Sally's amazed look. All that mattered was to come close enough to see his smile.

"Well—really!" Sally drawled. "Is there anything else in this room you'd care to have us show you?"

Diana turned and looked at Sally. "Thanks," she said. "Not unless you girls are a lot more interesting than you've been so far."

"Oh," Sally purred, "so *we* should interest *you*, hey? Maybe you don't know it's generally the custom here to let the new girl be the first to prove something! Something more than practically grabbing off an old girl's man with her eyes, right under her nose!"

"When I start really grabbing off your man," said Diana, "I'll let you know well in advance."

Her courage ebbed away in the pause that followed. All at once a cheerful voice dipped into the poisoned silence saying, "What's this—a Quaker meeting?" and Elsie Norton walked into the room.

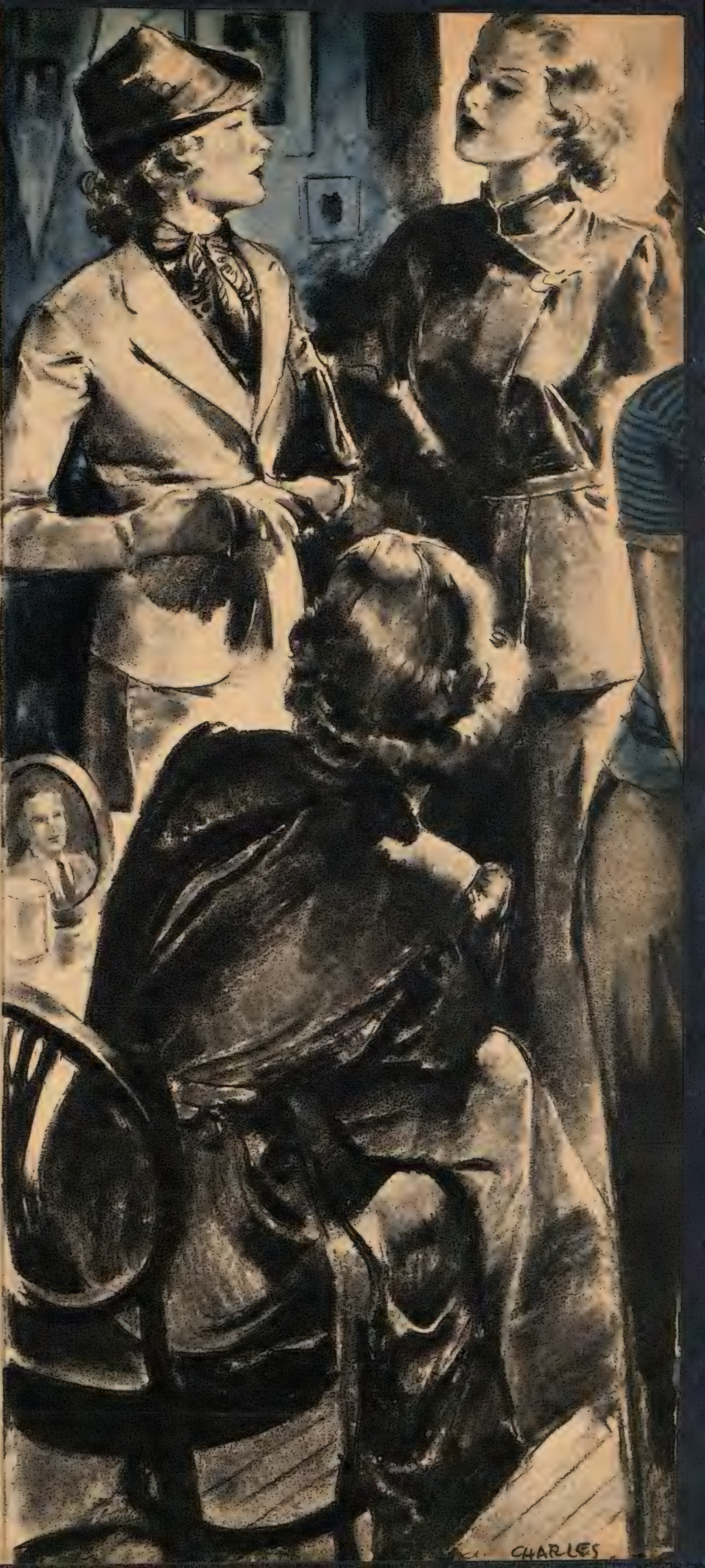
Elsie looked as round and vague and messy as when Diana had seen her at the Shalimar, even to the same sagging tweed skirt. Sally said, "Oh, Elsie, this is a new girl named Diana Fenmore. She says she'll let me know in advance before she grabs Dick off!"

Elsie looked away from Diana to Sally and the picture of Dick and the circle of tittering girls. Then she looked back at Diana, her broad face parting in a grin that made it look like a watermelon cut in two. "Does anybody here not know," she inquired, "that Sally swiped that picture of Dick from me in the first place? I goated enough about it at the time!"

The titters burst into a roar at Sally's expense. Diana felt a warm happy wave envelop her. Elsie stepped forward and took her by the arm.

"If you really did say you were going to try to grab Dick off," she said, "you're the first girl who's had the starch to come out with it; while every one else here has cravenly tried, without admitting that Dick's the only reason I get any time in this school!"

The laughter came to an abrupt



"When I start really grabbing off your man," said Diana, "I'll let you know in advance." Her courage ebbed in the pause that followed.

halt. Elsie, appearing to enjoy the discomfiture she was causing, buoyed Diana along to the door with her. "You can let Sally know right now that you'll start grabbing Saturday," she told Diana. "Saturday night, when I take you home with me and we get Dick to take you to the Jolly Jelly-Bean dance at Sally's house!"

Once outside the room, she dropped Diana's arm like a factory worker dropping a lead pipe when the whistle blows.

"There!" she said. "I guess that'll hold Sally for a while!"

"What—what do you mean?" said Diana. "I thought you were being—friendly—to me."

"Don't be a dreamer!" said Elsie. "I was simply tired of having Sally run everything around this school, that's all. So long. See you some time when I slow up!"

And Elsie dashed away from her.

This was the worst of the dreadful weeks that followed: Having Elsie come up to her with breezy friendliness if Sally was anywhere in sight, and ignore her if Sally wasn't. It was worse than all the other girls laughing at her, and that was pretty bad.

"A voyage to Lilliput," Reg had said; "where the people are one inch high." Had he meant this kind of disillusionment? To discover that the girls to whom she had looked up as patterns for her future personality would be more narrow and petty and mean than any Honey Dacey she had ever known? . . .

It was a clear cold night, so cold that she had not thought any one else would be on the school observatory roof. Standing and gazing numbly at her old friends the stars, she was surprised to hear a low sobbing in back of her. Turning, she saw Elsie Norton's familiar round disheveled figure bent woefully over one of the desks at the far end of the roof. It seemed, according to her wails, that matters had become stilted between her and Miss Stone, the astronomy professor, and if she could not plot out the constellation of Cepheus tonight, she would no longer be on the basketball team tomorrow.

At the end of half an hour Diana had not only done Elsie's job for her but had shown Elsie how it was done. But Elsie, coming out of her terrified coma, didn't like it much.

"After all, I've sort of done nothing for you," she moaned. "Why have you gone and heaped coals?"

"Forget it," said Diana. "You can go back to not speaking when we get off the roof."

"But I don't want to, now," said Elsie. "Look here. I'm sorry about the other night. I—I wish I could do something to make up for it, sort of."

Diana stiffened, then stopped on the little winding stairway and looked at Elsie. "All right," she said slowly. "You can do what you said you'd do for a gag the other day. You can ask me to come home with you Saturday night—to go to that dance with your brother—after all."

SHE couldn't believe it, even when they were on their way. But Elsie meant it this time. And, once started, Elsie enjoyed the rage of Sally and the other Jolly Jelly-Beans over the fact that Diana and not they were to be in the coveted position of Elsie's week-end guest. To swell the funds of the Jelly-Bean dances, each girl could invite some one who was not a member of the club, and so it was possible for Elsie to invite Diana, in spite of the annoyance of the others. And now that Elsie was in the swing of it, the only thing that worried her was what always worried her on these occasions: the question of getting a man for herself.

"Of course, Dick has never yet come to a Jelly-Bean dance," she said, as they were starting home on Saturday; "which is why I went home last night specially to break it to him, and about getting another man for me too. 'You know so many mysterious men in the city,' I told him; 'it is time you did something to help your sister out with the boys around here, who will look at me in a new light if I appear with some mysterious stranger!'"

"Yes. Well," said Diana, "is he coming?"

"Didn't say—which was progress, because he's always refused before."

More reason to feel hot and cold—these things about Dick she didn't like the sound of. Things that tied up to the mystery of what Dick was doing that day at the Shalimar when Sally and Elsie had tagged after him to find out and he had evaded their questions. She had wondered then, herself—until Dick had looked at her and she had forgotten everything else. But now it was a long time since that magic. What if she should be as disillusioned about Dick as she had been about the girls from whom she had hoped so much?

Or—what if he were disillusioned about her?

Elsie's old car turned in at a beautiful high stone-arched gate, and they flew up a snowy hill banked with fir trees behind which there gleamed the white pillars of Elsie's home.

"Hello, Briggs," Elsie said to the butler who came out to take the suitcases that held their hopeful party dresses. "Is Mr. Dick here yet?"

"No, Miss Elsie," said Briggs, a tall man with squirrelly cheeks. "But there is a person who says he is a friend of Mr. Dick's waiting in the library."

ELSIE clapped her hands. "The extra man for me! Oh, Briggs, what does he look like?" They were following the butler in through the wide front door and Diana could not see his face, but she thought his voice changed as he answered, "I couldn't say, Miss Elsie. Would you care to go in and speak to him?"

"Not like this, in my school jerkin. We'll dress for dinner. Oh, Diana, isn't this too grand!"

It was such a house as Diana had dreamed of, and here was Elsie skittering through it without even looking. But of course Elsie had been used to old American furniture and rare paintings, and shining mahogany and silver and chintz—all these weathered New England lovelinesses Elsie had breathed like the air around her all her life, and it had never prevented any skirt Elsie wore from sagging in the back.

She must think of silly things like dresses sagging as ballast for the airy incredible fact that she was in Dick's home at last. In Elsie's room she could make sense only by thinking of such things: the clay beauty mask which Elsie at once proceeded to smear over her buoyant face, which made her look like a tadpole poking its head out of the mud; herself ready almost at once and standing in front of the pier glass while Elsie muddily mouthed that they had at least an hour before dinner.

"I can't talk any more; the clay's beginning to harden. Oh, dear, some one's knocking. Will you go?"

It was Briggs. "Mr. Norton says that any time Miss Elsie and her friend are ready for cocktails he is in the music room."

"Mr. Norton!" said Diana.

"Mr. Steven Norton," said Briggs. "Miss Elsie's father."

Diana had known in a vague way that Elsie had a father from whom Elsie's mother was separated. Steven Norton. She had heard that name somewhere before. Not here. It went further back than that. . . . But Elsie, behind her, was pointing to the door and nodding, the clay mask drawn into a mummified grimace.

"Sure I'll go down," Diana said.

Briggs stood aside for her to enter the long music room, and said, "Miss Fenmore." She began to feel stage fright. But the man standing with his back to the fireplace, looking down the cool gray room at her as she walked toward him, was obviously immersed in worries of his own. His face was white and drawn, although he smiled courteously as he stepped away from the fireplace.

"Miss Fenmore," he said, "I understand from Elsie that my son is to be your host for the evening. Until he comes, I hope that you will allow an old dodo to have the pleasure of acting as substitute."

"What's an old dodo?" she said, smiling back at him. "You don't look like it sounds, anyway!"

She was immediately at ease with this man. He was as tall and thin as Dick but darker, except for the graying patches of hair on his temples. The disarming thing about him was his uncertainty, which made him move and talk in jerks, so unlike Dick's

(Continued on page 32)

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PORK AND BEANS
PREPARED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Keep these Van Camp's table treats on your pantry shelf: CHILI CON CARNE SPAGHETTI • VEGETABLE SOUP • TOMATO SOUP • CHILI SAUCE • CATSUP

(Continued from page 30) cool poised control which Diana remembered, that it made the father seem oddly younger than the son. His next words had the same effect. He said:

"Goodness, that's the most intimate crumb any of Elsie's friends ever tossed me! Have you actually guessed, young lady, that people over forty are human?"

"Not much over forty," she said. "Forty-three at the most, huh? I bet!"

The three lines on Steven Norton's forehead were smoothing out and his tense nervous manner relaxed.

"Today my spiritual age is a hundred," he said. "Have a cocktail!"

They were laughing again when Briggs appeared at the door.

"There is somebody on the telephone, sir, who wishes to know exactly when Mr. Dick will be here."

The lines returned to Steven Norton's forehead. "You may tell this nameless gentleman," he snapped, "that I am aware I run an excellent hotel, but I have not as yet installed a switchboard service."

Briggs vanished. Steven Norton glared defiantly at Diana. "I know that sounded terrible!" he burst out. "But I don't know what to sound like any more! I've been debonair and grim and dodderingly pathetic. What else can a father be?"

"You could stop putting on father acts," she said. "Then maybe he'd stop competing with wayward-son specialties."

He sat down suddenly. "Of course—that's what I've been doing. Putting on father acts."

"They all do," she said. "Even mine did. I'd rather know him for what he was—even if it wasn't so good a picture as the one he put on for me."

"Well, at least you wanted to know him," said Steven Norton. "My children don't want to know me."

She thought swiftly of Dick at the Shalimar saying to Elsie, "You're welcome to tell our father anything that will stimulate his flagging interest in us." She said, "Maybe you started that. Any one who's busy putting on an act all the time isn't likely to make the other fellow think he wants much out of him—except audience—is he?"

He looked at her with a frown, obviously taking in a new consideration. "I never thought of that," he said slowly. "I guess you're right—that's all I did want out of him. Until I saw there was trouble, and then it was too late for me to get near."

"Trouble?" she said, and her heart began knocking against her side.

He looked at her again, this time as if he were looking through her at his problem. "You're his age," he said. "You might be able to understand things I don't. What would you think of a boy who goes through college with the highest marks in the university, and then after college won't settle down to anything? A boy who, when his father finally tells him, as I did yesterday, that he'll have to go to work or get out—just laughs? And tells me that somehow, some way I don't know about, he's made enough money so he has plenty of means to live away from home if I want him to; that he was only continuing to grace the family hearth because 'contrasts amuse him'? A nice situation between father and son!"

THERE you go again," said Diana over the increased, alarmed beating of her heart. "Don't you see—they shouldn't ever be made to feel they have to do what you tell them to because you have the upper hand?"

"I suppose I've been too busy myself in my work in the Street," he said. "I only began to notice lately that Dick's friends who come here are a lot stranger-looking than the radical college type that came a year ago. But when I ask him where he ever met such people, he only laughs and says, in the public library—where he's been doing a little research!"

Shakily Diana laughed too. "Won't you stop your act," she said, "long enough so he can stop his?"

Distressfully he came to a halt and looked down at her. "You're going to see him tonight," he said. "Will you tell me what you think?"

"All right," she said. "I will, if it can help."

"You've been the greatest help already. Because I've talked it out for the first time. You see—it's hard to meet these things—alone."

His eyes traveled up from her to a space above the mantelpiece. She turned involuntarily to follow his look. Turned and sat frozen.

All this time sitting under the portrait of Steven Norton's wife from whom he was separated! The portrait of a lovely lady with red hair and long white hands.

So she was Dick's mother, Mrs. Steven Norton, who had followed her out on the terrace that dreadful afternoon at the Indian Creek Club. The notorious Mrs. Norton who had said to Diana, "So terribly melodramatic for me to dash out here after you, like the fallen woman in the play warning the young girl not to slip." Who had said, "I have children your age I don't see any more. I suppose that's why—"

How this explained the whole family! Elsie's irresponsibility; Dick's mysterious withdrawal from the home that had never been a home since a pretty lady ran away. And Steven Norton, who had done well to be "too busy on the Street" to notice what was going on. And then she had rebuked him for putting on a father act!

LOOKING back to him, a wave of pity almost overcame her fear. Almost, but not quite. Some one who knew all about the things she was trying to forget was looking down at them from over the mantelpiece. Some one who with a word could destroy the whole edifice that Diana Fenmore had built up to shut out Diana Kildare.

Her brain was racing. Mrs. Norton never saw her children; she never came to Rivington. So no immediate danger. But always the possibility that Mrs. Norton might return.

It was lucky she had had so many years of keeping her face blank over the cards. He had taken his eyes from the portrait to smile at her. "I don't know when I've talked to anybody like this," he said. "I can't believe you're one of these infants at school."

She got up and went over to the piano. She wanted to put distance between her and the picture.

"I've always been with—sort of older people," she said. "The girls don't like me much. In fact I—I'm pretty scared about the dance tonight."

"Maybe you too are putting on an act," he said. "Maybe they feel you're not natural with them. Did you think of that?"

"No," she whispered. "Oh, no, I didn't think of that! Maybe I was wrong to tell you what I did—maybe we've all got to have acts—for protection!"

"No, I don't think we've all got to have acts."

There was a silence. Then a voice said smoothly, "Good evening, father," and Dick walked into the room from one of the French windows that opened on to the veranda outside.

Diana was thankful that the top of the piano hid her from his sight, although she, trembling, could look around it and see him again, his hawk nose pulled down as he stood smiling at Steven, who had turned with a nervous start, the lines coming back on his forehead.

"Dear me, Dick," he said fretfully, "that's a funny way to come into a house!"

"I was trying to get you to see me in a new light," said Dick. He looked oddly older than his father, taller and more composed, smiling down at him with raillery that was trying to mean something. "As I came up the driveway, I kept thinking to myself, That's the trouble with fathers and sons: each always knows how the other is going to come into a room. If only I could come in some different way just once, I thought, we might be able to imagine we were a couple of other fellows. And you, seeing me pop in like this and hearing me talk like a fool—or a poet—might think I could be—well, perhaps writing romances on the side—instead of doing the nothing you accuse me of in this sad state, where we each know just how the other is going to come into the room!"

"If you will stop talking long enough," said Steven, "I should like to introduce you to Elsie's friend, Miss Fenmore—over there behind the piano. Miss Fenmore, this is my son—who could (Continued on page 34)

Think Twice

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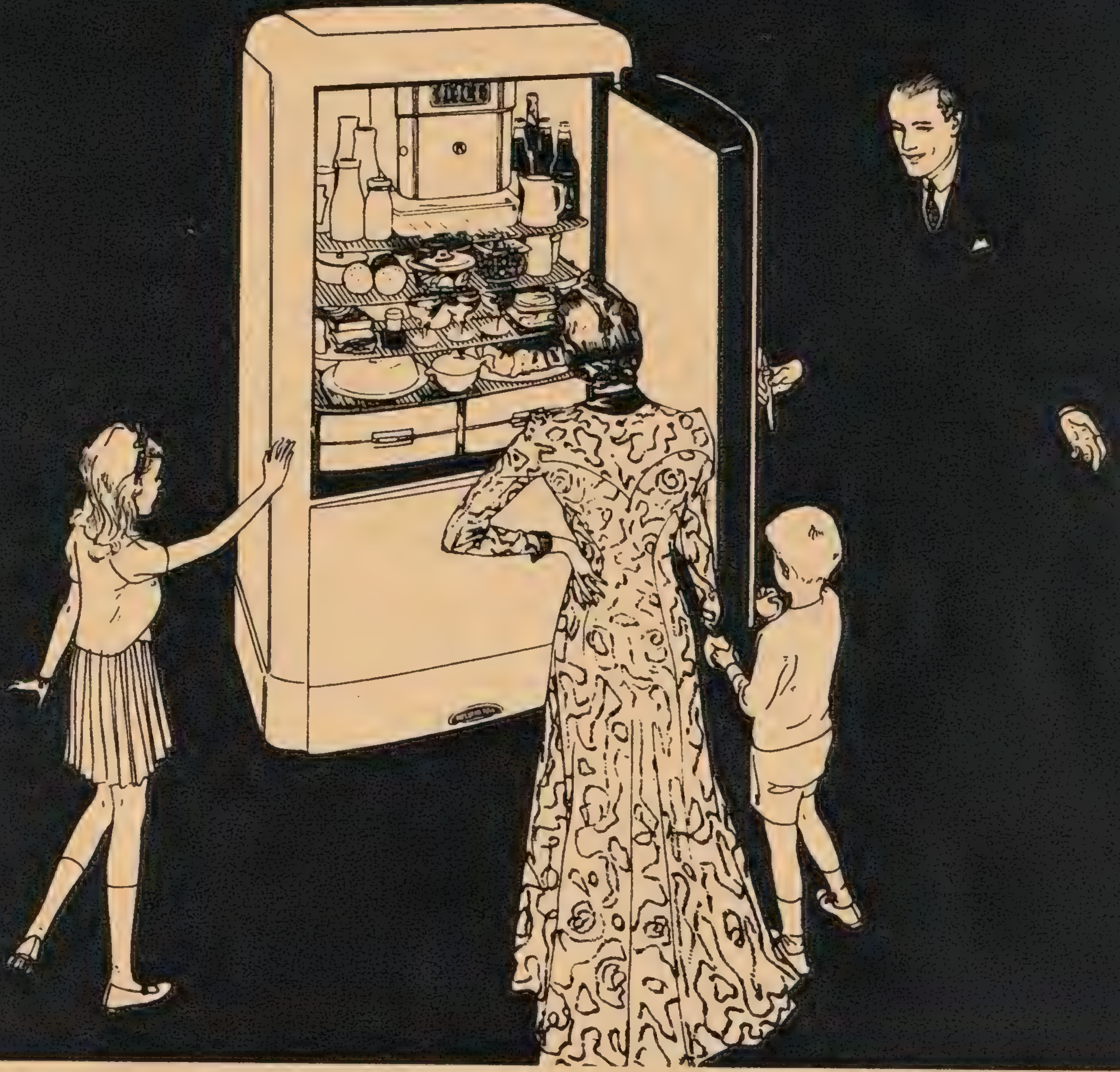

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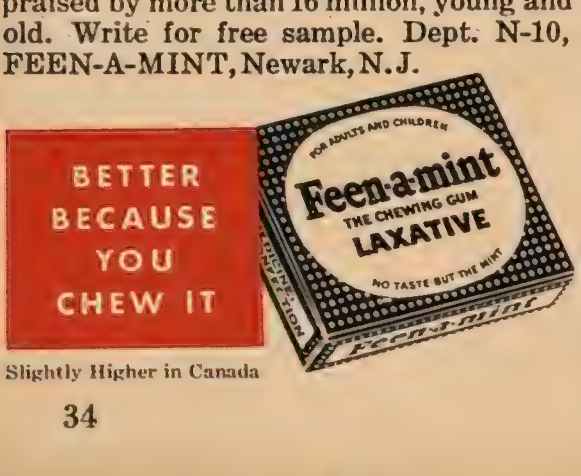


Slightly Higher in Canada

(Continued from page 32) write romances, I don't doubt, to hear the ones he tells."

Dick didn't turn at once. He looked at his father as if to let what Steven had said sink in between them. "Maybe I do write them, father," he said. "And maybe I never get a chance to tell you." . . . Then he turned and glanced negligently toward the place his father had indicated.

Diana found that she had gotten up somehow and was standing foolishly clutching at the music rack. Dick hadn't moved, but he looked all blurred and changed, like a light-struck photograph. He stood for a moment like that, and Steven's voice came between them, saying patiently, "I asked you, Dick, will you have a cocktail?"

Dick shook his head, still looking at her. "Superfluous . . . at the moment . . ." he said.

Briggs coughed from the door. "Beg pardon, Mr. Norton, but Miss Elsie says she is sending 'a cry for help' because her face is frozen into some sort of mud package which she cannot crack even with the ice pick. And, Mr. Dick, a person in the library is waiting for you."

"Let him go on waiting," said Dick.

Steven had started to the door and Elsie's rescue. Briggs followed him, and Diana and Dick were alone.

"So," said Dick, "we meet again. Here, of all places—where I am at my worst."

"Sure," she said; "go on thinking about yourself. That's what you usually do, isn't it?"

She flung this out in a hard voice to keep him from seeing that she had to cling to the music rack. But he grinned suddenly and disarmingly, and walked over to her. "I'm sorry you had to hear me trying to unstuff father's shirt," he said. "I thought I was being romantic—but maybe I was just thinking about myself, at that. I'm sure you can show me something better to think about."

THE wrinkles were curving up around his eyes as he smiled down at her. Something went soft inside her and helplessly she smiled back at him while keeping her voice cold as she answered, "You didn't seem to be so sure that day—back at the Shalimar!"

"I was a sap. To waste time worrying over who spoke to you—when I should just have been fixing it so nobody spoke to you."

He was talking in a light superficial voice now, as he had done when he told the man at the Shalimar to take Elsie and Sally to the train. And he wasn't really looking at her, although his glance was traveling from the tip of her nose to her feet and back again, but not higher, not as high as her eyes. This made her feel somehow like bursting into tears in spite of the strange happy tingling through all her nerves. She moved away from him and said in a change-the-subject voice:

"Were you really trying to tell your father that you have been writing something—instead of doing nothing, like he thinks?"

"Where did you come from?" he said. 'Elsie's friend.' You can't be. How did this happen—all the way from that moment at the Shalimar to making small talk in father's stuffed-shirt music room?"

"That girl who spoke to me at the Shalimar—" she said. "We weren't pals, as you seemed to think. She was buying clothes from me—"

He laughed. "I don't care how you got here from the Shalimar. It's much more important that we're here now and that Elsie and father may be back at any minute."

HIS eyes made it so she had to back away from him still farther on that. They went with her as she moved to the fireplace and stood under the portrait of his mother. I can't bear it, she thought. To have him look and talk like that. As if he were Guido. . . .

"Oh," she cried, "the magic's gone, hasn't it? We can't get back to that moment at the Shalimar—it's dead, and you're not even giving it a decent burial!"

"I'm not interested in dead things," he said. "And you're not, really. You couldn't look at me as you're looking now if you were. Or perhaps you don't know that you're the most exciting-looking girl I've ever seen—all the way up to those freckles on the tip of your nose."

All the way *up*. . . . And he was coming nearer, and she couldn't hate it as she wanted to. She had a strange hollow feeling, as if something within her had already flown out to meet him. But before he quite reached her, Elsie and Steven came into the room.

Elsie was burbling, and only gradually interrupted herself to become aware of Diana and Dick not looking at each other at opposite ends of the fireplace. "Oh, so you have met Diana by now, Dick," she caroled. "How do you like your dance partner, and where is mine?"

Dick looked at Diana and then at Elsie. "Oh, that dance," he said. "Naturally, I wasn't going. So I was to take—Diana?"

"Sally bet you wouldn't," said Elsie. "You wouldn't let me down on a bet against Sally, would you?"

"Dear me, children," said Steven, "how do you suppose Diana feels standing there while you talk like that?"

"I hope she feels resigned," said Dick. "Because of course I'm going to take her."

Elsie clapped her hands, but Diana stood quite still. The girls at the dance would be anxious to show her up to Dick in her most unfavorable light, just when it was so important for Dick to see her in some way that would change that mocking, restlessly alive glance of his to the look he had worn when they first discovered each other.

In her confusion and torment it was almost a relief to hear Briggs's cough from the threshold. "Beg pardon, Mr. Dick, but that person who was waiting for you in the library is growing rather—ah—insistent. He says—"

"The extra man for me!" cried Elsie. "Oh, tell him to come in at once." Dick looked at her with mild surprise. "What was going on in here, that you forgot him too?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Dick. "I didn't get an extra man. I told you—until I saw Diana—I wasn't coming to the dance."

"Surely, Dick, you remember," said Steven. "When Briggs came to bring Elsie's 'cry for help,' he told you there was a man waiting in the library."

Over Steven's head Dick smiled at Diana. "I don't remember anything—around then," he said.

Elsie cried, "Oh, Dick, you are just fooling, the way you always do! *Of course* you got a man for me!"

Her bouncing eyes veered to the door. Diana followed them and stood as if she were turned to ice. A young man with a nose that had once been broken, a nose that was now poised crookedly over faultless dinner clothes, walked into the room past Briggs, who announced in spurning accents: "Mr. Gillis!"

SPIKE GILLIS—who had come aboard the Diana to offer her a job as hostess for one of the gambling houses of the racketeer Galeffi. Spike Gillis walking into Steven Norton's drawing room while Elsie cried:

"Oh, Mr. Gillis, Dick *did* ask you to be my evening's cavalier, *didn't* he? I'm awfully sorry you had to wait so long for your dinner. Are you just terribly hungry?"

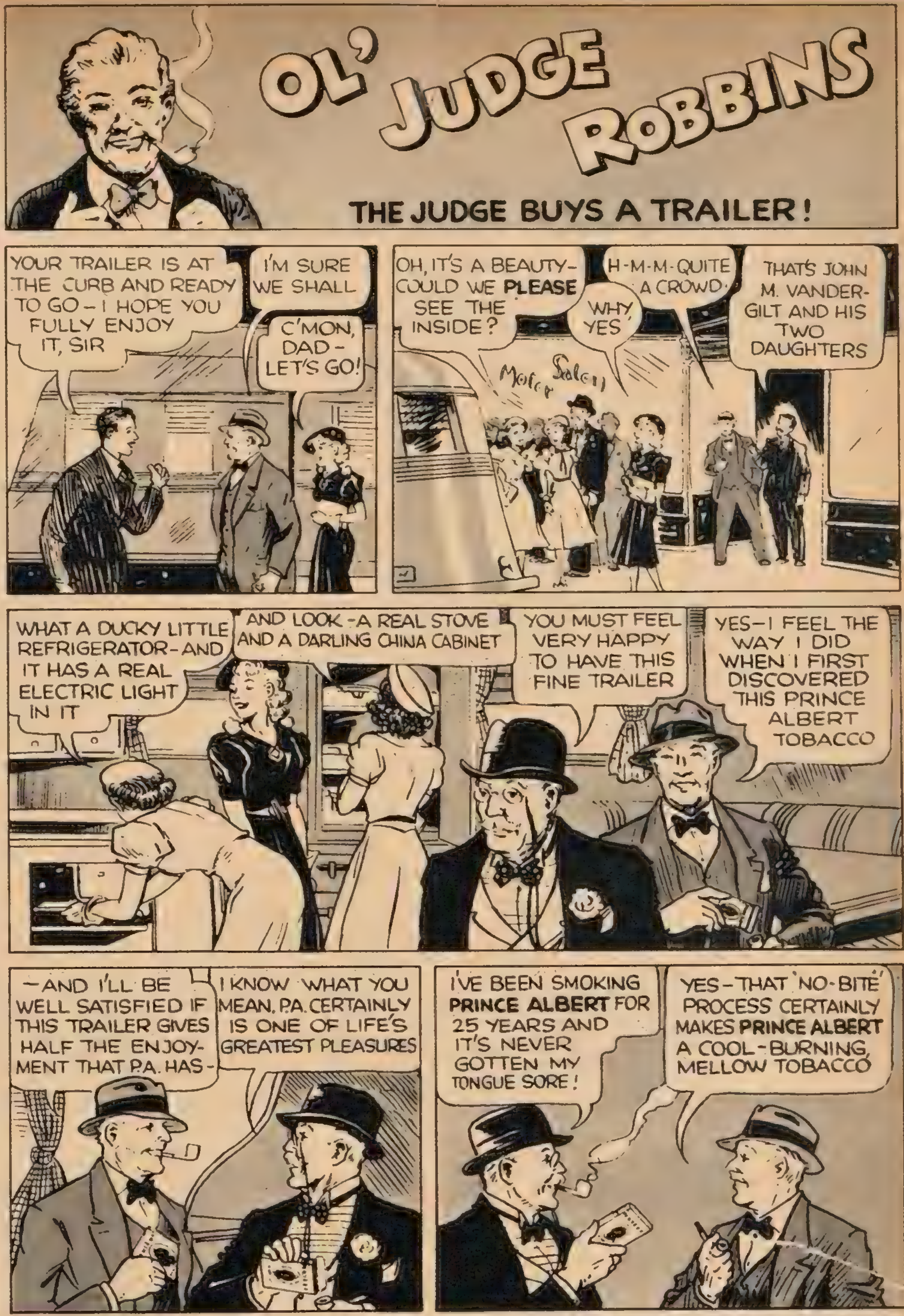
Spike Gillis stood looking at Elsie while his smooth eyelids flickered. Then he looked at Dick, and a slow grin overspread his face. "Sure I'm hungry," he said. "If Dick wants me to be."

"If Dick." What was Dick doing with Spike Gillis? But there was no time now to think of that in the terror of waiting until Spike Gillis saw her. He was still looking at Dick, who stared smoothly back at him, wearing the same mask that he had worn when he first saw Diana tonight.

"All right, go ahead," Dick said. "Be an extra man to end all extra men. Contrasts amuse me." . . .

"Just simply ignore Dick," shrilled Elsie; "he will have his private jokes! I'm Elsie Norton, and this is my father—Mr. Gillis, did you say?—and this is my friend, Miss Fenmore!"

Will Spike tell the Nortons Diana's secret? And will news of her whereabouts seep through the underworld to Guido's ears? Her dreams and hopes at the mercy of Galeffi's broken-nosed henchman, Diana meets a crisis even more serious than she had feared. Don't miss next week's dramatic chapter!


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE BUYS A TRAILER!
YOUR TRAILER IS AT THE CURB AND READY TO GO – I HOPE YOU FULLY ENJOY IT, SIR
I'M SURE WE SHALL
C'MON, DAD – LET'S GO!
OH, IT'S A BEAUTY – COULD WE PLEASE SEE THE INSIDE?
H-M-M-QUITE A CROWD
WHY, YES
THAT'S JOHN M. VANDERGILT AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS
Motor Salon
WHAT A DUCKY LITTLE REFRIGERATOR – AND IT HAS A REAL ELECTRIC LIGHT IN IT
AND LOOK – A REAL STOVE AND A DARLING CHINA CABINET
YOU MUST FEEL VERY HAPPY TO HAVE THIS FINE TRAILER
YES – I FEEL THE WAY I DID WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED THIS PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO
– AND I'LL BE WELL SATISFIED IF THIS TRAILER GIVES HALF THE ENJOYMENT THAT P.A. HAS –
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. P.A. CERTAINLY IS ONE OF LIFE'S GREATEST PLEASURES
I'VE BEEN SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT FOR 25 YEARS AND IT'S NEVER GOTTEN MY TONGUE SORE!
YES – THAT 'NO-BITE' PROCESS CERTAINLY MAKES PRINCE ALBERT A COOL-BURNING, MELLOW TOBACCO

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!

P. A. MUST MAKE GOOD WITH YOU OR ELSE——

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THERE'S A WORLD OF COMFORT IN REALLY MILD TOBACCO – TRY PRINCE ALBERT AND SEE

GREAT FOR MELLOW, TASTY "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

MIRACLE OF SILENT FREEZIN

SAFEGUARDS SCIENTISTS' FOOD— Members of the Bowdoin-Kent's Island expedition in the Bay of Fundy made sure of *dependable* food protection by taking along a Servel Electrolux. Kerosene replaced gas as the fuel in this modern refrigerator. The photo shown above is from the collection of Wm. A. O. Gross, director of the expedition.

"I ECONOMIZE 3 WAYS by having my Servel Electrolux," writes Mrs. Wells V. Quiggle of Washington, D. C. "First, it cuts down my food bills. Second, it costs me less than my former refrigeration. Finally, it never needs repairs."

(*Left*) **TEXAS HEAT NO P LEM**—Installed in Hous smart Warwick Apartm two years ago, Servel El lux refrigerators win the p of President-Manager W O'Leary for their "freedom service" even in hottest mer weather. "We have f them most economical to op . . : and the silence of oper has been most gratifying."

(*Left*) **PAYS ITS OWN WAY**— "Our Servel Electrolux pays its own way with its big savings on operating cost and food bills," says Mrs. Margaret J. Hart of Los Angeles, Cal.

(*Above*) **REALLY SILENT**—Because Mr. C. A. Larmer of D Texas, has "plenty of noise all day in town;" he insisted on a refrig that was "really silent," as well as inexpensive to run. His choic Servel Electrolux. "At least five of my friends have purchased S Electrolux because of our complete satisfaction."

FILMDOM FAVORITE—Fifi D'Orsay, vivacious star of "Three Legionnaires," a General Pictures production, favors the *silent* operation of a Servel Electrolux. Like other Hollywood celebrities, she knows that noise-free refrigeration is a real comfort.

SERVEL
ELECTROLUX

ICE CUBES FOR ISLAND HOME—Joe Johnson's home is on remote Munson Island, 25 miles from Key West, Florida. Yet he enjoys the convenience and economy of finest modern city refrigeration with a Servel Electrolux operating on kerosene.

BRINGS OWNERS BIG SAVINGS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All over the world **SERVEL ELECTROLUX** *provides safe refrigeration ...for more years at low cost...because its freezing system*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS

Here's the secret of its different, noise-free operation, which offers you exclusive advantages

THROUGHOUT its long life, Servel Electrolux serves you in silence! And this is far more than just a comfort. It means *continued* savings, as millions have proved.

For permanent silence is the outward sign of a basically different refrigerating method that has no moving parts—and needs none! A tiny gas flame does the work in Servel Electrolux. It circulates the refrigerant which keeps your food fresh for days and adds to your pleasure with sparkling cubes of ice and delicious frozen desserts.

By this simpler, noiseless way of producing cold, Servel Electrolux is *set apart* from every other refrigerator, bringing you important benefits no other can match. It assures longer, more satisfying performance—a practical absence of upkeep expense—the same low operating cost year after year. For remember, parts that do not move cannot wear.

Remember, too, the great American gas industry has tested Servel Electrolux for you. Your own local gas company backs and services every one it installs.

See the beautiful 1937 models at any gas company or dealer showroom. Learn how easy it is to own this modern gas refrigerator on a convenient purchase plan.

For farm and country homes, it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

You can *still* enjoy the convenience and savings of a Servel Electrolux, though you live miles from the gas mains. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada and Central and South America.)

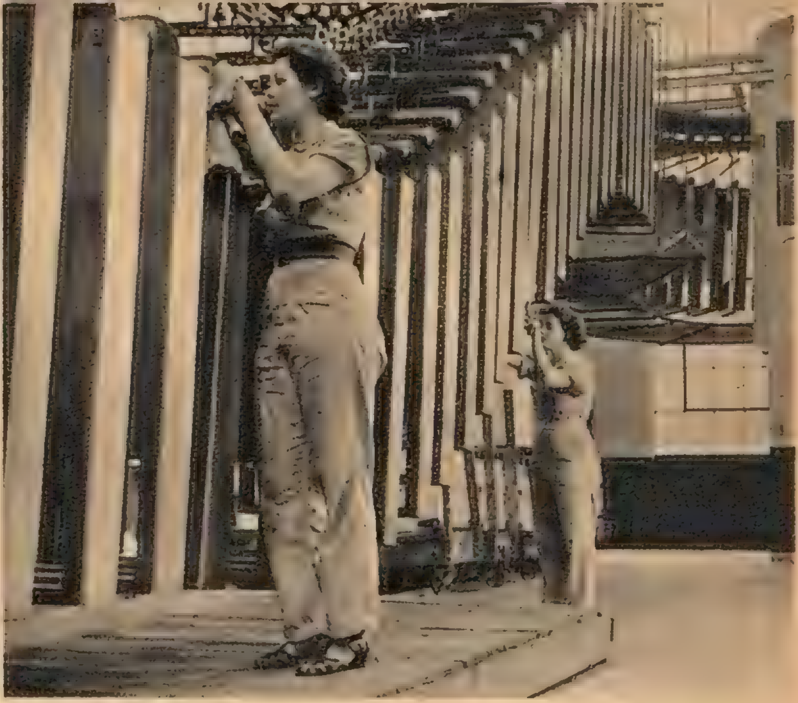
⁂

TUNE IN "THE MARCH OF TIME"—Columbia Network—Thursday evenings, 10:30 E.D.T. Sponsored by the makers of Servel Electrolux.

SERVEL ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

(*Left*) THIS SIMPLE GAS BURNER does the work in a Servel Electrolux. It takes the place of moving, wearing parts. This is why Servel Electrolux is permanently silent. And this is also why it gives you more years of money-saving refrigeration.

(*Right*) EVERY STEP in the process of making a Servel Electrolux is synchronized and supervised to produce the utmost in refrigerator value. Today, nearly a million families in homes and apartments the country over acclaim it "the finest refrigerator of them all."



LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

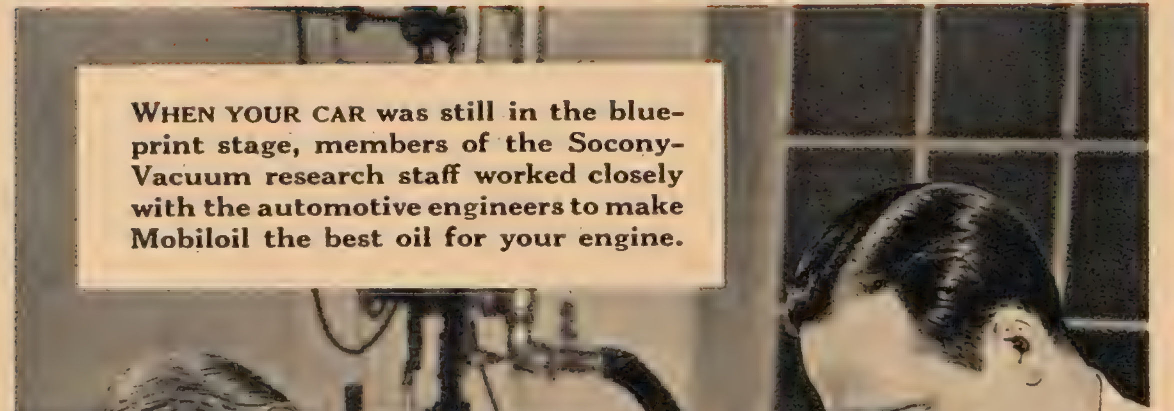
FROM DOWN UNDER—In Warner's *Call It a Day*, this Australian beauty (left) made her flicker debut as the fascinating actress who vamps the hubby. She is, in reel life, Marcia Ralston; in real life she's Mrs. Phil Harris, whose hubby plays the Jack Benny programs. She is a daughter of Australian opera singers. Within the next year Marcia Ralston's name will be blazing in the Hollywood skies. You watch and see if it isn't!

TAPPER—One of the greatest young tap dancers I have seen since Eleanor Powell started out in my vaudeville act is Mildred Law (at right), seventeen-year-old daughter of Boston Police Lieutenant MacMurray. From the top of her head to the tips of her toes, this Dorchester starlet is made for stardom—is a natural for it. She is a Sullivan four-star special!

FUNNY MANS—Broadway hailed Henny Youngman (at left, below) when he blossomed overnight in New York and then spurted to the Kate Smith radio program. Previously he had been ignored, playing the tank towns for three dollars a night. However, it was there that he learned his trade. Now he's thirty, and he says when he was a kid he was so thin that if he stood sideways in school the teacher marked him absent. He can't miss!

VIKING—You'll hear more from Leif Erikson (right), the former Ted Fio-Rito soloist who has been climbing the cinema ladder at Paramount. This six-foot-four Norse giant from Alameda, California, just across the bay from San Francisco, had eight months of Max Reinhardt training and you can tab him as a comer. Dramatically and vocally, he has the very background from which a star would logically emerge.

MADE-NOT FOUND



WHEN YOUR CAR was still in the blueprint stage, members of the Socony-Vacuum research staff worked closely with the automotive engineers to make Mobiloil the best oil for your engine.

THE REAL REASON MOBILOIL IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING MOTOR OIL

"PRIVATE—no admittance!" A policeman guards every engineering laboratory in Detroit.

The doors to new-car secrets are protected like gold vaults—yet almost daily you'll see men of Socony-Vacuum pass through!

For automotive engineers and our research staff work hand-in-hand... *to make Mobiloil the best oil for your car!*

That's what we mean by, "Mobiloil is made—not found."

Impurities in all crude oil, harmful to engines, must come out!

All oil refiners know this. But not all of them do the job equally well!

For example, the Clearosol Process, by which Mobiloil is made... removes impurities that *defy* all ordinary refining methods.

Hence, Mobiloil is cleaner, tougher, longer-lasting.

Try it and see for yourself. *You'll find it pays to use the correct grade of Mobiloil in your car!* Fill up today.

MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobilgas Mobiloil

"I was run-down—

"...looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

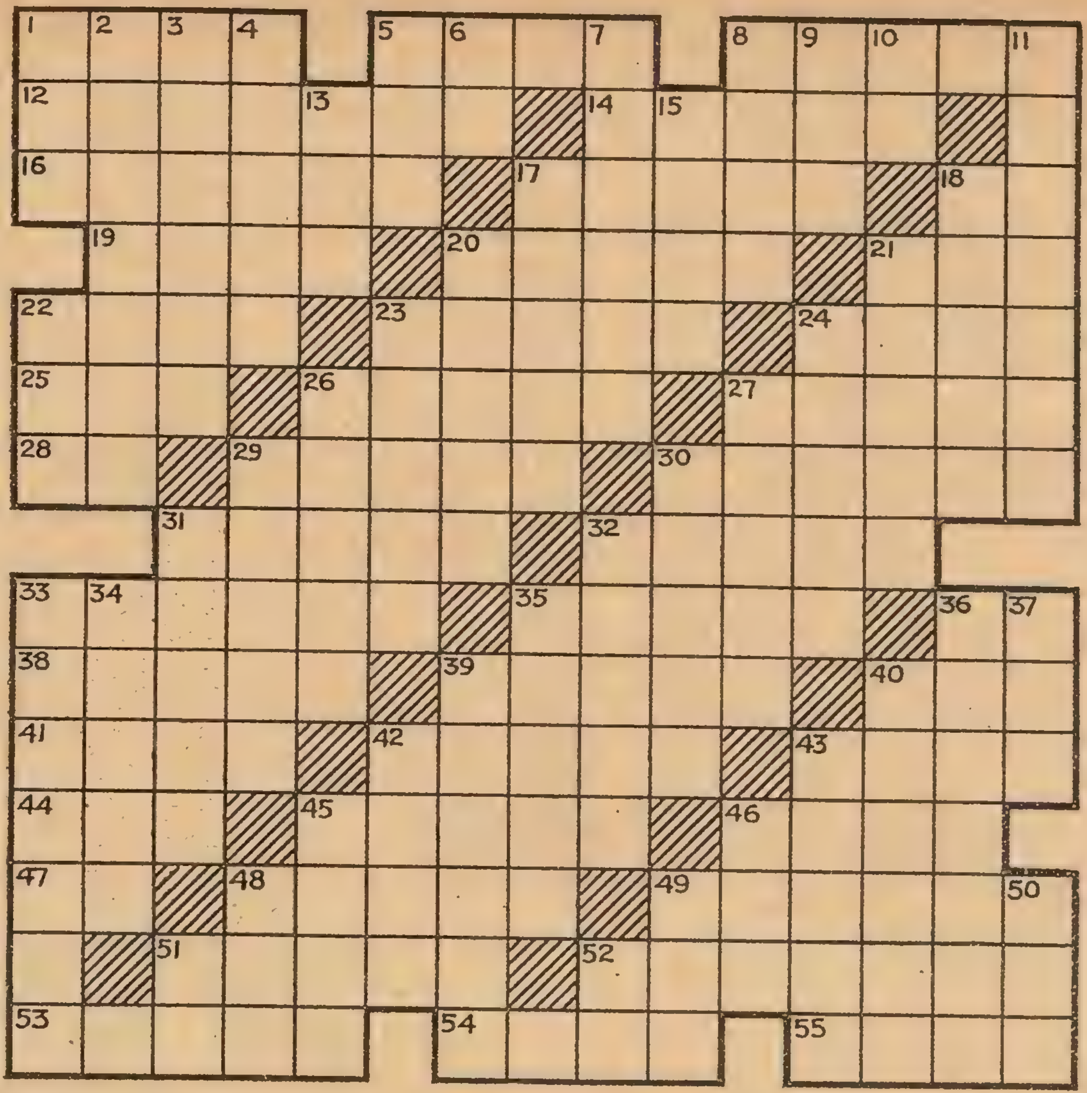
Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

CROSSWORDS

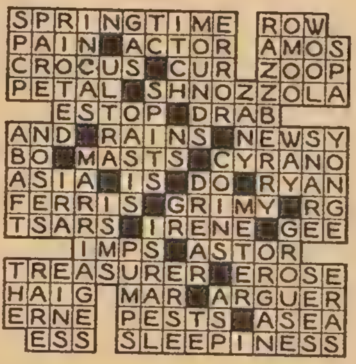


HORIZONTAL

1 A precious stone
5 A fresh-water fish
8 Stores
12 Reduced in rank
14 Spiritless
16 An implement used in golf
17 Dressed
18 A conjunction
19 Frosted
20 Tramped; marched laboriously
21 A salutation
22 A beverage (plural)
23 Threw off, as in the form of vapor
24 Article of diet, usually served cold
25 The matter or thing
26 Acted
27 Grudge
28 A public notice
29 City in France
30 Cut into thin pieces
31 Opposed with firmness
32 Fixed look
33 Ascended by steps or by climbing
35 To push along carelessly
36 Exist
38 Part of a horse's harness (plural)
39 A plant of the onion kind
40 Cardinal number
41 Hebrew measure of capacity
42 Soft and adhesive dirty substance
43 String
44 Espouse
45 Extends across from one limit to another
46 Tibetan priest or monk
47 Combining form: connection with
48 Lean
49 Buccaneer
51 Winged
52 Legislative body (plural)
53 A sylvan deity or demigod
54 One of the gaits of a quadruped
55 An old measure of weight for wool (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Not even
2 Endangered
3 Vestment worn by the clergy (plural)
4 Cherishes
5 Through
6 A fish
7 Summoned forth
8 Hastened
9 Secreted
10 Alleged force or natural power
11 Scattered
13 Man's nickname
15 In bed
17 Freezes or congeals into hoarfrost
18 Elliptical
20 Containing, or characterized by, sensible moisture
21 Feminine name
22 A macaw
23 Ignited
24 A whorl
26 Massive staff (plural)
27 To drudge
29 More pallid
30 Heater
31 Celebrated
32 Fills up cracks or joints with putty
33 Rains
34 Gem carved in relief
35 Glisten
36 Chided vehemently
37 Terminus
39 Kind of wine
40 A fruit
42 A petty quarrel, especially a verbal one
43 A measure of weight for gems
45 To box
46 The linden
48 Artfully or meanly cunning
49 A fit of peevishness
50 A letter of the alphabet
51 By
52 Thus

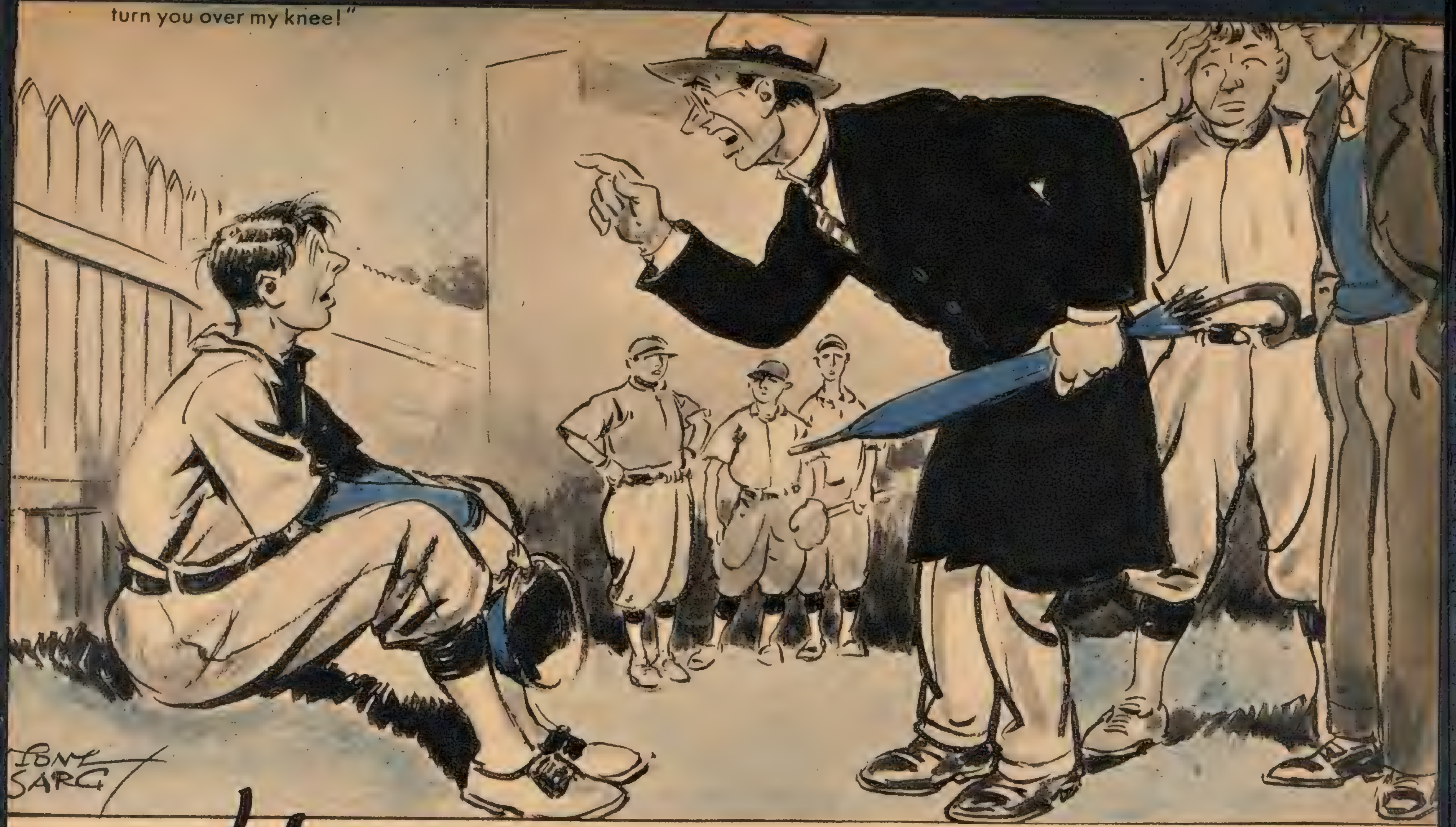


SPRINGTIME ROW
PAIN■ACTOR AMOS
CROCUS■CUR ZOOP
PETAL■SHNOZZOLA
ESTOP■DRAB
AND■RAINS■NEWSY
BO■MASTS■CYRANO
ASIA■IS■DO■RYAN
FERRIS■GRIMY■RG
TSARS■IRENE■GEE
IMPS■ASTOR
TREASURER■EROSE
HAIG MAR■ARGUER
ERNE PESTS■ASEA
ESS SLEEPINESS

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

turn you over my knee!"



A *Honey* FROM THE LAND OF CANAAN

BY VIC WHITMAN

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY SARG

JOHNNY TURNER'S chubby legs twinkled through the locker room and down the corridor beyond. He halted before a door marked MANAGER, knocked, then went in without waiting for an answer.

" What the hell's the rush, Sam? " he inquired.

The thin, wiry man behind the desk didn't even look up from the papers he was hurrying through. In lightning gesture he pinched the end of his long nose and fired his answer in a dry, flat voice:

" Second baseman, Johnny. Got to have him here and in uniform by Monday."

" What! "

" No argument, Johnny. Get him."

" But, Sam, what's the matter with Finnegan? "

" Broken leg! Piled his car into a tree an hour ago."

Johnny Turner sat down. Sweat glistened on his forehead.

" But it's the last of July, Sam," he said desperately. " Where do I find a good second baseman this late? "

Sherman looked up then, gazing at his scout with stormy gray eyes that were topped by a perpetually wrinkled forehead and underlined by the thin mouth of a born horse trader.

" Go to Canaan, Johnny. Heard there's a second baseman there. Go look him over."

" Where's Canaan? "

Sherman named an adjoining state, added: " Got their schedule here. They play ball tomorrow."

Johnny sighed heavily and looked at the floor.

" My wife *would* be having her appendix out tomorrow," he said

Sam Sherman stood up. " Johnny, what business are we in? We're in the business of winning ball games for the Rangers, aren't we? Sure! My policy is to let nothing, not even appendixes, interfere with that business."

" I ain't kicking, am I? "

Always unorthodox, Sam made one of his rapid-fire decisions:

" Forget it, Johnny; I'll go to Canaan myself. If a man's mind is on his wife's appendix it won't be on ballplayers. This is important, Johnny."

" But listen, Sam; I can go—"

" The Bluebirds lead the league, Johnny. We play 'em Monday and Tuesday. If we take both games we'll land in first division. And if we land in first division the boys'll start to click. I know. There's a certain pride about the first division." Sam dropped into his chair again. " I'll let McGinnis run the team tomorrow and I'll go to Canaan."

After a moment Turner asked curiously: " What's the kid's name? "

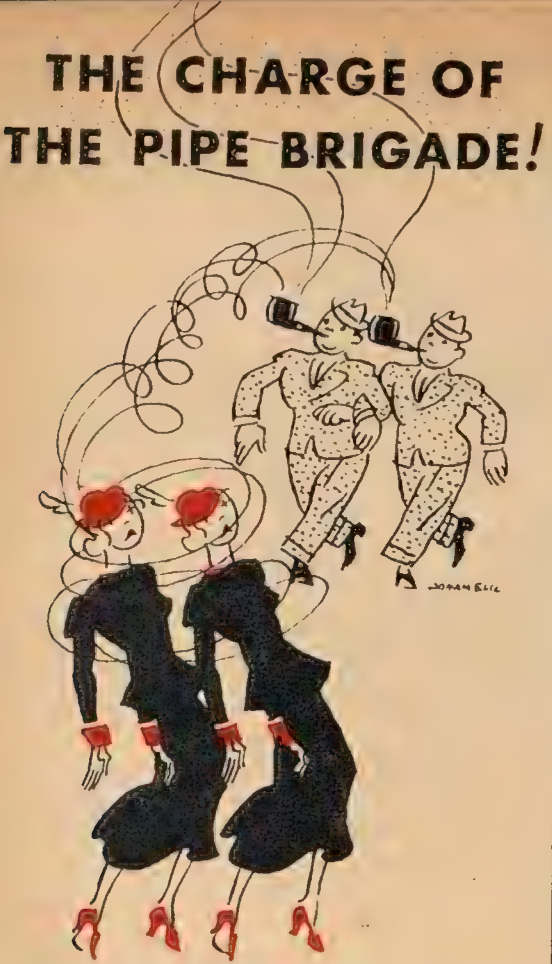
" It's Pratt, Johnny. Moses Pratt."

Turner grinned with comprehension and delight.

" Moses and the land of Canaan! " he exclaimed. " Sam, that's a natural! You can't miss on a hunch like that."

A lively, chucklesome baseball story —of a rookie, a blonde, and a hunch

THE CHARGE OF THE PIPE BRIGADE!



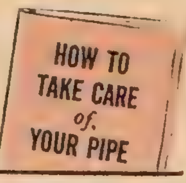
..then they switched to the brand of grand aroma

SMOKY Joe and Cinder Pete took the hint! They invested in some pipe cleaners, and then bought a *mild* tobacco. And when we say *mild*, we mean Sir Walter Raleigh, the one smoking tobacco that really justifies that important adjective. Blended of selected Kentucky Burleys, Sir Walter spares you the misery of tongue bite. It has a sweet, full-flavored aroma that is a positive delight. Try a tin!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later–Your Favorite Tobacco"

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-75.


HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, NOW FRIDAYS 10:00 P. M., E.D.T.

A twinkle showed in Sam's eyes.

"Yes," he said. "That's what I think, too."

The game between Canaan and the neighboring town of Tilton was nearing the end of the third inning when Sam Sherman, misinformed about the starting time and therefore fuming, appeared.

He squeezed into a seat in the small overcrowded Canaan grandstand, pinched his nose and sat forward to watch the proceedings.

VIC WHITMAN

radio production man, is an ardent baseball fan, and is well known as a pitcher in summer amateur baseball circuits in the East. He confesses that once, in the White Mountains, he faced a local team, confidently threw his "Sunday pitch" — and was promptly knocked out of the box. Then he learned that these "natives" were New England Leaguers!

Barely did he have time to note that Tilton was at bat with a runner on first before the batter laced a hard grass-cutter straight through the pitcher's box. It looked like a hit; but the tall, clean-limbed second baseman speared it with his bare hand, kicked second base, and shot the ball to first for the double.

"Wouldn't do that again in a million years," said Sam aloud, and looked at the man in the next seat. "Lucky stab—mighty lucky."

Clapping his hands loudly, the man retorted: "Lucky nothin'! That's Moses Pratt, mister!" Grinning, he looked at Sherman. "That play'll tickle old Enoch most out of his skin."

"Who's Enoch?"

The man looked much surprised. "Say, where you from?"

"Worcester."

"That so? Know Susan Marsh? She left here 'bout three years ago. I hear tell she's quite a dancer or singer or somethin' in one o' them Worcester night clubs."

"Never heard of her," said Sam. "Who's Enoch?"

"Enoch is Moses' pa. Quite a character, Enoch is. Never could figger out which he sets more store by—baseball or the Bible."

THE conversation stopped as young Moses Pratt tossed aside two of the three bats he had been swinging and moved into the batter's box. Sam's eyes narrowed in appraisal. The kid looked like a ballplayer out there—calm, relaxed, and completely self-confident. More to the point, he acted like one by stepping in to the first ball pitched and driving it far out to left field and over the fence—a terrific smash even though it was foul by inches.

The outfielders moved back. So did the infielders. Noting their positions, Sam Sherman reflected that if the kid had any baseball brains at all he'd bunt. He did. He laid a beautiful bunt along the third-base line and sped over first just as the third baseman scooped up the ball. Sam sat back in his seat and began to twiddle his thumbs rapidly.

"Watch him, mister," said the man in the next seat. "Sure as thunder he'll steal."

And steal he did, running like a deer and hitting the dirt beautifully in a long fadeaway slide.

"Somebody," said Sam Sherman positively, "has taught that kid to play ball."

His neighbor nodded. "'Twas Enoch taught him. Enoch used to be quite some shakes of a ballplayer himself 'fore he got religion." His voice rose suddenly on a high note of excitement. "Hey, lookit!"

Sam looked just in time to see Moses Pratt, halfway between second and third, haul off and paste the Tilton shortstop in the jaw with a left and a right. Instantly the riot was on and the ball game was over.

Bouncing up and down, Sam yelled:

"Hi! Hi! Hi! Here, you can't do that, kid! You'll get hurt—you'll—oh, hi! hi!"

DOWN out of the stands he piled, and out on the field. Young Pratt was backed into a corner of the fence and was having the law laid down to him in no uncertain terms by a big rawboned individual in a black frock coat.

"Don't you know that ain't no way for a Christian to act?" this one was thundering. "Ain't I told you dozens of times that it's nothin' less than a sin for a man to lose his temper that way? I've a mind to forbid you playin' any more ball!"

"I don't care if you do!" Moses shouted. "You can talk all you want, pa, but nobody's goin' to call me Honey and get away with it."

Sam didn't quite catch the name.

"What did he call you, Moses?" he inquired.

"He called me—" Moses stopped, realizing that he was talking to a stranger. "Who are you?"

"The name," said Sam, "is Sherman—Sam Sherman."

"Sam Sherman! Not the one who manages the Rangers!"

"That's right, kid."

"But, gosh, what're you doin' here in Canaan?"

"I *was* watchin' you play ball."

"You—you mean you was lookin' me over as a prospect for the Rangers?"

"I *was*. Yeh."

Enoch cut in: "You might's well save your breath, Mr. Sherman. I won't hear to Moses goin' away."

Sam said: "I didn't say anything about his going away."

"If you'll just gimme a chance, Mr. Sherman," pleaded the boy, "I'll make good. I swear I will."

"No!" shouted Enoch. "The city is no place for you, Moses. Satan is abroad in the city."

"Satan would lay off of Moses," stated Sam. "I, personally, would see to it. S'pose we talk this over."

In his first start for the Rangers, Moses Pratt made the sports headlines. In the field, despite a natural nervousness, he was fast and sure, taking four chances out of five and playing them cleanly, and only booting the fifth one because the ball took a nasty hop and bounced off his shin. At bat he struck out the first time up. Then he got the hang of the Bluebird pitcher's fast-breaking curve and spanked out successively two singles and a triple, the last hit scoring two runs to put the Rangers safely in the lead.

When he came in at the end of the inning, Steve Dugan, center fielder, said to him: " A honey, kid."

Moses turned, caught Dugan by the shoulder, and spun him around.

" What did you say? " he demanded.

Dugan stared at him, puzzled. " I said that last hit was a honey," he remarked. " Why? What the hell's eatin' you? "

The red faded from Moses' temples. He grinned sheepishly.

" Oh—thanks," he said.

Sam Sherman said: " Come here, kid." Inwardly Sam was delighted. But no one ever would have guessed it. Sam frowned at Moses for a long time, then said: " Got to cut out that business, Pratt. Great Scott, kid, what's in your mind that makes you want to go around whacking people? "

The boy hung his head.

" Come on, now; what is it? "

WELL," said Moses, drawing a deep breath, " it's this way, Mr. Sherman. You know pa is pretty religious, I s'pose. Well, when I was little he used to tell folks I was the honey of the land of Canaan, and course everybody picked it right up and began to call me Honey. Got so I saw red whenever anybody called me that, and I guess I had to lick most every one in town 'fore they'd let me alone. Now and then somebody calls me Honey, and whenever they do I just up an' let 'em have it."

" That why you whacked that shortstop? "

" Yes. It's kind of a habit."

" It's a bad habit," said Sam decisively. " Very bad. Some day you might whack an umpire, and then there'd be hell to pay. Go on out there now and play ball, and don't be such a fire-eater." As Moses trotted out to his position, Sam crooked a finger at Johnny Turner. Johnny slid along the bench, and Sam said: " Doing all right, aren't we, Johnny? "

Johnny grinned. " Sam, you bought a ballplayer."

" Sure. But we got another game with the Bluebirds tomorrow. We took 'em by surprise today. They'll bear down tomorrow. We got to win tomorrow's game to make first division."

" Well? "

" The kid might be homesick tonight, Johnny. A hotel room is cold and cheerless on a boy's first night away from home. If he's homesick he won't play good ball tomorrow,

"I'd be an eskimo!"

He hasn't many comforts—but I'm plenty envious of one thing that old Eskimo has! He enjoys good teeth!... His teeth are kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

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Johnny. Take him to a movie, buy him an ice-cream soda, make him feel he's among friends. Catch on, Johnny?"

Turner nodded. "Sam, I'll be a blood brother to him."

"Do that, Johnny. Oh—and, Johnny!"

"Yeh!"

"Don't let him whack anybody."

That evening Turner took Moses to a movie; but neither of them cared for the picture and came out long before it was over. Turner said: "Anything else you'd like to do, kid?"

Moses stared out at the flashing lights of the traffic stream for a moment, then he said diffidently: "I'd kind of like to see Susan Marsh."

"Who's she?"

"She's a girl used to live in Canaan. She's dancin' in some night club here, they tell me."

Turner wrinkled his forehead in an effort to place the name. Finally he said, "I got a friend who writes up the night clubs for the papers. He'd oughta know."

They went into a drugstore, and Turner ducked into a telephone booth, to emerge presently, smiling.

"Got her," he announced. "She works over to the Alamo Club. Let's go."

It was Moses Pratt's first experience in a night club. Now and then he had been to a dance, but not often, for Enoch was bitter against dancing.

Johnny wrote out a brief note on the back of an envelope and gave it to a waiter to deliver.

Presently a slim blonde girl with wide blue eyes and a shock of bronze-colored hair that fluffed and curled about her small head slid through the heavy drapes that curtained off the wings and followed the waiter to their table. In her eyes was a hint of weariness that approached cynicism. But Moses didn't notice that. He noticed only that she was small and graceful and lovely.

HELLO, Sue," he stammered.

"Well, for Pete's sake, Moses!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I just came over to say hello," he answered.

"I mean here in Worcester."

"I'm playin' ball with the Rangers."

"Honest?"

"Yeh."

"Why, that's swell, Moses! Good for you."

Johnny Turner said plaintively: "My name's Turner, Miss Marsh. I guess our young friend here is so dazzled he forgot all about introductions."

Susan laughed and said, "How do you do, Mr. Turner," and sat down. Moses said, blushing: "Excuse me." Then: "You've changed some, Sue, since I last saw you."

Her eyes smiled at him.

"Have I?"

"Yeh."

"You've changed, too," she said.

"In what way?"

She laughed at that, and he laughed too, and then Susan said: "Don't be fishing for compliments!"

"Gosh, I wasn't." He took a drink of water and said: "Do you like it in here, Sue?"

Her expression changed. "This bunch of monkeys!" she said, and quickly went on: "Oh, it's a living, Moses. But don't let's talk about this joint; let's talk about you."

Turner made one attempt to enter the conversation, then gave up and devoted himself to drawing horses on the tablecloth with a soft lead pencil.

When the lights flashed up and the floor show commenced, Susan Marsh slid back through the drapes to await her routine. At her entrance, the spotlight caught her and danced from the spangles of her costume and made of her to the watching boy a thing of unattainable grace and beauty as she whirled in her solo number.

SHE took her bows, smiling at Moses, and then drifted with the music into another dance. Suddenly a man arose from one of the near-by tables and caught her roughly in his arms as she spun past. She struggled and broke away, but he held to her wrist and yanked her roughly back. That was as far as he got. A living thunderbolt hit him and knocked him headlong back across the table from which he had arisen. Glasses wobbled crazily, slithered and fell and smashed; the table overturned in slow motion and crashed to the floor; a woman cried out and a man swore. Waiters rushed to Moses Pratt and held him, and people stood on chairs to see the fight.

But there was no fight. Susan Marsh whirled upon Moses, her eyes bright with anger and humiliation.

"You—you dope!" she cried. "Haven't you got any brains at all? Do you want to get me fired? Do you—" Then, partly because she read the honesty and bewilderment in his face and partly because her nerves were perilously close to the breaking point, she burst into tears and hurried back through the drapes.

Red-faced and panting, Johnny Turner rescued his second baseman, rushed him outside and into a taxi.

"Good God!" he exploded. "What the hell was the idea, kid? Didn't you ever hear of an Apache dance before?"

"No," said Moses dully. "I—I guess she'll never want to see me again!"

"Can you blame her?"

"But I thought—"

"I know what you thought," groaned Johnny. "But hereafter you let somebody else do the thinking." He writhed a little on the seat as he pictured Sam's reaction to the news.

Nor was he wrong. Sam, located at his home, listened, and blinked with increasing rapidity. Then he got up out of his easy chair and began to pace his study, the while jingling coins in his pocket.

"Johnny," he said, "when the good Lord handed out brains he must have given you corn flakes instead—he must have packed your head with sawdust from ear to ear. Of course you saw to it that the papers got hold of this."

"Listen, Sam—"

"You should have, Johnny. It's the only thing you overlooked—if you did overlook it. But don't worry, they will; and do you know what will happen tomorrow? *Do* you? The Rangers will lose a ball game, Johnny. Yes, sir, the papers will ride us right out of that game." Shaking his head, he took another turn of the room. "Aw, the poor kid," he said. "It's a shame."

"Yeh, it's tough on him, all right—"

"Get out of here, Johnny. Go to Alaska, go to Africa, go somewhere, but get out of here!"

Sweating, Johnny Turner departed. Sam grabbed up the telephone and gave a number. Connected, he said: "Jim, this is Sam Sherman. Understand you had a little row over to your place tonight. Listen, Jim. Do me a favor. Don't fire the Marsh girl, will you? It wasn't her fault, the poor kid. It was one of my dumb ballplayers."

He dreaded to look at the morning papers. And the headlines, when he did look, didn't make him feel better. Under the caption, "A Honey from the Land of Canaan," the town's leading newspaper made a feature story out of the episode at the Alamo Club, delineating in humorous vein the background of Moses Pratt and his father Enoch, and stressing the boyhood nickname that Moses hated.

Moses Pratt read the story, too. White-faced, he came into Sam's office an hour or so before game time.

"I guess that lets me out, Mr. Sherman," he said slowly, tapping the paper he carried.

Sam rubbed hard at the back of his neck.

"I suppose you'd run away if somebody hit you in the jaw," he said.

"Let 'em try it."

"All right," said Sam. "All right, then." He pointed to the paper. "Why, that's nothing but a sock in the jaw, kid. I don't know if it's even that much." He smiled, a quick nervous smile that was like a grimace. "Why, no, kid. Of course it isn't. It's swell publicity."

"I don't belong here," Moses said. "I belong back in Canaan."

Sam studied him. "So you'd let me down, kid," he said.

Moses lifted his head. "No, I won't, Mr. Sherman. I'll play this afternoon, if you want me to. But after that—"

"If I want you to!" exploded Sam Sherman. "Oh, my God!"

OF course the immense crowd that turned out for the game started in on Moses the moment he appeared on the field.

"How do you like night life?" they yelled. A man started to sing in a booming baritone: "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm"—and a hundred other voices screamed: "Oh, yoo-hoo, Honey!" "Oh, Honey boy, yoo-hoo!"

But the kid set his jaw and took it. White-faced and bitter-eyed, he went out to his position and stood there, hands on his knees, while they jabbered and howled at him. The first Bluebird batter hit a ground ball. Moses came in fast, fought the ball, and threw it high over the head of Sims, the first baseman.

Sam shut his eyes. Beside him, in an agony of remorse, Johnny Turner moaned: "Somebody oughta kick me in the pants."

The next batter walked; the third hit to short. The Rangers should have had the double, but Moses, covering second, dropped the throw from the shortstop, and before he could get his hands on the ball the runner from first slid safely in.

The crowd gave tongue in earnest now:

"Who ever told that guy he could play ball!"

"Get him out o' there!"

"Back to the sticks, Rube, back to the sticks!"

With two runs scored in the first inning, it looked like a walkaway for the Bluebirds. It looked more so as the head of the Rangers' batting order stepped to the plate and went down, one, two, three, before the vicious slants of Weston, crack Bluebird pitcher.

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Then Joe Harrington, pitching for the Rangers, bore down and held the Bluebirds scoreless until the seventh inning, when they put over another run by dint of two errors in a row by Moses Pratt.

Harrington blew up.

"Listen, you cow-pasture wonder," he began, and blasted at Moses for a full minute, with the deep-throated endorsement of the crowd. Moses took that, too, the blood draining from his face and his fists tight clenched. Sam's knuckles whitened over the edge of the bench. But Moses didn't break. Silent, rigid, he waited.

The Rangers scored one run in the seventh on a pretty double by Dugan and a follow-up single by Joe Harrington. Moses Pratt, swinging wildly at high ones, struck out to end the inning.

Sam said: "Got any aspirin?"

A two-run lead leaves a wide margin of hope in any ball game, and to Sam it meant a first-division place just within reach and yet just out of reach.

The eighth inning passed with neither team scoring. In the first half of the ninth the Bluebirds got a man on first and advanced him to third, where he died on the final out, a pop fly to the infield.

"Three runs, boys!" pleaded Sam Sherman as his team came in. "Just three measly little runs! Hit that ball! Hit it on the ground."

Sims went up, took one strike, and looped out a Texas leaguer that Sam, straining, saw drop safely just over the head of the shortstop. Alton struck out. Jed Moberg struck out. Harrington went up. For a pitcher Harrington was a good hitter, but he didn't have to hit this time, for one of Weston's curves hit him in the ribs and he trotted down to first grinning and rubbing himself. Moses Pratt picked out a bat and approached the plate. At once the crowd howled:

"A pinch hitter! We want a pinch hitter! That guy couldn't hit a barn door with a bull fiddle! Boo-ooo! Take him out! *Yellow!*"

It was then that Moses broke. Two flaming red spots appeared on his cheeks and spread to the roots of his hair. He snarled like an animal and started for the stands, bat upraised.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" yelled Sam. "Here, here, kid! Hey, somebody take that bat away from him—quick! Hi! Hi!"

The third-base coacher and two of the substitutes grabbed Moses and fought with him all along the third-base line until they had wrenched the bat from him and got him under partial control.

"Easy, kid, easy," they said. "This stuff won't get you nowhere. Easy!"

A big rawboned figure of a man swept down through the stands, knocked aside an usher who tried to stop him, and charged on to the field. Flaming-eyed and waving an umbrella, he roared: "Moses!"

Sam Sherman's mouth opened and closed. He collapsed on the bench.

"Moses!" roared Enoch. "I came all the way from Canaan to see you play ball. If you don't quit this nonsense this minute, I'll turn you over my knee, big as you are, and whale the everlastin' daylights out o' you with this umbrella!"

The boy's struggles ceased. He looked at the ground.

"Lemme go," he muttered.

They released him and gave him back his bat, and he walked again to the plate. Something in his attitude lulled the wild roar of the crowd, and in that lull a youthful feminine voice shrilled: "Don't let this bunch of bums bother you, Moses! Come on, Honey, bust one!"

Moses stiffened as though a current of electricity had passed through him, but he didn't turn his head. Weston pitched. The ball came in fast, medium high and on the outside. He stepped into it and swung. The ball drove back like a bullet over Weston's head, rose steadily over second, kept on until it disappeared over the center-field bleachers.

Moses trotted around the bases, crossed the plate, and, heedless of a fickle baseball crowd that now was giving him wild acclaim, went straight to a spot just beneath where Susan Marsh was seated. As she stood up and came to the wire netting, her blue eyes were gleaming with pride but her mouth was quivering.

"Boy, did you clout that one!" she exclaimed. "Honest, Honey, I could cry!"

Moses said: "What was that you called me?"

Her eyes were tender now, tender and very direct.

"I called you Honey," she said. "What's more, I meant it."

Moses grinned. "It's *nice*, the way *you* say it," he said.

While, in the dugout, Sam Sherman said: "The trouble with you, Johnny, is, you get too excited! Where's my hat?"

"You're standing on it, Sam."

THE END

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS

by F. Gregory Hartswick

Once upon a time a knight set out to ride to the castle of a beautiful princess. For his own personal reasons, it was essential that he get there at exactly five o'clock. Now, this knight was good at mathematics, and he figured that if he rode at the rate of fifteen miles an hour he would arrive one hour too soon; while if he rode at the rate of ten miles an hour he would get there one hour too late.

From these statistics can you tell *(a)* when this knight started his journey, *(b)* how far he had to ride, and *(c)* at what rate of speed he rode?

(The answer will be found on page 56)

Somebody Played a Joke

BY WILLARD NEAL

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MAKE 'em cut out the rough stuff, chief. I'll talk. You hick-town cops are worse than the big-town boys. I didn't commit a crime—just did my duty as a citizen.

I wasn't there at the beginning, but Humpy told me about it. We was in L. A. and broke, and he went to see a friend named Mitzie Meyer that he knew away back when. Yeah, it's the old shakedown.

Well, Humpy gets in to see his friend, but she says she hasn't any jack in the house. Humpy won't take a check, but he insists on something. Finally she goes running out of the room to see if she can't scare him up a little chicken feed.

That's what Humpy has been waiting for. He takes a tour of the joint to see what trinkets he can pick up. And was it some joint! This La Meyer, you know, she's absolutely tops.

Well, so Humpy's up in the boudoir helping himself to the dame's jewels when her husband comes home. You know, he's one of them tough engineers that builds bridges, named O'Brien, or something, and he slips up to the boudoir with a present in a white box that he's surprising Mitzie with. He sees Humpy and socks first, and then asks what the hell he's doing in a lady's boudoir.

Humpy crawls out of a corner, rubbing his busted eye, and tries to put up a front. "Ask your wife," he says.

This O'Brien, or whatever his name is, takes him up. He hustles Humpy down some of the stairs, and lets him fall the rest of the way. Mitzie sees them coming and turns green at the gills. O'Brien yelps, "Well, what is it—love affair or shakedown?"

"It's blackmail!" La Meyer wails. "Don't you remember, I tried to tell you before we married—"

"I don't want to hear about it," says O'Brien. "But why didn't you tell me about this rat?"

"I didn't want to bother you," says Meyer, "and I just couldn't risk a scandal. You know my contract—"

"There won't be any scandal," O'Brien promises.

When the dame is gone, O'Brien says to Humpy, "As I just told Mitzie, we won't have any scandal."

"Yeah?" says Humpy, with his spunk up again. "Well, I'm glad you see it that way. I'm willing to leave town and forget all about it for ten grand."

Without saying anything, O'Brien blacks Humpy's other eye. Then he props Hump against one of them fancy marble columns in the living room while he goes to a desk and drags out one of them little candid cameras like the news hawks and tourists use, and makes two pictures. He smears an ink pad over Hump's fingers, and while he's making prints he says, "If you ever yap I'll kill you, and I can find you if you stay on this earth." Then he kicks him out the door.

When Humpy gets back to the apartment he's a nervous wreck. All he can do is cuss.

Now, I admire good cussing, but Humpy uses the same words too much. So finally I cut in, "Sure, he's everything you claim he is, Hump, but what good does it do to tell me? Why don't you get even with the bum? Spill the works. Tell somebody what kind of a dame he married—and get paid for telling it."

Humpy's jaw drops and he sinks down in a chair. "Aw, I couldn't do that, Benny," he says. "That guy said he'd kill me, if he had to run me around the world. He'd do it, too, Benny."

It takes two hours of arguing and a pint of gin to persuade Humpy; but he finally follows me around to a new movie magazine that needs a big sensation to put it over.

You remember the story. It finally got in the papers. How this Meyer frail's first husband burned at Sing Sing, back before she changed her name and got in the movies, and her kid was in a convent under still another name, and don't know she is the daughter of a famous woman. Well, she knows now.

After the big blab I can't keep Humpy anywhere, and I can't leave him because he's got the money. First we head for New York; but he figures that's the first place O'Brien will look for him.

"He's on our track," Humpy says. "I can feel it."

He gets me jittery, too, and I tell him to carry a rod and be ready for O'Brien, but he's scared of a rod too. So I have to get one myself.

Finally Humpy looks at a map and picks out a town he figures nobody ever would go to, and here we are, down at Troy, Alabama, settled in a shack back of the railroad.

We eat three squares a day, see the movies, and read detective-story magazines for a week. Then yesterday Humpy goes out to buy the groceries, and a new detective-story magazine. He comes back to the shack as white as a lily, and pushes the new magazine under my nose. He's got it open to the page of reward notices, and he's pointing to one that says, "$1,000, dead or alive. This man is a desperate criminal. Don't take chances. Shoot on sight!" And there is Humpy's picture, front and side view, and his fingerprints are at the bottom.

It's a laugh to me, calling Humpy a desperate criminal, when he's too scary even to own a rod. But he can't see the joke.

"Don't you see what that damn O'Brien is doing?" he says. "He's made out to the D. A. that he saw me shooting a machine gun in a bank holdup. It says, 'dead or alive. Shoot on sight!' The first guy that sees me will start blasting for that grand. You're the only pal I've got, Benny. Help me. Think of something!"

"Yeah," I says. "I'm already thinking. You mean, the first time you are recognized, somebody will bump you for the reward—and with that hump on your back, you'll be darned easy to recognize."

"Yeah, that's it," Humpy says.

And that's all there is to it, chief. I saw my duty as a citizen, and I might as well have the reward as somebody else. When do I get the dough?

. . . . .

The chief took off his cap to scratch his head. "Now, I couldn't rightly say, Benny," he drawled. "I been checking up, and I find the Los Angeles district attorney didn't send out any reward notice with his name on it. He doesn't know of anybody but the editor of that detective magazine who got one. The D. A. hasn't any idea who sent it, but he sure doesn't want Humpy. Seems like somebody played a joke on Hump—and you too."

THE END

Gaston B. Means—MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

How did Jess Smith die? Here is Means' own story—an astonishing new version of the facts behind a famous mystery

LONG after his acquittal on the charge of murdering Maude King, Gaston Means confessed to Mrs. Thacker his true, evil role in that sensational case. Those heretofore unpublished details, disclosed in last week's installment, threw definite new light on a possible solution.

Means boastfully admitted taking Maude's fortune, squandering it on poor investments and loose spending. "I had just as much right to old man King's money as Maude had," he told Mrs. Thacker. "She got it by fraud. Her divorce was crooked. What right did she have to his money?"

When questioned about Maude's death at Blackwelder's Spring, Means only sneered, said: "I was tried before a jury—and came off clear. Besides, Maude killed herself. Her finger was on the trigger." The possibility that his hand could have been over Maude's was suggested by Mrs. Thacker. To this, Means smiled and replied: "What happened to Maude King was the best thing that could have happened. The world was better off without her." He dismissed the interview with: "Her finger was on the trigger—twelve good men and true said so."

In reviewing Means' career of crime following the Maude King case, Mrs. Thacker described his lean days in a squalid Chicago tenement, where his ex-employer, William J. Burns, found him, hired him again, and eventually took him to Washington, D. C. There Means worked as a special agent of the Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice. Then he threw in his lot with the notorious "Ohio Gang." As a collector of graft funds he lived in the gang's executive headquarters, "the House of Mystery," became friendly with genial Jess Smith, the gang's accountant. All went well until the night Smith, foreseeing the crash of the gang and its illicit dealings, told Means he had a secret record of every transaction made, every cent the gang had taken.

As soon as Jess Smith left the House of Mystery that night, Means telephoned another prominent member of the gang.

GASTON MEANS

PART FIVE—"I SHOT JESS SMITH"

JESS SMITH, sauntering back to the Wardman Park Hotel that spring night, with the shadow of death at his heels, had not yet arrived at his destination when Gaston Means admitted to the House of Mystery on Sixteenth Street another caller. He was the man to whom Means had telephoned the alarm. Alone with his visitor in the private basement office, Gaston Means explained what had happened.

"Jess is really showing the white feather this time," Means concluded. "He's absolutely panic-stricken. He has the records, all right, and he's going to squawk—turn state's evidence."

"When?"

"That's hard to say," admitted Means. "I've reassured him, stalled him off for a little while. I told him I'd investigate things and let him know if I heard anything about a blow-off."

"Good. We'll need a little time. Or, rather, you'll need it. We must have those records, Means. That's your job. Get them!"

"It can't be done. He carries them on his person."

"He tell you that?"

Means nodded. "As much as said so. It's a pretty safe guess, anyway."

"I see. That's bad, of course. But eventually you're to get them—understand?"

Means' mind, cold and calculating, was moving with sinister swiftness far ahead.

"It's a difficult assignment," he pronounced, "since he carries them with him." He looked squarely into the other man's eyes. "I might as well know now. How far can . . ."

"How far? When the time comes—get them!"

Thus a somber suggestion crept into the discussion.

In the next few nights a worried gang held many conferences in the basement of the house on Sixteenth Street. All of these were concerned with the immediate problem—staving off catastrophe, exposure, a national scandal. Ways and means were frankly discussed.

"Accidental" death might be arranged. Jess Smith might be "struck" by an auto or might "drive" his own car off a cliff. He might "fall" down an elevator shaft or from a train or boat. But these did not solve the problem of the records that would be found on his person. Some one suggested poisoned liquor.

Jess Smith's panic and cowardice were readily traceable to a serious breakdown in health suffered by him a year earlier. On a trip to Ohio at that time, he had been taken to Mount Carmel Hospital in Columbus, suffering from appendicitis complicated by diabetes. He was operated on and discharged from the hospital. His wound had never healed, and over it he was still obliged to wear a trusslike belt.

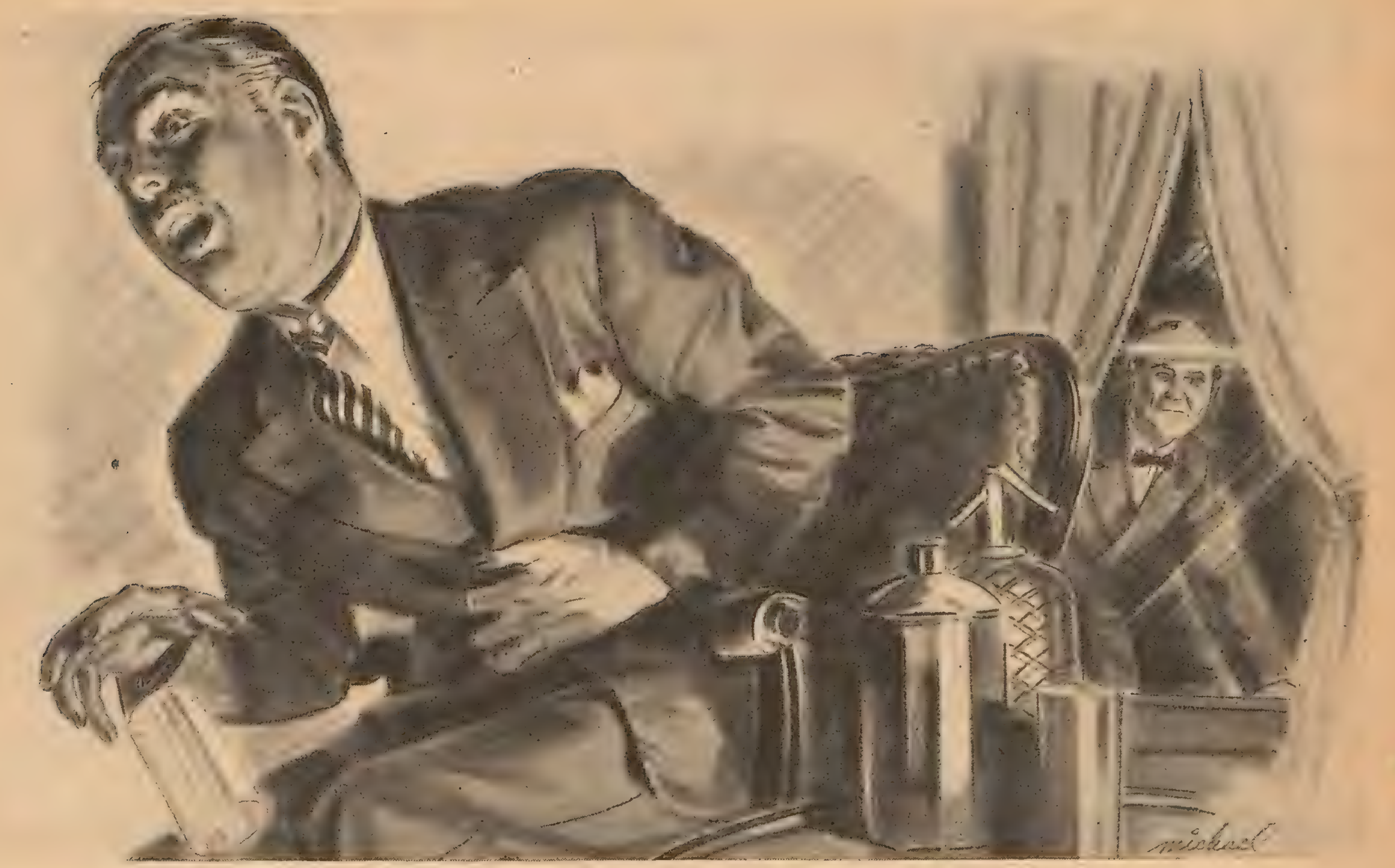
Prior to his illness he had been a genial, warmly human fellow, well liked by every one. Now he was morose, irritable, nervous—and a traitor to be eliminated.

But how? National scandal must be avoided at all costs.

Keeping Jess Smith under constant surveillance, the gang tried strategy first. Some of their more highly placed members found the ear of President Harding; complained about alleged indiscretions of Jess Smith.

President Harding listened, alarmed, to this gossip. When it was "confirmed" by others, he decided that he had no alternative. He'd have to banish Jess from Washington. He summoned Harry Daugherty, explained the situation.

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL



"Jess grabbed his stomach, like a cramp had hit him, and then he began trying to fight his way out of that chair."

"I have been informed," said the President, "that Jess has been conducting himself rather badly of late. He's running with a gay crowd, attending all sorts of wild parties; and he's using official cars until all hours of the night. For the good of all concerned, I want you to advise him to go home."

Daugherty, shocked by this drastic ultimatum from the White House, hurried to the apartment he shared with Jess Smith at the Wardman Park Hotel. There he relayed to his friend the President's edict.

The dapper little fellow went white as he heard this news. Harry Daugherty felt keenly sorry for his friend, hurried to soften the blow.

"I'm sorry, Jess," he said sincerely. "But you do need a rest, you know. You're not a well man. Why don't you enter a hospital back home, rest awhile?"

Jess Smith rebelled.

"I'll go home," he conceded, "but damned if anybody can make me enter a hospital!"

A few days later, more tractable, Jess Smith went back to Ohio. Accompanying him on the trip was Harry Daugherty.

Jess Smith did not enter a hospital. He did three things while in Ohio. He arranged to sell his store. He met his divorced wife, Roxie Stinson, a pretty local girl who had been the town's music teacher, with a studio in the same building as Jess' store. And . . .

He bought a pistol.

The gang was jubilant—and relieved. Jess Smith's banishment from Washington had solved, without violence, a dangerous problem. The weak link in their chain had been removed. A crisis of national significance had been cleverly averted.

At six thirty in the evening of May 29, 1923, the buzzer sounded in Gaston Means' House of Mystery on Sixteenth Street. Means himself went to the door, unbarred it. He swung it open, and though his face broke into a dimpled smile, every nerve in his huge body was suddenly tense as he saw the visitor who stood there on the stoop.

Jess Smith had returned from exile to Washington.

It was a new Jess Smith that talked briefly with Gaston B. Means. He was as nervous, as upset, as irritable as ever; but he was definitely determined now. Determined to squeal, to run with the records of crookedness to the one person in Washington he felt would protect him—Mrs. Harding, wife of the President.

JESS SMITH

Jess Smith left soon to return to the Wardman Park Hotel, and once more Gaston Means went to the telephone.

The time had come.

Nature furnished a prelude to the bitter tragedy that was to be played late that night of May 29. A storm broke over Washington. A howling wind slashed the city with sheets of rain, while blinding lightning thrust with rapierlike speed out of low, ominous clouds. Thunder volleyed and roared and rattled windows in their frames.

The storm was raging early that night as Jess Smith sat in the lobby of the Wardman Park while the society he loved so dearly flowed about him. Smartly groomed men and beautifully gowned women nodded to him or paused to chat.

After a while he went up to the apartment that he shared with Attorney General Daugherty. He was alone there, for the Attorney General was spending the night at the White House.

He wandered about the empty suite, lonely and strangely perturbed. Finally he went to a telephone and put through a long-distance call to the farm of Ned and Evalyn Walsh McLean at Leesburg, Virginia. He arranged with Ned McLean to spend a few days at their farm—a strange procedure for a man who within twenty-

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four hours was officially to be termed a suicide.

Still restless, two hours later he called the McLeans a second time.

“Hell of a rainstorm here in Washington, Ned,” he said. “I'll be down in the morning. . . . All right? . . . Good.”

It was nearly midnight, the storm spent, when he called them a third time. On this occasion Mrs. McLean took up the ringing telephone. She recalls the conversation in her story, Father Struck It Rich:

> Ned was asleep. I answered it. Jess Smith was on the wire again.
>
> “Hello,” I said. “How are you?”
>
> “I am fine, but rather nervous.”
>
> “Now, now,” I said, “what's wrong with you?”
>
> “Oh, I'm just a little upset. Ned's asleep, you say?”
>
> “Isn't Mr. Daugherty with you?”
>
> “No; the chief sent for him to come to the White House.”
>
> “Well, you get a little sleep now and you'll feel better.”
>
> “I'll be at the farm at seven,” he said.

Within four hours after that conversation Jess Smith was lying dead on the floor of the Attorney General's apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel. A bullet had plowed through his head. The pistol he had bought in Ohio was at his side. There was a bruise near his left temple.

Though Jess Smith was pronounced a suicide, no autopsy, no post-mortem examination was ever made.

When Gaston Means and I were collaborating on The Strange Death of President Harding, he gave me one version of Jess Smith's death.

That version was simply this: That he was called, in the half-dark early hours of the following morning—May 30—to the Wardman Park Hotel, told that Jess Smith had committed suicide and that he was to go to the death suite and obtain the records which involved the entire gang—a mission that he subsequently performed.

AT the time that I wrote that version for Gaston Means I had little reason to doubt its authenticity. But, as the years passed and I grew to know Gaston Means for the horrible creature he was, I found myself unsatisfied.

Gaston Means, I realized, was not telling the *whole* truth.

That he had had a hand in the events of that gruesome night there could be little doubt, for he was seen in the vicinity of the Wardman Park Hotel not long after Jess Smith died.

Yet his published version did nothing to tear away the veil of mystery surrounding Jess Smith's tragic end, though Gaston Means was the one man who could tell the true story.

And so, one day, years later, I put the question to him bluntly.

“How nearly correct,” I asked him, “was your version, in the book, of Jess Smith's death?”

He seemed rather pleased by the question.

“It was one version, wasn't it?” His eyes fastened on mine and a grin that had been on his face went away. “Well, believe it or not, Mrs. Thacker, there was more truth in my version than there was in any of the others; but any one with any sense could have shot my version—as I related it in the book—all to pieces.”

In his face was gloating reminiscence. I was a little piqued.

“But do you actually know the real truth, the inside story of the shooting of Jess Smith?” I persisted.

He let a full minute elapse while he sat there grinning, his right forefinger exploring the deeper dimple of his right cheek. And then, quite casually, he spoke.

“I should,” he said. “I shot Jess Smith.”

MY face must have shown some of the bewildered shock and incredulity that was in it, for he gave one of his rare chuckles. Then his face grew sly and his voice became soft.

“Never lose sight of this fact,” he cautioned. “Jess Smith died as a traitor to his government. Every government executes its traitors.”

“He really was executed as a traitor?”

A half sneer played about Means' mouth.

“He executed himself.”

“Oh! Perhaps as Maude King executed herself?”

Means shook his head, beamed at me with patient indulgence.

“Oh, no,” he corrected. “The technique was altogether different.”

I was confused.

“But,” I protested, “you say that he executed himself, and you've already said that you shot him. I don't understand.”

“It's simple enough. I'll get to that in a minute. I fired the shot that went through his head. I used a rifle equipped with a Maxim silencer.”

“But a pistol was found beside the body.”

“Sure. With one cartridge exploded. That was window dressing. Hell, don't you suppose a pistol shot in that hotel room would have had every one in adjoining rooms flocking into the corridor and telephoning the desk downstairs?”

That was logical.

“A rifle was used,” Means repeated. “And a silencer.”

We were talking in his home at Chevy Chase. His habitual bottle of whisky and glass was beside him, and he halted long enough to pour himself a drink and swallow it in one gulp.

“Had Jess Smith really bought the pistol that was found beside his body?” I asked.

“He bought it, all right. God knows why. The story that he was scared to death of firearms is true. But that was his pistol. He bought it in Washington Court House a few days before his death.”

“In your book,” I reminded Means, “you said that Jess Smith bought that pistol for Harry Daugherty.”

Means smiled. Then the smile went

away, to be replaced by a smirking, bitter vindictiveness.

"Sure, I said that," he admitted. "Made a better story that way, too." He leaned forward. "I had a score to settle with Harry Daugherty. I never forget a debt of that kind.

"Harry Daugherty was on the verge of a nervous breakdown just before the death of his friend Jess Smith. Harry Daugherty had made the trip to Ohio with Jess. Harry Daugherty was out of the apartment—staying at the White House—the night Jess died.

"In Jess Smith's room, after his death, was found a will distributing his estate, share and share alike, among only five persons—one of them, Harry Daugherty. His previous will had contained about twenty-five bequests.

"Oh, I made a case against Harry Daugherty, all right. I hated his guts. He threw me out of the Department of Justice. I never forgot that. So, when I saw a chance to hang one on him . . ." He shrugged. "Well, why not?"

I shuddered. Innocently, by helping Gaston Means write and publish his story, I had been instrumental in helping him "hang one on" the former Attorney General of the United States.

Gaston Means must have read my thoughts—my very shameful thoughts—in that moment.

"Sorry, if you feel bad. But the truth of the matter—despite what I insinuated in my book—is that Harry Daugherty knew no more about what happened to Jess Smith than you did.

"But you weren't the only one that I fooled. I gave the federals some hair-raising, whopping yarns, too, about what happened when Daugherty and Jess visited Washington Court House before Jess' death.

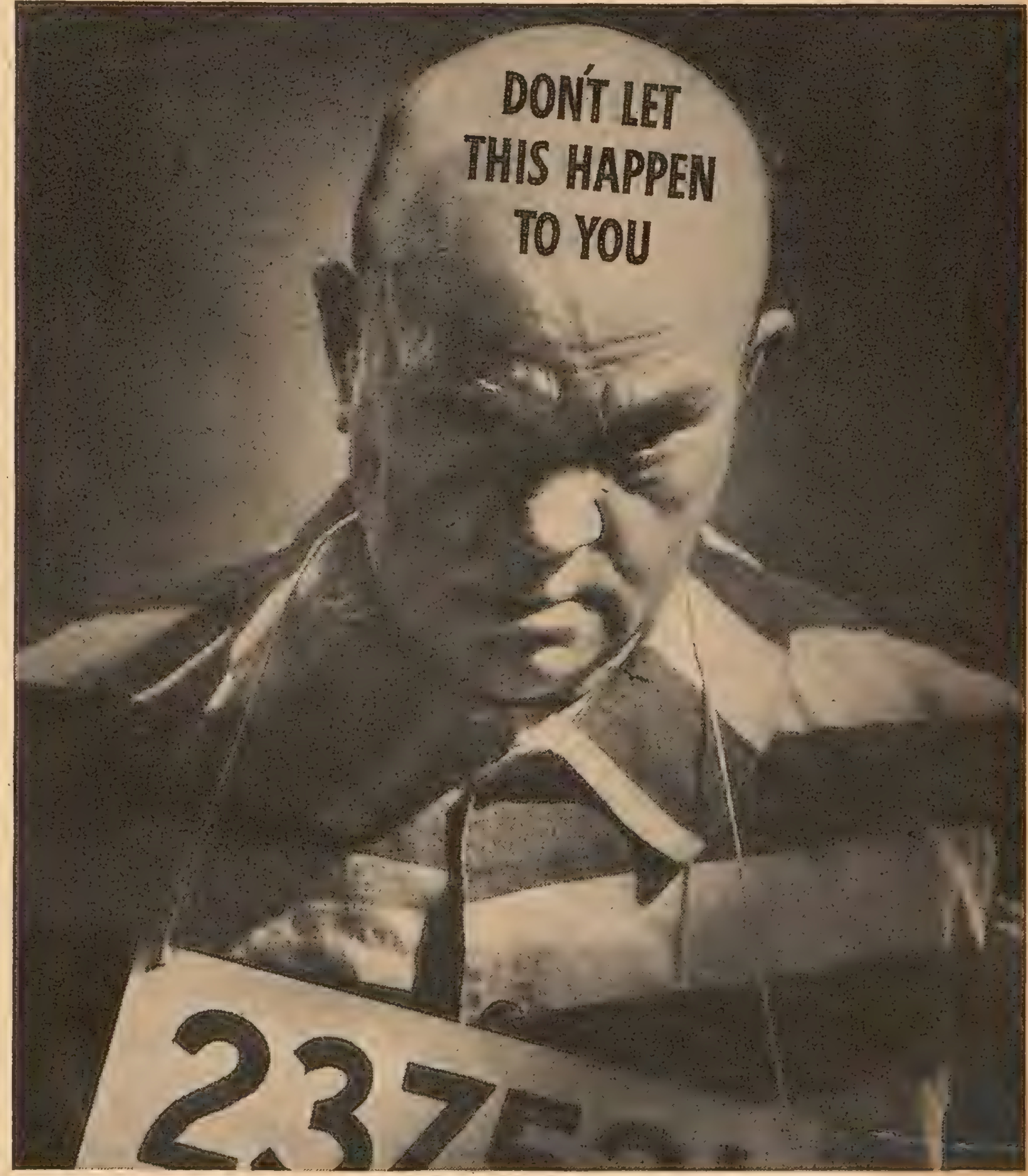
"While they were there, they visited the Shack, a country place where they used to hold meetings. I told the federals that Harry Daugherty persuaded Jess to buy a pistol for him and then left it in Jess' suitcase. The idea, I told them, was that Daugherty intended to see to it that an 'accident' should occur. You know—one of those things where Jess would be cleaning the pistol and it would go off accidentally—in his face.

I TOLD them the plan had miscarried twice: once when Jess' former wife, Roxie Stinson, had appeared unexpectedly at the Shack, upsetting plans; the other time, after they'd come on into Washington Court House, and Daugherty lost his nerve and couldn't bring himself to 'pistol-accident' Jess Smith into eternity.

"Oh, I jollied the Department of Justice men with a thriller. They expected it. They got a big kick out of that story. Well, they're welcome. I'll probably tell it again—and add more. I like to be obliging."

The dimples came into his fat face as he grinned with reminiscent relish. But I was not grinning. This was the man, the insidious beast, who had

LIFER AT 40



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made me one of his victims, his "damn fools." Who had used me to tarnish the reputations of men who were his betters.

Then he was speaking, with some of the utter candor and frankness that has made one person after another helpless before the evil spell of his disarming personality.

"In this little game of truth we're playing, Mrs. Thacker, let's give the devil his due. It never entered Harry Daugherty's head to do away with Jess Smith.

"I'm no friend of Harry M. Daugherty. He was in Europe when I first got out of Atlanta Pen, or I might have killed him. Well, I haven't killed him . . . yet.

"The real fact is that Jess was yellow. Nice enough, personally. But he was a rat. He had it coming to him. What I did, I had to do, or hell would have popped the whole nation open.

"Daugherty was catching on to what Jess had been doing. He didn't like it because Jess was too intimately thick with me—me and my gang. That's the God's truth!

"I'll never forget the night Jess Smith came back to Washington after having been ordered out. That was his finish. He'd have been safe in Ohio. But he came back. He asked for what he got.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Murder is murder, wherever it is committed—in the lowest dive of New York's lower East Side or in the luxurious apartment of an Attorney General of the United States. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt, legendary solver of homicide mysteries, was impressed again with this fact as he read in this installment Gaston B. Means' blood-freezing account of the death of Jess Smith, liaison officer between politics and crime.

"It might be a case history," said Mr. Colt, "taken from the files of our own Homicide Squad. Except for one thing: If this murder had ever come into the hands of any law-enforcement unit that I had anything to do with, it would be plainly marked, 'Case Still Open.'"

An idea, Mr. Hoover?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"Everything played into our hands that night. Daugherty was at the White House, so Jess couldn't run there then to show Mrs. Harding his records. And the fact that Daugherty was there left Jess in the Wardman Park alone. It couldn't have been better.

"We—the gang—got busy. We knew Jess was at the Wardman Park alone. And we knew he couldn't stand being in his own place long—alone.

"A friend of ours and of Jess—one of the gang—had an apartment at the Wardman Park. We figured, correctly, that Jess would drop down there. He did."

Gaston Means poured himself another drink, and as he poured it I wondered whether Jess Smith had casually dropped in on this member of the gang or whether he had been *summoned* to that apartment. But I said nothing.

There was a carafe on the end table beside Means' chair, and he motioned to it.

"Want a drink of water?" he asked.

I said I did. He poured one, handed it to me, and I was drinking it when his voice, a casual drawl, said:

"Very careless."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Very careless habit, that," he explained. "Never drink out of a strange glass—anywhere—without rinsing it."

I stopped drinking. I struggled, in that moment, to keep my face placid. These were the words of caution that Maisie Melvin had been told by Gaston Means. Maisie Melvin—who suffered, before her death, from some obscure poisoning.

There have been few times, in my association with Gaston B. Means, that I have felt more uneasy, more utterly weak with terror. There were no reasons why—aside from his words—I should have felt horror.

We were sitting there, in broad daylight, with a bright cheery sun streaming through the windows of his beautifully furnished living room. We were comfortable, and from the back of the house came, reassuringly, the voices of servants. None of the props of horror were there.

Yet I was scared. Subconsciously I was beginning to comprehend this man. The grisly realization of his unutterable villainy, his diabolical callousness, was just beginning to soak, slowly, like ebbing blood, into my consciousness.

And suddenly, as I sat there, praying that his dark shrewd eyes did not read the things I felt, he plunged again into his story.

That story—I am convinced it is the only authentic version of the untold mystery of Jess Smith's death—was not destined to relieve the swirling undercurrent of fright I felt. For, of all the eerie macabre tales of inhuman brutality to which I have listened in my lifetime, the sinister chronicle of Jess Smith's horrible end is, bar none, the worst.

"Where was I?" asked Means, and scratched his bald pate. "Oh, yes. Jess came to this man's apartment in the Wardman Park. Our friend—the host—welcomed him, talked with him a few minutes, and told him to make himself at home.

"I was there, but Jess didn't see me. The rain had stopped and I was on a little porch outside. The shades were up and through its windows I could see Jess and our friend in the living room. Jess' host excused himself for a few minutes, went through another room, and joined me on the porch.

"We didn't have to wait long. Jess was nervous, jittery. We knew that. We could almost predict what he would do. He paced restlessly up and down the room for a moment. Then he sat down in an easy chair.

"There was a stand there beside that chair. On it was a glass—and a bottle of whisky."

My thoughts raced ahead of Gaston Means' words.

"Merciful God," I guessed. "Poison!"

Means' voice droned on:

"Jess did exactly what we thought he would do. He poured himself a nice big hooker of whisky and downed it. Nobody gave him that liquor. He poured it out himself. He drank it himself. Risky business, those days of prohibition, drinking bootleg stuff. You were always taking a chance then. Well, Jess took it.

AND, sure enough, that liquor must have been a bad batch—poison. Looking through a corner of the window, we saw him squirm a bit. He looked queer. He had a funny expression on his face."

As Gaston Means' bland voice drawled on, it drove an ugly nausea into the very corners of my soul. The ghastly picture of two men, crouched in the darkness outside a window at midnight, watching a third poor devil die like a man stricken by the Black Death, was a scene so sinister as to be incredible. Here, in the twentieth century, in the capital of a great nation, was being re-enacted a page from the merciless era of the Borgias.

Means continued:

"Jess shifted his position in the chair and looked about, half dazed. He crossed his legs and uncrossed them. He grabbed his stomach with both hands, like a cramp had hit him, and then he began trying to fight his way out of that chair. He was so weak and clumsy I didn't think he'd ever make it, but we took no chances. We hurried inside and came through another room into the one where Jess was.

"He'd got out of that chair somehow. He was reeling around like a drunk, his mouth gaping open, making funny noises. We asked him what was the matter, but all he could do was go 'ahhh!'

"My friend got on one side of him and I got on the other. We each took one of his arms and hustled him toward the door. We had to go down the hall a short ways to reach the fire-escape stairway. Hell of a dangerous thing to do, but we figured we could tell any one

D. A. TURNER, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

"IMAGINE," said Mr. Turner...

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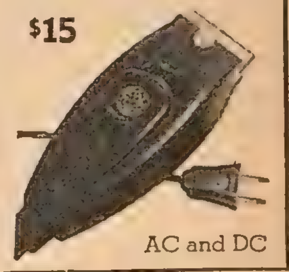

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SCHICK SHAVER

"Leave me alone-
my brains are jumping rope!"
A NEXT-MORNING HEADACHE HAD HIM DOWN UNTIL . . .
OH, MY HEAD, MY STOMACH, MY NERVES. NOTHING'S GOING TO HELP
THERE'S HELP RIGHT IN THIS DRUGSTORE—BROMO-SELTZER—MADE TO ORDER FOR NEXT-MORNING JITTERS!
• SOON AFTERWARD •
I FEEL FINE NOW, DEAR! BOB FIXED ME UP WITH BROMO-SELTZER. CLEARED MY HEAD, HELPED SETTLE MY STOMACH, SOOTHED MY NERVES

RECENTLY, doctors tested remedies for next-morning headaches—found Bromo-Seltzer gave relief *faster* than any other remedy they tested! Bromo-Seltzer helps settle the stomach, too. Steadies nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in your blood caused by overindulgence.

At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

we met that Jess was ill—and he sure looked the part.

"We half dragged him down the stairs and then out and along another stretch of hallway to his own apartment. I held Jess up against the wall while my friend—who had managed to get a key to the apartment—unlocked the door.

"We'd have made better time if I'd have been at that door. My friend was so excited that, when he did get the key in the keyhole, it slipped out and rattled against the lock like a machine gun.

"I lifted Jess up by the armpits and swung him inside. My friend crossed the room, pulled the blinds down, and came back and switched on lights."

Means paused to pour himself another drink.

"That's when it happened. Where Jess got the strength, I don't know. But suddenly he seemed to rally. We were standing there, face to face, one of my arms about him. His eyes, glassy and dazed, had been rolling.

"The first thing I knew, he stiffened. Then his eyes looked squarely into mine and his face screwed up in terror as he seemed to recognize me for the first time.

"Oh, he knew what was happening, all right. And I knew that he knew. He shivered and tried to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth except a little froth and a sound like a moan. He began to push out of my arms, back away. One of his hands swung free of mine. He took a swipe at my face; but I rolled my head to one side and he missed.

"He had too much strength to suit me, though, and this was no time to let him show fight, create a disturbance.

"We were standing near the bed, and I grabbed his shoulders, before he could get away, and twisted him around so his back was to the bed. Then I let him have it."

Means rubbed his knuckles reminiscently.

"Damned near broke my hand. Jess' legs weren't any too steady and his knees started to buckle before the blow had gone halfway. I missed his jaw completely and caught him right over the left temple. He flopped back, spread-eagled on the bed, and lay there, all the fight gone out of him."

SOME of the sickly horror I experienced as Gaston Means told me of his hideous attack on a dying man must have shown in my face, for he put his glass of whisky aside for a moment and extended his hands, palms up.

"Hell!" he exclaimed. "I didn't want to hit Jess. He started it. And a man's got to protect himself, hasn't he?

"Now you know," he said, "how that bruise got on Jess Smith's temple. The newspapers made a lot of it; said he'd got it, when he shot himself, by falling on a metal wastebasket." His lips curled scornfully. "Anybody with any sense would have known that falling on a wastebasket would have cut his head, not put round bruises on it.

"I looked around for my friend. He was standing there, and his face looked green. I told him to go downstairs and get the gun.

"I pulled on a pair of gloves while I was waiting, and looked around the room. My job was clear enough. I had to set that room as you set a stage, so that it would pass the scrutiny of any suspicious smart-aleck detectives who came nosing around. Everything had to spell suicide.

"I found Jess Smith's pistol in a suitcase. He'd told me about it at my house that night, and I'd pumped him thoroughly, even to the caliber of the thing. We'd planned quickly but thoroughly, even to the discharged cartridge shell in my pocket to fake the one-shot business.

"I went over to the bed and had a look at Jess. That glass of liquor had worked fast, all right. He was gone. He had only himself to blame. He poured the liquor and he drank it. I didn't do it."

GASTON MEANS paused, in his grisly story, to smirk.

"My friend returned. He had the gun. It was wrapped in brown paper. His face was white and tense. When he handed the package to me, he nearly dropped it. I saw he wouldn't be much help. He looked at Jess.

"'Is he . . . is he . . .'

"'Dead as Hector,' I told him.

"He stood there, and, honest to God, Mrs. Thacker, his knees were knocking. He said to me:

"'You know what to do, don't you?'

"I told him: 'I'll take care of things. You're shaking like an old woman. Get out of here before *you* pass out too.'

"He was glad enough to get out, and when he'd gone I locked and bolted the door. I did have a tough job, I guess. But the tougher the situation, the cooler and clearer my head is. Jess Smith was fully dressed. I had to take off his clothes to get at those papers—those records of our transactions—he had.

"I gave his pockets a going over first, just for luck. Nothing there. So I started getting him out of his clothes. I had to take every stitch of his clothes off. Next to his skin I found what I was looking for—a harnesslike shoulder holster to which was securely strapped a legal-size extension envelope packed full of papers. I checked them over hastily—though I knew I had what we were after—then stuffed them in my pocket.

"I was careful not to disturb the medical belt around Jess' abdomen, where he'd been operated on for appendicitis. I didn't put his clothes back on him. Too much trouble. I folded them neatly—as he would have—then got his bathrobe from a closet and put it on him. Remember? He was found in that bathrobe."

Again Means helped himself to a drink.

"The rest was easy," he continued. "I unwrapped the rifle, got it ready.

I got Jess Smith's body off the bed and propped him up in a sitting posture on the floor.

"I held the muzzle of the gun--at the approximate angle and distance from his forehead he might have held the pistol—and pulled the trigger. There was a dull *plop*. The bullet passed through his head and plugged into the doorjamb behind Jess.

"I eased his body to the floor, face downward, and twisted his arms and legs a little, as though he'd slumped when falling. I put his pistol near by. Then I went over the apartment. I missed no detail.

"I turned out the lights, crossed the room, and raised the shade. It was nearly dawn and the sky was a dirty gray. I crossed back, stepping over Jess, let myself out, and went back upstairs to my friend's apartment, where I turned over the envelope and papers.

"Then I went home. I lay down on a couch in my office. Julie was upstairs, fast asleep. To this day, she doesn't know what I did that night.

"About six o'clock that morning my phone rang. A familiar voice said, 'Jess Smith has killed himself. Come to the Wardman Park Hotel and take full charge. See the house detective when you get here.'

"I went back to the Wardman Park. This time I went through the lobby and up in the elevator. The coroner was sent for. It was suicide, he said—open-and-shut. No autopsy necessary.

"And so Jess Smith was dead. He got what was coming to him. The crisis was over and there was a general lessening of tension all over Washington. We of the gang had no weak link in our chain now. We went back to work."

HE stopped speaking. A long pall-like silence hung in the room. I knew that Gaston Means expected me to look at him then—to pay some sort of tribute, by word or expression, to his supreme cleverness.

I couldn't, as waves of repugnance swept over me, bring myself to look at the man. Revulsion—and a fresh surge of fear for this inhuman devil—seized me.

Jess Smith had been this man's friend, even as I was now. My life—if it served his purpose to take it—would go as quickly as that of Jess Smith, should I ever antagonize Gaston Means.

When I had first met Gaston Means and started writing his book for him, my family had been frantic.

"The man has been tried for murder."

"He was acquitted of murder," I had reminded them.

I felt a bit of pity, of superiority too, for a newspaper editor who had told me:

"You're working with the devil himself, Mrs. Thacker. Gaston Means is a killer."

All of those things flooded back into my uneasy mind that day in Gaston Means' house. Later that day, still

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terrified, I was to write two brief notes. One I sent to the man who had published my book; the other to my sister. Both were identical, word for word, and I remember them to this day. I wrote:

> If anything happens to me, I want you to have Gaston B. Means thoroughly investigated, and this note will serve as your authorization.

Gaston Means—as we sat there in grim silence—broke in upon my unpleasant reverie.

"Well," he inquired, with a tinge of sarcasm, "is there anything more I can tell you about Jess Smith's death?"

I looked up into his moonlike smiling face. Almost automatically I put a question to him:

"Who was the friend—the host—in whose apartment Jess Smith drank that poisoned liquor?"

Would the cunning Means name his accomplice in the cold-blooded murder of Jess Smith? Your copy of Liberty next week gives his answer, and his own version of the fiendish role he played in the scandal that rocked the nation—the famous Nan Britton case!

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED by Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

An authentic and illuminating account of the economic and civic changes that have taken place in Russia since the Revolution. A work of unusual significance because of the author's prominence in Russia's affairs and his contention that the orthodox Communistic principles first laid down have not been followed.

★ ★ ARE YOU A STOCKHOLDER? by Alden Winthrop. Covici, Friede.

A detailed criticism of the character of the financial information supplied by industrial managements to stockholders. The author, while perhaps somewhat prejudiced in his viewpoints, supplies food for serious thought.

★ ★ MY FATHER'S HOUSE by Pierrepont Noyes. Farrar & Rinehart.

The son of the founder of Oneida Community among that group of Christian communists who believed in sharing work, love, and children.

★ ★ STANLEY BALDWIN: MAN OR MIRACLE? by Bechhofer Roberts. Greenberg: Publisher.

A book invaluable in that it gives us the facts of the British Prime Minister's life; the opposite of valuable in that it twists these facts into a diatribe against Mr. Baldwin.

★ THE THUNDER DRAGON GATE by Talbot Mundy. D. Appleton-Century Co.

Here is your meat, and good red meat, if you long for American heroes, Oriental villains, fair ladies, secret poisons, and all the rest.

Answer to the Puzzle on Page 46

The knight must have left at twelve noon, and have ridden at a speed of twelve miles per hour. The distance was sixty miles.

I WANT A DIVORCE FROM MY *Office Wife*

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I WANT a divorce from my office wife!

She wasn't my idea, in the first place.

I am an executive, one of those much maligned vice-presidents, of a Midwestern insurance company. My work requires a girl who sits outside my office. I have one—pleasant to look at, a fair worker, with fair intelligence. If it ended there I wouldn't be writing this.

Unhappily, it goes much beyond that. The girl is a modern secretary. Do you know what that means? It means a secretary whose head is filled with ideas on how to do her work well. How to treat her boss when he falls in love with her; how to act when he asks her to stay late; how--but I'll go on with my own case.

Now, you may not believe it and certainly my secretary doesn't, but I am still in love with my wife.

When my secretary first began working for me, she couldn't decide with whom I was in love. She was pretty sure it was the woman in the next office. But as soon as she had decided she swung into action, primed to show me what a modern secretary was made of and why I was lucky to have one. She became sympathetic and understanding. She would smile sweetly and wisely as much as to say, "I know you were out drinking to forget your troubles." If I called her down on those mornings, she would nod gravely and tiptoe out of the office.

I thought she was licked when this woman in the next office suddenly announced her marriage. But she became more sympathetic than ever—more understanding. Now I was really suffering from a broken heart.

That lasted a month. Then she decided I was falling for her.

Actually this first absurd episode was a minor complaint. If I could have said anything then and there, the rest *might* not have happened, though I doubt it. But a man can't say, "See here, Miss Jones; I don't love anybody but my wife."

The first week she began to catalogue my moods. Being modern, she knew I was just a boy at heart. That explained so many things as far as she was concerned. If I got really mad at something she'd done, she would dismiss my complaint with the thought that I'd had another quarrel with my wife that morning. Once she forgot to remind me that I had a luncheon appointment with the president of the concern. When I mentioned that to her, it was in harsh terms. She took them as meekly as a mouse. Later I heard her whisper to a friend, "What a hang-over he must have! He *is* rather a dear, though. I try to excuse him when he's not feeling well."

I like to do things myself. I want to know about things. Instead, my secretary intercepts matters she decides aren't important, and she handles them—unimportant things like sales figures that should have my personal signature! She thinks figures annoy me.

Naturally, she soon began handling my appointments with a firm hand. In two months she had decided who were the business acquaintances I liked and who were the ones I didn't.

One of the first persons she snubbed was a man whom I knew slightly and whose friendship I was trying to cultivate. I just about had him where he was going to hand over a lot of business to us. He's never come back. But even worse, at times, are the pests she thinks are my buddies and pals. She chats with them about anything and everything while I tear my hair and wait for her to get through.

More embarrassing than anything else is that I can't ask her to work late, when we have a rush of business, without her raising an eyebrow. With my desk piled deep with matters screaming for attention, she thinks I'm keeping her after hours just to make eyes at her. She thinks I want to take her out to dinner—want to have cocktails with her and pour out my troubles on her shoulder.

I don't want to have cocktails or anything else with her. And I have no troubles to pour out.

Still more damning is another characteristic of the office wife. She began calling me by my first name. More friendly, you know; more in the intimate understanding spirit. Result: I hold my breath when a business associate comes into my office. She called me Will last summer when two of my golfing friends were with me. They've never let up on the locker-room jokes about it.

She always has thought I really wanted her to sit on my knee while I gave her dictation. Ever so tactfully, she lets me know that she is ready to submit and carry on. But it happens that I can't dictate with any one sitting in my lap. I'm pretty sure I can't. I've never tried —and I'm not going to if my strength holds out.

Another of her efforts to be a real modern office wife is in the line of good grooming. She thinks it's proving she has sex appeal and that I demand sex appeal. It calls for dresses that are a little too nice for office wear, for fingernails that are a shade too bright, for stockings too sheer for office work, and for shoes that are too delicate to stand a full day's scuffing under the typewriter.

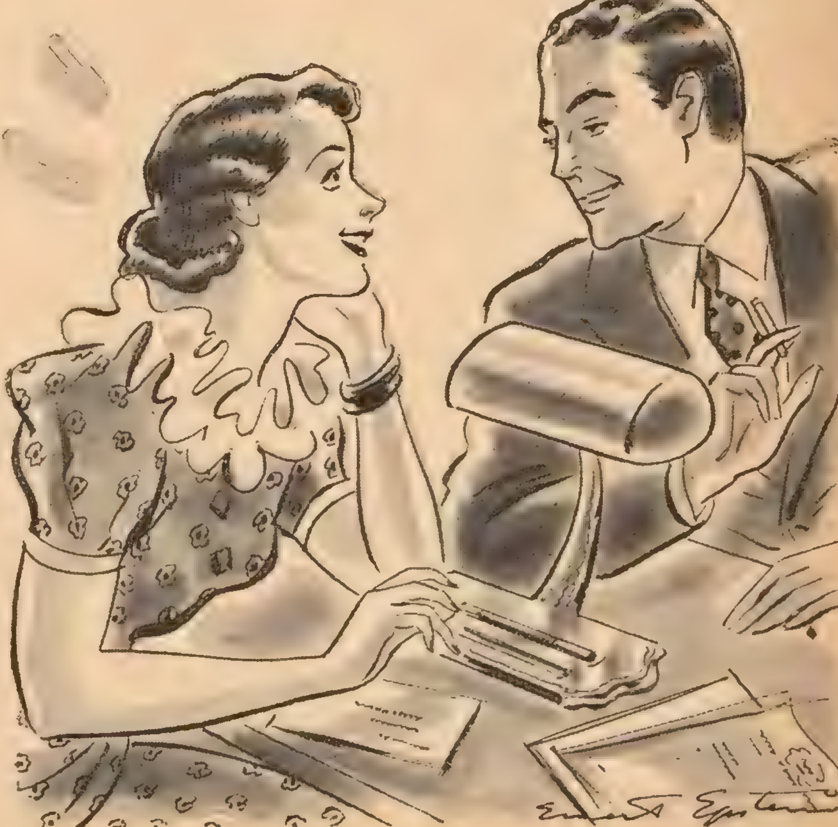
All this sex appeal irritates me. And when my friends call, they see it. They know her salary isn't big.

And that's why I want a divorce from this modern secretary, this secretarial-school graduate who has been dubbed by the writers of popular fiction "the office wife."

There ain't no such animal, except in the minds of the secretaries themselves.

I hope my daughter reads this.

THE END



TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

E. M. DELAFIELD

ELIZABETH MONICA DELAFIELD voyages afar from England to strange corners of the world. Authoress and lecturer, in private life she is Mrs. Paul Dashwood, but we know her as *E. M. Delafield,* her writing name. One of her books, The Provincial Lady in America, told us many an interesting truth about ourselves.

Miss Delafield and I had a breakfast talk the other day—sure, we busy women need to utilize each breathless minute of our time (says me!), and I asked her what side lights her travel had given her on the subject of romance.

She related the following story:

In the Malay States Miss Delafield met a lady whose life had been tragically romantic. As a girl she had been married to a man who abused her hideously but would not permit her to leave him. She fell desperately in love with another man. Nothing could be done. Nevertheless she upheld her courage, even through the war, when her husband deserted her, taking their two children with him to Australia, while the man she loved fought at the front in France. Her youth was gone before she finally obtained a divorce, won the custody of her children, married the man of her heart. Without a relieving break of luck her troubles had prevailed for more than twenty-five long years, yet she had weathered them and had made her dreams come true in the end.

When the poor lady finished telling all this, Miss Delafield wanted to say something sympathetic. "Well, you've had a heartrending struggle," she said, "but I imagine it was worth it."

The lady looked Miss Delafield straight in the eye. "No," she declared, "it wasn't."

Not an encouraging story for romanticists.

● Had an appointment with Clyde Beatty behind the scenes at his new circus. Through some mix-up he didn't keep the date, but the half hour I waited was rich with mysterious rewards. Along came a clown in a tramp's costume, a potted plant in his hand, and at his elbow an assistant manager saying, "If necessary we can send out and *buy* you some bugs." . . . What was it all about? Don't ask me. . . . Then the tallest man on earth strolled by, daintily picking jelly beans out of a wee little cellophane envelope with his giant fingers. . . . A dog-faced boy howled at a manager, howled in a broad Brooklyn accent, "No, sir, you *did not* pay *me;* you must have paid somebody else." . . . Meanwhile I sat on a prop box, waiting. . . . Came the elephants. . . . One of the elephants, *en passant,* made a pass at me with its trunk. I jumped off the box, looked back, observed that the box on which I had been sitting was labeled *Snakes.* See you some other time, Mr. Beatty.

ACT II
SNAKES

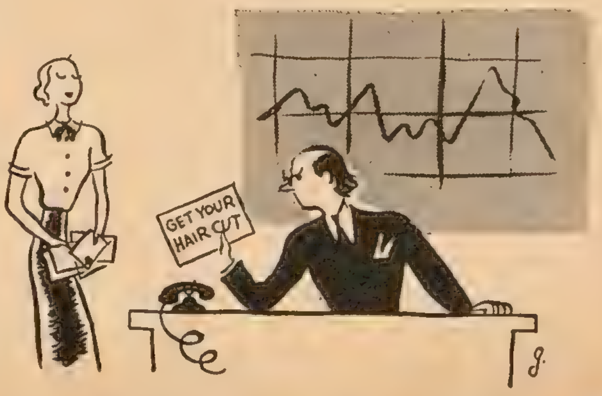
● One of the star mannequins in the fashion-modeling profession has been letting me in on some of her beauty secrets. . . . "Reaching around to massage your own back is splendid exercise for the shoulders," she says, "and it keeps your back smooth as well. Massage upward from the waist, using the tips of your fingers and a little cold cream. Do it at least once a week." . . . For her throat she applies an almond-paste pack three times a week. The pack is made of prepared almond-meal mixed to a paste with water and a few drops of astringent . . . reputedly a great new wrinkle to prevent wrinkles.

● Quite a few readers have disagreed with my contention that raw apples aren't easy to digest as a bedtime snack. I should have qualified the statement by saying that apples at bedtime may be perfectly O. K. for some people. If you can sleep on apples you can sleep on apples, and that's all there is to it. Apparently a good many of you can—and do.

● Justified use of the anonymous note as a weapon for social defense has been adopted in my neighborhood by some wives who suffer a mutual inability to make their husbands get haircuts. The husbands belong to that unshorn brotherhood of men who, because of forgetfulness or plain don't-give-a-damnness, let their hair grow down the backs of their necks until they look like Shetland ponies. Maybe *your* husband is that way. If so, you will appreciate the ingenuity of these women friends of mine who now send unsigned postcards every two weeks to their husbands' business offices — postcards with big red letters publicly displaying the command: GET YOUR HAIR CUT.

● Two new etiquette books I can recommend are: Good Manners for Girls, by Inez Haynes Irwin; and Good Manners for Boys, by Ralph Henry Barbour. (Both published by D. Appleton-Century Company.)

● Holland being a center of the world's spice trade, Dutch cooks use spices generously and expertly. If you like mild spices, try this Amsterdam recipe for *potato custard pie.* . . . Boil 1 good-sized potato; mash until smooth; add 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup sugar; stir to a cream and let cool. Then mix in the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, juice of half a lemon, ½ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon ground mace, grated rind of half a lemon. Now fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and 1 teaspoon preserved citron finely chopped. Pour the custard into a pie dish lined with rich pastry dough. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve cool but not chilled.



Secret Child

BY PATTERSON DIAL

Hope dawns, storm clouds fade . . So the story ends

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

He carried her to the couch where he had first seen her.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

PART SEVEN—"I'VE LOVED YOU SO"

ALLIE turned in the swivel chair away from the desk. Her face had a deathly pallor beneath its tan. She spoke, the words coming jerkily in a flat hypnotic tone that was the merest whisper of sound:

" The judge gave him to us."

There was no movement, no sudden cry of joy. Like people in a trance they stared at her, trying to feel an emotion too great for instant comprehension. No one spoke. The silence was like smoke pouring into the room.

Then outside Andrew laughed, and Allie stumbled forward into her father's lap.

As she moved, the room came to l Jerome ran to them and knelt by the chair. Roger Blaylock gathered his children close and for an instant hid his face against the two dark heads that pressed so fiercely against him.

Marsden blinked at the blurry wetness in his eyes. His hand went out to clench Blaylock's shoulder, while Stephen Hunt, biting at his tremulous lips, moved toward them.

But now Allie was on her feet. She ran past him and out of the room. They could hear her voice calling through the house, calling to the servants:

" He gave him to us! To us! "

Jerome Blaylock remained beside his father. They stared through the doorway into the patio, watching Andrew, who, oblivious of everything but his play, romped on the grass with the Pekingese. They were afraid to go to him just yet; afraid to touch him, lest they break down and frighten him.

In a few moments Allie was back. In those minutes relief and fatigue had struck down on her father and Jerome. They were limp and inarticulate, watching her. She ran out into the patio. She did not, as Marsden had

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expected she would, take Andrew in her arms.

"Come on, Scooter. Want to go down to the beach and find some kids to play with?"

Andrew stopped his romping and stood, head cocked on one side, looking up at her in bewilderment.

"Really go, Allie? *Outside* the grounds?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

He nodded after her, trying to understand. Slowly he went to her and she slipped her fingers through his. Then he began to jump up and down and shout his delight.

Hand in hand, they ran from the patio, the Pekingese scuttling at their heels.

Marsden went to his office window and watched them move down the driveway, running until they had to slow to a walk. They reached the gates and Allie herself unlocked them. Even from this distance Marsden could see what the action meant to her—the symbol of those gates through which the child had never passed since he had been brought to the house. She swung the iron grilles wide. Then she took Andrew's hand again and they walked out into the highway, James Smith trotting on ahead.

Marsden turned away from the window. This was what he had prayed for—what he had known he could not live without. Allie was happy and, at last, without fear. Life stretched ahead of her now as clearly as that road she walked along with Andrew beside her. Always the child beside her. And soon Stephen Hunt—he would be living along beside her. Well, this was what he'd asked for—her happiness; what he'd done all he could to obtain, though he'd done little enough.

He had done everything, Jerome and Roger Blaylock assured him as they came into his office. Suddenly heavy-eyed with a hunger for the sleep they had not had the night before, they lavished their gratitude on him for finding Dr. Wilbur.

"We must get in touch with Dr. Wilbur, get in touch with him today," Roger Blaylock said through a yawn; "ask him what we can do to prove our gratitude."

"MAYBE he'd like a hospital," Jerome said. He too was yawning, struggling against his tired stupor. "We—I want to give my own share out of my own funds, father. We could build him a hospital."

He turned to Marsden. "That's the sort of thing doctors like, isn't it?"

Marsden could see the imposing edifice the Blaylocks' fortune would erect—a hospital such as the doctor's small community could never support. But that wouldn't bother the Blaylocks, he knew. They would pay the bills each year, and feel it was little enough to do for the man who had, after all, given them the child. And that man, that disagreeable lovable old man, would be in heaven in such a hospital. But he would never accept it, Marsden was sure.

"I don't think he'd accept anything," Marsden said to Jerome.

"Why not?" Jerome began; but his father interrupted:

"Then we'll have to work out something he won't suspect came from us."

"That would be great, sir." Marsden smiled. Wilbur was a wise old fox. "If you can do it. I doubt it."

"We'll try," Mr. Blaylock said. "We must work on it. You put your mind on it."

"Yeah, Bill," Jerome said, as if it were bound to be a problem soon solved with Marsden worrying at it. "You work on it."

Marsden said: "You two should go to bed."

They nodded heavily and meandered, already half asleep, out of his office.

AFTER they had disappeared, Stephen Hunt strolled in. He slapped Marsden on the back and said:

"Damn fine of you, Bill! Damn fine!"

Marsden gave him a look both begging and commanding him to stop such talk. Hunt grinned and went on off to his own rooms, saying over his shoulder:

"I suppose Allie won't be back for hours yet; might as well get a bit of sleep while I can."

Miss Meeker appeared. "I'm going to lie down," she said pugnaciously, as if Marsden did not want her to. "For two hours I'm going to relax—dear Lord, how long it's been since I've relaxed!"

She slammed her door and Marsden was left alone. Fatigue was like an ache in his flesh, and beneath his rejoicings for Allie, for all the Blaylocks, he was sick with a distaste for his life; sick, and frantic to get away from the Blaylock house.

He tried to work. But he couldn't work. He gave up trying after two hours of accomplishing nothing, and left his office to go upstairs to his room.

As he passed through the drawing room he met Allie. She had given Andrew to Mrs. Tomkins, who had carried him off to his nursery and lunch.

"I've got to telephone Dr. Wilbur," she said. "I want to—"

He stopped her: "I went over that with Jerome and your father. They're going to try to work out something for the doctor."

"But before then I must thank him," she said, "and thank you, Bill." She came toward him with her hands outstretched. "Bill, how can I ever thank you for what you did? How can I—"

"I wish you wouldn't, Allie."

He ignored her outstretched hands. He felt he couldn't stand another bit of Blaylock gratitude; gratitude and devotion so sweetly taking it for granted that he was one of them.

"But, Bill!" She reached up and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Stop it!" Words crowded in his throat; words he had forced back into his heart, knowing he must never say them. But he said them, his voice rough with anger at her and at himself and life:

"I'm in love with you, Allie. I'll always love you, and I'm going away. And won't you, for God's sake, leave me alone until I do?"

He felt her hands leave his shoulders. She was drawing away from him. But he'd finish what he had to say.

"When are you going to marry Steve Hunt? You love him—that's been plain these last weeks."

"I do not love him."

"After the way you've been treating him!" Marsden smiled his bitter unbelief.

"That's because I'm sorry for him."

"*Sorry* for him?"

"Well, he loves me"—she sighed—"in his way. And when I didn't have to be afraid of him any more, when I was nice to him, he changed and became so nice himself, I got sorry for him. He *has* been very sweet, and I knew it was going to make him feel very bad for a little while when I told him about my loving somebody else."

"I think you're crazy," Marsden said. "You don't make sense."

"Yes, I do," she said, and began again where she had left off. "But then you started going out every time Jerome went, and I thought you didn't care about me so much, after all."

"I went with Jerome to keep him out of a barroom. What was the use of worrying you by telling you that? You had enough on your mind."

THERE was a silence while she pondered this. Then she said: "I told you once that you were somebody I didn't believe could exist. I don't believe it now. Bill, please look at me. I've loved you so for so long a time!"

His stunned mind balked and made him a dazed imbecile who stood and stared. He heard himself saying:

"You don't mean that. You can't love me. I love you. I've no right to, I know—you being what you are and me what I am."

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, a sudden fright in her voice, "that you're actually one of them, too?"

"What do you mean, one of them?"

"Another Owens, another one of their kind, denying me what I want merely because my father knows how to make money."

"You have no right to say that to me." He was angered now in an impersonal vague way, as if they were discussing an issue quite apart from themselves.

"Why haven't I the right? It's what you really mean." She was becoming angry now herself.

"I?" He fumbled for a coherent explanation. "Because I've got sense enough to know you couldn't love me. You couldn't really want to marry me; marry me and have everybody saying you'd bought yourself a husband. 'A smart boy, all right! He feathered his nest!'"

"What you really mean is that *you*

A BARREL OF QUALITY IN EVERY BOTTLE
But it doesn't take a barrel of DOUGH-RE-MI to buy it!
OLD QUAKER BRAND
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
THE OLD QUAKER COMPANY
SCHENLEY'S OLD QUAKER

90 PROOF

SCHENLEY'S **OLD QUAKER** BRAND

STRAIGHT WHISKEY—AS YOU PREFER IN BOURBON OR RYE

COPR. 1937, THE OLD QUAKER CO.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

ADVERTISERS: Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America.

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

RESETS BATHROOM FIXTURES
Use Genuine PLASTIC WOOD
PLASTIC WOOD

With this wonderful discovery . . Plastic Wood . . . you can make 1001 household repairs, in just a few minutes—**reset bathroom fixtures, loose drawer pulls, fill old screw holes, cracks in floors, baseboards, repair furniture, etc.** It handles just like putty, and quickly hardens into lasting wood that sticks to wood, metal, glass, plaster—wood that holds nails, screws and can be painted. Get genuine Plastic Wood at hardware, variety, paint stores.

Why Pay More?

Laymon's

Laymon's 16's Pure Aspirin Adult Dose 1 to 2 Tablets

ASPIRIN

Guaranteed for Purity

16 TABLETS FOR 10¢

Used and endorsed by millions. A national remedy for headaches, pains and colds for over 14 years. Prepared by the pioneer company in its field. Laymon's Aspirin is one of 200 daily necessities sold to you a new way—from handy, *Self-Help* Counter Cards in your local stores. Look for the Silver Displays offering Laymon's Aspirin, Asperline, Twenty Grand Razor Blades (5 for 10c) and other products you use daily. All in big-value packages at 5c and 10c.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO. Spencer Ind.

SCOOP! HALSCO LAND YACHT WILL BE ON HAND AT ENGLISH CORONATION! CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. TAKES DELIVERY OF HALSCO, IN WHICH HE WILL COVER "EARTH'S GREATEST SHOW FROM A TRAILER."

(See His Article in This Issue of Liberty)

● From out of the west...California...comes the Halsco Land Yacht, offering America's most *surprising* trailer value...trailer quality...and design.

Act Now! Send for latest trailer booklet, "Cruise Away to New Adventures," including "Trailer Buyers' Guide." Profusely illustrated...send 10 cents.

DEALERS: Representing Halsco assures you of a permanent business...substantial profits. Halsco is *the* "seller."

HALSCO LAND YACHT
3587 BEVERLY BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

couldn't bear to know they were saying it. Isn't that it?"

She gave him a steady look.

This new viewpoint startled him into silence. While he tried to find an answer, she went on with a contempt that both baffled and infuriated him:

"If I had some unfortunate failing—if I were, for instance, like Jerome—you would take me, watch over me, accept the suffering, the humiliations I'd be bound to bring down on you." Her lips curled. "But that would be different! People would say of you, 'Poor Bill Marsden! What that wife of his puts him through! He was crazy, to marry her!' You wouldn't mind them saying that; you'd think they were fools because they couldn't see how the traits you loved in me were more than recompense for the traits you hated."

She smiled wryly. "And you'd be lying. Though you wouldn't know it. Because the people you called fools really meant a great deal to you. You could bear with their pity; but their ridicule—"

"Allie! Quit harping on it! You know it's not only that. It's the whole setup—the sort of life you lead. I can't afford your life. And not because of what people will say, but because of myself. You know I couldn't live on your money."

"Haven't I been telling you for weeks that you aren't just a poor man any more?" She was almost shouting at him in her rage at his stupidity. "You're a man with a big future. Father believes it. He wants to give you every opportunity."

He stopped her with a look.

"And what does that really amount to? Living on your money. Nothing else."

She whirled away from him, stood with her back to him. With an icy calm she asked him:

"You're sincerely fond of my father, aren't you? You'd like to help him?"

"Of course I would."

"So you want to walk out on him! You!—the one man he's ever found that he feels is in every way capable of directing his affairs as brilliantly as he does."

She wheeled around to face him again.

FATHER loves his companies. He worked like hell to make them what they are. He doesn't want them to die with him. Not because of his family—we'll be taken care of, or we could take care of ourselves—but for the sake of the companies."

"That," Marsden admitted reluctantly, "I had never thought of."

"Stupid, stupid that you are! Think of it! See if you can understand not my side of it but father's. Try for a few moments to smother that Owens bigotry, that 'poor but proud American, who won't live on any woman's money.' And you'll see you aren't risking such a fate. You won't be living on a woman's money. You'll merely be running the risk of having some fools as great as you are say so."

"Stop it!" He caught her by the shoulders and shook her. He was furious with her. "Stop talking to me like this!"

"You let me go!" She beat her fists on his chest. "Let me go!"

He let her go.

His anger vanished. In an amazed wonderment he looked down at her.

"Allie, I love you. And you"—he was just beginning to believe it—"you—it's hard to believe—love me. And this is what we're doing!"

Her lips began to quiver and her eyes filled with tears. She turned her head away.

"Oh, it's so awful," she moaned.

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Tune in these stations for the late evening news brought to you by the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

WABC—New York... Andre Baruch
11 P. M. Each Weekday Night, Except Thursday

WLW—Cincinnati... Paul Sullivan
11 P. M. Each Weekday Night (10 P. M. Central Time)

WBBM—Chicago... Tod Hunter
10.30 P. M. Each Weekday Night and Saturday

"Don't cry," he begged her. "Don't cry. We'll manage to work it out somehow."

"You mean"—she looked up at him, not daring yet to hope—"you're not going away? You won't leave?"

His arms went out and lifted the thin smallness of her as if she had been a child. At his touch she collapsed against him. The reaction from the fright he'd given her, from the ordeal her life had been ever since Jerome had brought her his child, came down on her with all the force of an actual blow.

"Oh, God, Bill, I love you!" she whimpered. "And I'm so tired I could sleep for a year!"

"Then sleep for a year, my darling!"

He carried her to the couch down at the far end of the room where he had first seen her. He put her gently on the damask cushions, and bent and kissed her on the lips.

She sighed; her eyelids closed, the lashes black against the exhaustion of her face.

Tupper appeared in the door, a thumping noise in his wake. He was giving the Pekingese the first ride James Smith had had in weeks. It was Tupper's way of celebrating. Beaming, he walked across the room, dragging the top of the typewriter case in a swishing path. Smith, imperial and aloof, sat steady as he bumped over the rugs. But when he saw Marsden he jumped from his wagon and galloped to him.

Marsden pointed down at Allie, and Tupper picked up the box and tiptoed away.

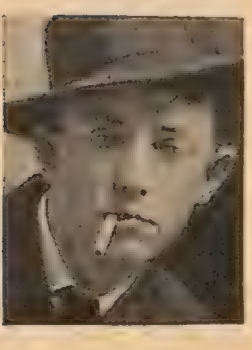
"Hi, feller," Marsden whispered, and pulled Smith's silky ear. James Smith was a good dog—the best. If it hadn't been for Smith, that day when Allie and Steve Hunt had been in Caliente—but Smith had been there, the perfect watchdog in his own particular way.

Smith sniffed at Marsden's ankles, wagged his tail once, then lightly he jumped up on the couch to curl in a circle at Allie's feet. She was already asleep.

Marsden wondered if he would ever sleep again. How could a man sleep who was as happy as he was? Days would come, he knew, when he would not be happy. There were difficult situations ahead of him; but somehow they would be managed, smoothed over and forgotten. With her they could be forgotten. He sat down on the floor, resting his head against the couch. He took her hand in his. A moment later his eyes closed and he was asleep.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo should be bordered with red, white, and blue. Its subject, born July 4, was famed for a flag finish. He's done almost everything connected with the theater, and recently became partners again with Sam. He dislikes Hollywood. Who is he?

2—A young codfish is served as what?

3—Which weighs more: moist air or dry air?

4—What bachelor was the fifteenth President of the United States?

5—Who is called Father of the Blues?

6—One who suffers from an imaginary ailment is called what?

7—Who wrote The Fall of the House of Usher?

8—What type of wolf can become a gentle and affectionate dog?

9—When (in the Bible) did an angel assist at a jail delivery of Communists?

10—Who was Colonel Thomas Blood?

11—Do thirsty dogs go mad?

12—In Wall Street, speculative securities of doubtful value are called what?

13—Georgian Bay is a part of which of the Great Lakes?

14—Who was Ambassador to Berlin when the World War started?

15—Is a goober a burrowing rodent, something to eat with salt, or a voodoo doctor?

16—What statesman did Aaron Burr mortally wound?

17—Did President Roosevelt and Chief Justice Hughes occupy the same office?

18—Who are the Sisters of the Skillet?

19—Which sacred mountain appears most often in scenic views of Japan?

20—Who among cinema importations is famous for legs?

(Answers will be found on page 66)

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."
HER SKIN'S A FRIGHT!
"Reading in a magazine how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."
MAYBE THEY WILL HELP ME!
"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."
WHAT A LOVELY SKIN!

NOTE: *The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

YOU'VE read at the left how Yeast Foam Tablets helped *one* person, and you want to know how they may help *you!*

Well, this ad is based on a true experience. And while it is only *one* case, it's so typical of many others that it warrants you in giving a most thorough trial, in similar disorders of skin and complexion, to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins.

This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll *look* better—and *feel* better too—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! **Mail Coupon NOW for Sample**

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) L 5-37

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. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. ● This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. ● If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. ● All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. ● Write for information.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, INC.
Dansville, New York, U. S. A.

L 5-15-37

The CHARGE of the FAIR BRIGADE

BY JOHN DREBINGER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Dear Sir:

It is with utter amazement and surprise that I am reading reports in the papers that you are seriously considering trading Dizzy Dean. What can you be thinking about, if anything? I'm afraid this would prove one blunder you'd never survive.

(Signed) LILLIAN V——.

SAM BREADON, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, opened some more letters. All were in a similar vein, one venturing the rather pointed opinion that "if you trade Dizzy, you're dizzier than he is."

There was no mistaking the public's pulse on this momentous matter. But what impressed Breadon most was the fact that for every letter which concluded with a man's signature four were signed by women!

It settled the matter forthwith. Breadon and his guiding genius, Branch Rickey, concurred that for the present, at least, Dean's continued eccentricities would have to be endured in a Cardinal uniform.

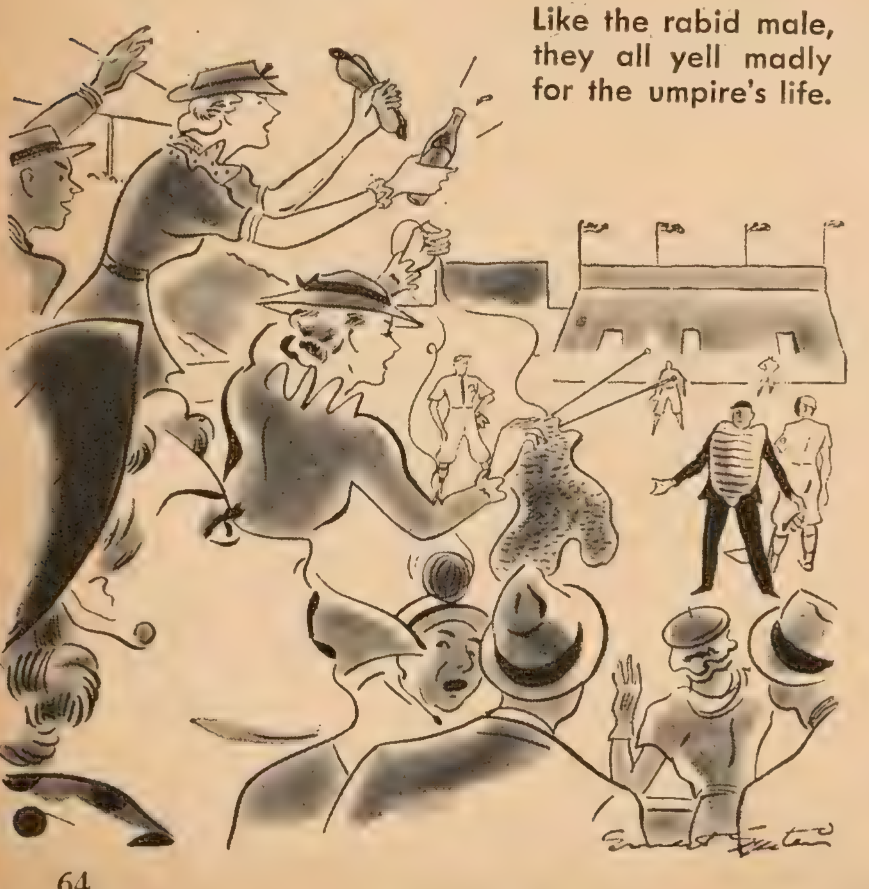
Nor could Breadon very well have come to any other conclusion. For the entire episode came as something of a personal vindication, a complete fulfillment of his own prophecy of some fifteen years ago that women in time would become more rabid fans than men.

Yes indeed; the women of the land in recent years have become strangely baseball-conscious.

"For every woman who went to a ball game fifteen years ago," asserts Breadon, "I would say more than twenty go today; and in reaching this figure I am not taking into account the free Ladies' Day crowds at all. I am basing it on the number of women that make up the crowds on other days.

"They know their baseball, too. Better than a lot of men. I've seen hundreds of them keep a score as detailed as that used by baseball writers."

Chicago takes the palm, baseball having taken a grip upon the women in the Windy City in a manner quite incredible. They literally storm Wrigley Field en masse.


Like the rabid male, they all yell madly for the umpire's life.

In fact, soon after the late William Wrigley had popularized Ladies' Day in Chicago, visiting teams complained. Supposed to receive a percentage of the day's receipts, they found themselves playing before capacity crowds for which they received practically nothing, inasmuch as the vast majority present were women who had been allowed to enter without charge.

So the Cub management found it necessary to limit to 15,000 the number of women admitted free to the weekly Ladies' Day game. Also the ladies were required to pick up their free tickets at the club offices in the morning, and to make the ten-cent government-tax payment. But none of this dimmed the ardor of the fair fans to any noticeable extent.

Among baseball men credit for introducing Ladies' Day is generally conceded to Sam Breadon. When he first began to exploit his notion of selling baseball to the women on a grand scale, his fellow club owners looked on askance. "Ridiculous," they said. "What's the idea?"

"The idea," said Breadon, "is that we'll be opening our gates to thousands of future fans whom we have been shamefully ignoring these many years. Invite them to the park once a week and you'll find out that women, in time, will make just as rabid fans as the men."

At first the girls came out, and—well, giggled. It wasn't costing them anything, but it did all look very silly.

But their attitude soon changed. Now, though they still apparently scream at the wrong time—in fact, they scream practically all the time, be the plays good, bad, or indifferent—and though they do like to see a home run sail into the stands, they seem to have acquired an astonishingly thorough knowledge of the game as well.

The advancement of technical understanding, of course, did not exactly develop overnight. What first seemed to catch the fancy of the ladies, once they grasped the general rudiments of the game, was perhaps the artistry and grace of the players themselves. Even their uniforms took on a certain picturesque touch.

Oh, yes, those ballplayers seem to have no end of attraction for the ladies, and curiously enough it is not always the handsome ones that carry the greatest appeal.

For instance, alongside such stunning types of masculine beauty as revealed by the dashing Freddy Lindstrom, Waite Hoyt, or Sammy Byrd, no one would exactly call the features of Hal Schumacher extremely eye-filling. Yet the ace right-hander of the Giants seems to possess a rare measure of attractiveness for women fans.

I know this for a fact, because for more than a year a certain movie scout has been striving in vain to interest Schumacher in a screen career. He is positive Schumie has what it takes to pack 'em in as another Maurice Chevalier or Gary Cooper.

Those shy retiring fellows like Ott, Carl Hubbell, and Billy Herman of the Cubs also get 'em—although, naturally enough, it is the huskies of the diamond, such as Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, who command most attention.

Like the rabid male, women fans too have come to accept the umpire as their common enemy, yelling for his life even more vehemently than the men when some ill-fated arbiter happens to pull a bad one.

Like the male fans, too, they munch peanuts and hot dogs—but they munch much more. According to one major-league concessionaire, the consumption of refreshments by women almost doubles that of men.

They do seem to be nibbling and sipping all the time. Yet in no manner does this appear to interfere with their vocal operations. It is most extraordinary.

THE END

The ladies, God bless 'em . . their cheers have brought a new day to baseball!

HEART TROUBLE FINDS A CURE

The films report a new hospital triumph (the remedy here is love), and explore the dubious, devious ways of some folks at home and abroad

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Lloyd Nolan, Stanley Ridges, Gaylord Pendleton, Lee Bowman, Irving Bacon, Barry Macollum, Pierre Watkins, James Bush, Anthony Nace, Lillian West, Maryon Hall, Evelyn Dockson, Gertrude Simpson, Helen Brown, Frances Morris. Screen story by Rian James from the novel by Max Brand. Directed by Alfred Santell. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 80 minutes.

DON'T worry about the medicated title. Although you do get a glimpse behind the scenes of a great hospital — of the tired young internes in their crowded quarters off duty, joking to forget the pain and the fears that have swirled around them all day—this is essentially the story of a friendless and persecuted girl seeking, at any cost, the one thing she loves: her lost baby.

Interne Jimmy Kildare meets Janet Haley in the clinic of his hospital; comes to realize the hunger of the girl for her lost child; is able to aid her when he accidentally befriends the wounded gangster chieftain.

The story is dramatically paced, splendidly directed by Alfred Santell, who did Winterset. And he is aided by the sincere, direct work of Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Note, too, Lloyd Nolan's superbly characterized gang boss, a new sort of intelligent hoodlum. Also Stanley Ridges' bad boy with the penchant for popcorn.

VITAL STATISTICS: Author Max Brand's really Frederick Faust. Got idea for this ether drammer staring at blank hospital walls after an operation. . . . Internes really can't take money, so that part of the plot's the mccoy. They spend ten years pre-medicating; as internes they get about ten dollars a month (and all expenses) at some hospital before they are allowed to set up and extract appendixes and huge fees from the general public. . . . Tech adviser was Dr. John Jack Toma, chief resident at Hollywood Hospital, where they get all the major shooting cases. Dr. Toma wrote some of the dialogue to get a little iodine sting into it. . . . Lloyd Nolan is a tournament golfer, a quiet married man, bekidded, and wouldn't know what the producers would do with him were gangsterinos really to cease. . . . Nick Lukats, All-American Notre Damer, is general handy man around the Paramount stock company; plays anything from a cop to a comic. . . . This is Joel McCrea's seventh crack at doctordom. Can remove an appendix in the dark. Is never sick; never consults doctors, so doesn't actually render those medicated parts from experience. . . . To get "orphanage" children to react in rapture to Miss Stanwyck, Director Santell invented some mythical little round colored nothings on the Stanwyck hat, and the game was to see who could see them first and admire them loudest. After a few cracks at the game, one kid suddenly cried, "Oh, I see them now!" and began actually to see the little round colored nothings. Santell called for a drink for himself—thereafter gave up the game! . . . Miss Stanwyck cried 78 per cent of the time in this—and without having pepper or onion juice and glycerin shot in her big orbs. . . . Stanley Ridges has a Maine, a Florida, and a Long Island home, a place on the stage, and will come back to Hollywood only when they make a good screen man out of him, instead of a heavy.

Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck in a scene from Internes Can't Take Money.

★ ★ MIDNIGHT TAXI

THE PLAYERS: Brian Donlevy, Frances Drake, Alan Dinehart, Sig Rumann, Gilbert Roland, Harold Huber, Paul Stanton, Lon Chaney, Jr., Russell Hicks, Regis Toomey. Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick from a story by Borden Chase. Directed by Eugene Forde. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 70 minutes.

A G-MAN disguised as a taxi driver insinuates himself into the confidences of a gang of counterfeiters and goes after the crowd singlehanded. But, alas, he falls in love with a beautiful member of the spurious money outfit. There he is—torn between love and duty.

The melodrama has its measure of excitement and suspense, although it moves pretty much on schedule. You will probably like the Irishman who grew up in the Middle West, Brian Donlevy, as Secret Service sleuth Gardner. Frances Drake is the queer-money beauty, and Gilbert Roland makes the most of a sleek, suspicious scoundrel of the gang. And, if you look quick enough, you will see Lon Chaney, Jr., in a bit.

This won't strain your imagination.

VITAL STATISTICS: Curlilocks Gilbert Roland's back in film after two years of applying himself to making Connie Bennett very, very happy. Born in Mexico, son of Francisco Alonso, a bull-ring matador, Gil used to be Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, and seemed headed for the bull ring till a revolution drove his family into Texas. Gil was a substitute John Gilbert in the days of heavy male lovers; plays all the social games brilliantly; thinks a lot of Oriental music. . . . Lon Chaney, Jr., cries: "I'm no miracle man. I'm just a famous man's son trying to get as far as I can in the shadow of a great tradition. The biggest obstacle to success is father's genius. Everybody wants me to be a genius overnight. And you can't run before you learn to walk." Will therefore start small and try to work his way up to geniushood. . . . Most of night scenes were really filmed at night and not in Mr. Zanuck's coal cellar. . . . Having stood in the rain from 7 A. M. to 11 P. M., one night Brian Donlevy's car refused to start. Anxious to get home, Brian borrowed the taxi he drives in this, figuring to return it next morning. Speeding home to Beverly Crest, he was picked up by cops, who found him unable to explain how come he was driving a taxi with New York plates and a California driving license, and were forced to take him to jail for the night. Brian was Knuckles the Killer in Barbary Coast; is as big and capable as he looks; just got finished marrying Marjorie Lane. . . . Frances Drake has Sir Henry Buccaneer Morgan for an ancestor.

★ ½ KIMIKO

THE PLAYERS: Sachiko Chiba, Tomoko Itoh, Yuriko Hanabusa, Sadao Maruyama, Heihachiro Ookawa, Kamatari Fujiwara, Chikako Hosokawa, Kaoru Itoh, Setsuko Horikoshi. From the novel Two Wives, by Minoru Nakano. Directed by Mikio Naruse. Produced by Photographic Chemical Laboratory, Tokyo. Running time, 75 minutes.

THIS story of contemporary Nippon, made in Tokyo by Naruse, one of Japan's foremost directors, was selected by a committee of Chicago University professors as rep-

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2
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RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN *Quickly*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Dr. Dennis' original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

resentative of current production.

If it is, Japan is aping Hollywood. Here a young girl in business discovers that her father is maintaining another household some miles from Tokyo. Indeed, there are two children. We're afraid Mr. Hays wouldn't approve of all this.

The dialogue is Japanese, the translations being printed on the scenes. You will discover that Tokyo is pretty much like any American city, with its elevated, its newsstands, its crowds of impolite hustlers.

VITAL STATISTICS: Strongest influence in modern Japanese cinema doesn't come from Hollywood but from the disliked Russians, whose snapshooting the Japanese love, and from the French, who seem to tell a story in the genuine Nipponese manner. . . . Picture made at the P. C. L. (Photographic Chemical Laboratory), the M-G-M of Japan, situated at Kinuta, in the Tokyo suburbs. . . . Sachiko Chiba is the number one girl of the Japanese screen. She is about twenty-five or -six, does not come of a traditional Japanese acting fambly but of comfortable merchants. . . . Yuriko Hanabusa is older than La Chiba, and a great star of the Japanese stage. . . . Sadao Maruyama, who plays Kimiko's father, is one of the best known comedians of the Japanese stage, screen, and radio. . . . There are three Itohs connected with the picture; they are not related, any more than all the Smiths in your telephone book are. Itoh's the Smith of Japan. . . . Heihachiro Ookawa is the closest Japan can approximate a Clark Gable crossed with a Bing Crosby. . . . Compared with American movie salaries, Japanese stars are paid peanuts. Top ranker like Miss Chiba drags down about 2,000 yen, or around $700 a month. A Japanese epic comes to, say, 200,000 yen.

★ THE GIRL FROM SCOTLAND YARD

THE PLAYERS: Karen Morley, Robert Baldwin, Katherine Alexander, Eduardo Ciannelli, Milli Monti, Lloyd Crane, Bud Flanagan, Phil Sleeman, Alphonse Martell, Don Brodie, Odette Myrtil, Lynn Anders. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Dore Schary from a story by Coningsby Dawson. Directed by Robert Vignola. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 61 minutes.

THIS sounds like an exciting yarn. A suave demented scientist, inventor of a death ray, sets out to destroy the British air fleet during the coronation ceremonies. Scotland Yard swings into action. A beautiful operative is sent after the mad scientist; a stalwart Yankee newspaperman tries to help.

Unfortunately, the excitement doesn't jell.

Karen Morley and Robert Baldwin are fair as the secret agent and the reporter. Even Eduardo Ciannelli seems far from himself as the madman with the death ray.

VITAL STATISTICS: Milli Monti is a Milanese, and a recent import via New York's Rainbow Room. . . . Robert Baldwin is of theatric folk. Started to be a dentist, but found it'd be a long hard pull; got into acting. . . . The background shots for the coronation are not actual, because that event hadn't taken place when this was made. The scenes are actually those of the Silver Jubilee, crowds behaving pretty much the same. . . . Although Eduardo Ciannelli's a Neapolitano, hesa gotta Englesi mama. . . . Rob Vignola's been around pictures since 1909, when he adventured into Florida with the old Kalem Company. This is his first meg job. . . . Secret agent Karen Morley lives quietly on a 42-acre seaside ranch with husband director Charles Vidor and their three-year-old son. . . . Co-authoress Doris Anderson is one of Hollywood's stand-bys who can look at a sunset and break it up into shots like a stenographer renders talk into shorthand worms. Likes men who rise early to see the dawn; cold dips into the cold Pacific; rich clothes and simple food. Adores Marie Corelli for emotional realism, Schopenhauer for laughs about the female sex, sulky-racing and left-handed ping-pong. Other authoress, Dore Schary, is an ex-Times Square intellectual; can be depended on by Hollywood for craftsmanship.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937.

★★★—Marked Women, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 63

1—George M. Cohan.

2—Scrod.

3—Dry air, since water vapor weighs less than the gases which chiefly comprise air.

4—James Buchanan (1791-1868).

5—William Christopher Handy, Negro composer of St. Louis Blues, Memphis Blues, Beale Street, etc.

6—A hypochondriac.

7—Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49).

8—The gray timber wolf—if domesticated from puppyhood.

9—Acts 4:32, 5:17–19—"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. . . . Then the high priest rose up, and all they that were with him . . . And laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison. But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth."

10—A soldier of fortune who, disguised as a parson, stole the king's state crown and orb from the Martin Tower, Tower of London, on May 9, 1671. While fleeing, the colonel and his companions were captured. Brought before Charles II, Colonel Blood was "punished" by being made one of the Merry Monarch's bodyguard at a sizable salary for life.

11—Not necessarily; mad dogs are the victims of rabies, an acute infectious disease—of which thirst and hunger are not causes.

12—Cats and dogs.

13—Lake Huron—of which Georgian Bay is the northeast part.

14—James Watson Gerard.

15—Something to eat with salt, for goobers are peanuts.

16—Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804).

17—Yes; each occupied the office of Governor of New York State.

18—The radio team of Ed East and Ralph Dumke.

19—The snowcapped dormant volcano, Fujiyama.

20—

Marlene Dietrich

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER THIS WEEK!

ALPHA CONTEST

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

IN PLANNING YOUR ENTRY KEEP SIMPLICITY IN MIND!

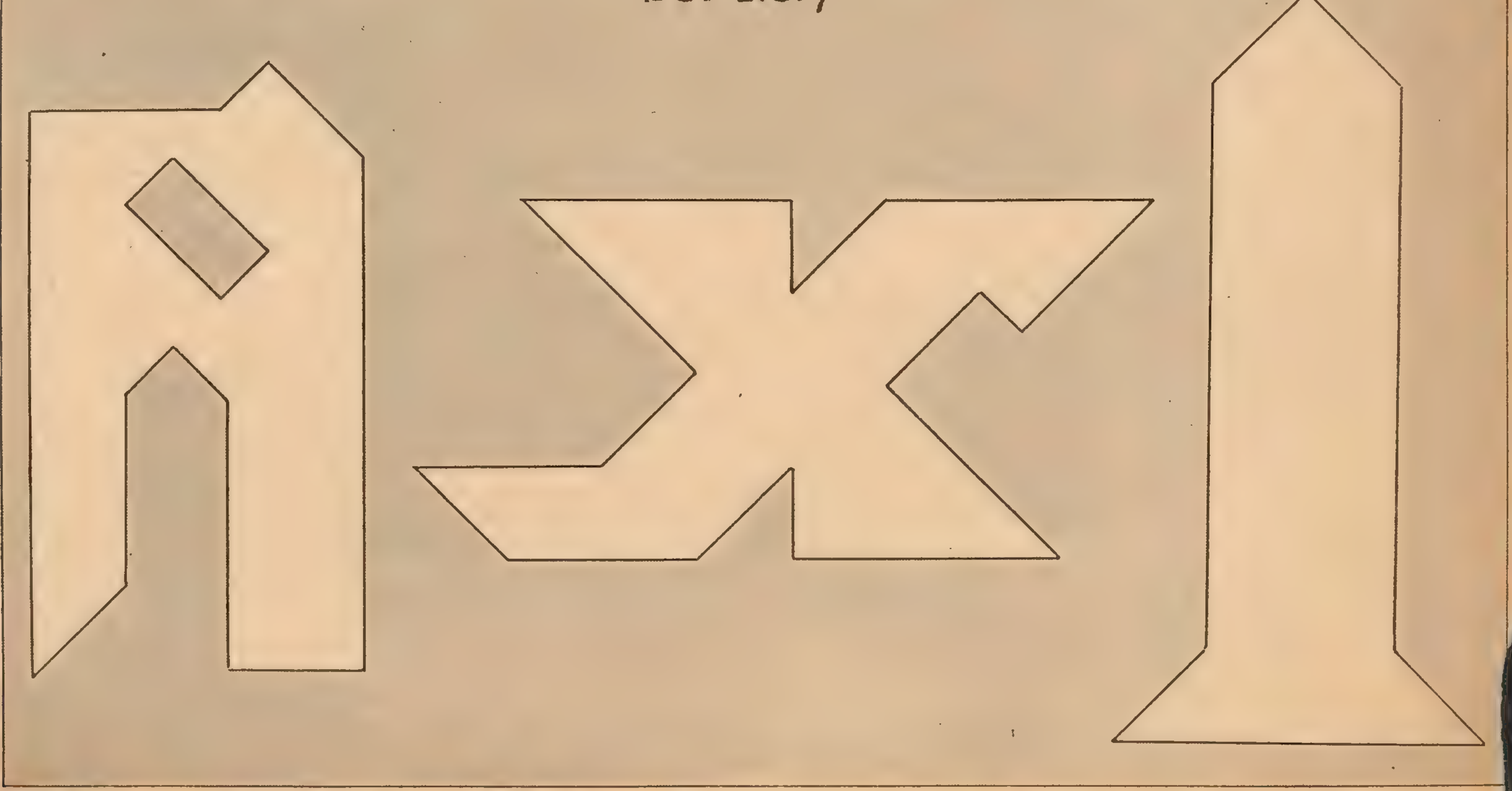
IF you have delayed starting your entry in Liberty's great $2,500 cash Alpha Contest, this week is the time for action. By ordering your master set of contest figures this week you can obtain reprints of each of the first six sets of letters. This material will enable you to bring your entry even with the field even though you are making a late start. However, no late-entry reprints will be supplied after Saturday, May 15. If you need this material, be sure that your order for the master set and your request for reprints is mailed in ample time to be received on or before that date. Next week's Liberty will bring the final three contest letters for solution. As you prepare your material for the judges, bear in mind that elaboration is not required and will not be taken into consideration in rating your entry. Time and money spent in ornamentation of your solutions is therefore a waste of time and money and Liberty advises against it. A plain, simple entry will receive the same careful consideration accorded a more elaborate presentation.

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the $1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Set No. 7



Vox Pop

A Gold-Star Mother Feels Guilty

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—Tearfully, plaintively, the little old gold-star mother was laying bare to me her innermost soul. I had become interested in her on shipboard. She seemed so pathetic, so different from the other mothers making this trip to their sons' graves as guests of Uncle Sam.

"He was my only son," she said. "I loved him more than life itself. Now he lies 'over there.' They pinned a gold star on me. They congratulated me as the mother of a hero who had given his life for his country. What cruel mockery! The war didn't kill my boy—I did. He died a victim of misguided mother love. Until my dying day I shall be haunted by the thought that, but for me, he might have come back to me.

"My son wasn't killed in battle. He wasn't even wounded. He died on a hospital cot from trench fever. He had always wanted to learn to be a soldier, to join the National Guard, and to go to camp with the other boys. But I wouldn't let him. 'No son of mine,' said I, 'will be trained for such horrible business as warfare. The best way to keep out of war is not to play at war.' In other words, I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

"If my boy hadn't died from fever, he might have fallen in battle. If so, my mind would have been at ease. I should have been reconciled to the will of God. But, as it is, there is no getting away from the fact that I failed to do my plain duty by my son.

"There can be no question about my guilt. The death rate from disease of untrained men was far greater than that of experienced soldiers. For every hundred soldiers who were killed in battle or died from battle wounds, *one hundred and twenty-four died from disease.*

"You don't believe that, eh? Well, here are the official figures, right from army headquarters in Washington."

She handed me a slip of paper on which was typed:

Died in battle and from wounds	50,510
Died from disease	62,670
Died from other causes	6,796
Total deaths in A. E. F.	119,976

"Superior training enabled regulars to endure the hardships of trench warfare," she went on. "The drafted men, like my son, lacking such training, succumbed more easily. If the death rate from disease had been as low in the army as it was in the marines—I've compared the figures: 56,422 of our boys—almost one half of the total number of dead now in their graves would have returned home to their loved ones—and my boy might have been one of them."

How I wished that I could have helped this little old gold-star mother to lighten her burden. I checked her figures, questioned her conclusions, tried to find other explanations for the almost unbelievable disparity in casualties—but in vain.

All I could do was to impress upon her that, in refusing to permit her son to train for the life of a soldier, she did what she thought was best for him. Thousands of mothers did as she did then—and other thousands are doing the same today.—*B. M. Andree.*

MR. CAIN KNEW WHAT HE WAS WRITING ABOUT

HUNTINGTON, W. VA. — Congratulations on the story Coal Black, by James M. Cain (April 3 Liberty).

We seldom see a story of a drift coal mine. Nearly all the stories of coal mines are about shaft and slope mines. They get more publicity, due to the fact that they have so many disastrous gas explosions, taking many lives at once. In a drift mine it is different, an accident usually taking one or two lives in a premature powder explosion or slate fall.

I am glad that we drift miners have at last been honored with a story; for, while our mines are hardly as dangerous as those of the slope and shaft variety, we are in plenty of danger.

Mr. Cain's description of a drift coal ne was marvelous indeed. Having nt ten of my twenty-eight years in , I should know. Realistic indeed was description of the trap and lonely pper. I too have spent many lonely hours at the trap doors, wishing I was a motorman and whistling In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, and I hazard a guess that Mr. Cain has also. In fact, so realistic was it all that any minute I fully expected to read where Lonnie rolled him a cigarette and lit it with his carbide lamp. But maybe Lonnie didn't smoke!—*Chester L. Shipe.*

PRAIRIE OYSTER IS AN EGG!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—All over the West the term "prairie oyster" (April 10 Vox Pop) is the generally accepted term for plain ordinary hen fruit, i. e., an egg.

Originally it meant the egg of a prairie hen. These have long since disappeared; but the term applied to mean her egg is now applied to any hen's egg, thus perpetuating the glorious memory of a bird that was once the choice, if not only, item on the average homesteader's table in the way of fowl.—*F. W. Seden.*

"IF HE COULD HAVE HEARD MY CAT—"

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—Sometime ago, in Twenty Questions and Answers, somebody gave the weight of green white oak as 3,000 pounds per cord; and now comes L. M. (April 10 Vox Pop) and says that cats make no noise when giving birth. If he could have heard my cat four days ago, he'd have changed his mind pronto. Not only did *she* make a noise, but the kittens *did* whimper. Maybe L. M.'s a sound sleeper; but they do make noise, as any cat owner will verify.

So far as I know, nobody has ever corrected the oak weight. It's 6,000 pounds to the cord.—*Blanche Vandersteen.*

FROM A ROLLER-SKATE SKIER

MONTREAL, QUE.—How much I enjoy reading Liberty! And how well liked your magazine is by all the folks!

You have a real honest-to-goodness fan in me up here, where skiing last winter was done on roller skates, due to lack of snow.

The family looks forward to each issue more eagerly since Hardtack was dropped by the stork. Mr. Keller is sure to be complimented on the wealth of humorous ideas he uses weekly, making Hardtack the most lovable and mischievous son of a gun in print.—*Bill West.*

ORIGIN OF "THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER"

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—Relative to Mr. John Barrett's inquiry regarding origin of the expression, "The villain still pursued her" (April 10 Vox Pop), it was originally used in a melodrama of 1881 called The Phoenix—Milton and Dolly Nobles were the stars.

The character comedy lead, played by Milton Nobles, was a drunken and poverty-ridden poet, the possessor of a fortune of which he is unaware. The "heavy," aiming to get it, attempts his murder by plying him with drink and dope and setting fire to his attic chamber.

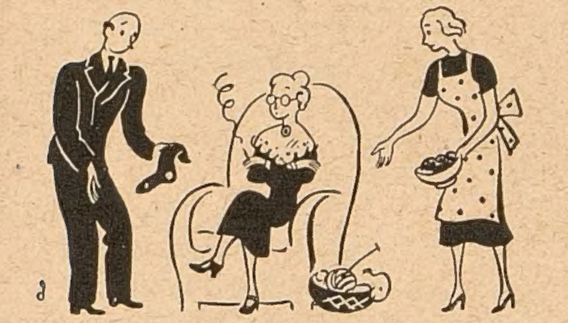
The phrase mentioned was the title of the poem this hero wrote, every other line of which was, "The villain still pursued her." It caught the public fancy, became a byword, and on it was built foolish questions and gags.

Subsequently a comedian named Rice introduced a song with that as its title, which was afterward published by Delaney, of whose many publications I still possess three or four.—*James J. Morrison.*

GIVE US MORE OF GRANNY—ZAZ-ZOOZ-ZAZ!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Three whoops for Hattie Jackson! (April 10 Vox Pop) Now there's a gal for you! Eh, kid? She's got the right idea. We certainly need cover pictures of granny to give your swell magazine a "different touch."

Gosh, you can pick up any magazine on the market, and what do you see? Pretty-pretty gals all fluffy and stuff. Foo! We're sick of eying these pictures. Give us more of granny—she sure deserves it. Why not show her real modern-like—on a sit-down strike, for instance?



Hattie Jackson must be some nifty kid. Here's to the dear old gal—with a zaz-zooz-zaz!—*Jane Stephens.*

365 SPOTS ON 52 CARDS?

MONROE CITY, MO.—I noticed in April 3 Vox Pop where a Mr. Clarence Fleece of Memphis, Tennessee, calculates that a deck of playing cards was copied from the calendar and that the deck has 365 spots on the fifty-two cards.

Now, I've played the old indoor sports known as stud and draw poker in a lot of civilized places in the United States and some parts of Washington, D. C., and, unless Clarence is using a lot of imagination about the jack, queen, king, and joker, there "just ain't" 365 spots on the cards.

I suggest that you have Clarence take some liver pills for spots before the eyes, or wash the flyspecks off of his eyeglasses.—*E. L. Green.*

SURGICAL RACKETEERS

TRENTON, N. J.—It seems essential that an unsuspecting public be warned regarding these so-called doctors who are ever ready to perform a surgical operation to remove the appendix of a patient who has no affliction other than a severe stomach-ache, and which is true in scores of cases where the racketeer envisions a surgical fee.

The surgical racketeer thrives through public apathy. He knows he is within the law, can take refuge behind the word emergency; so he cuts and collects—collects, whether he kills or cures.

No sufferer, under any pretext, should submit to an operation without a proper diagnosis, without the advice of at least two reputable physicians, a blood count, and if possible an X-ray, and even then not without further deliberation and careful preparation by building resistance to enable the patient to withstand the ordeal.—*Eugene Van Note.*

"LOVE ON THE AUCTION BLOCK"

HAMMOND, IND.—I am deeply grateful for Mr. Macfadden's editorial in April 3 Liberty, Love on the Auction Block, supporting my law to abolish the heart-balm racket.

I have had the universal support of the press, but his editorial is particularly valuable because of its wide circulation and prestige.

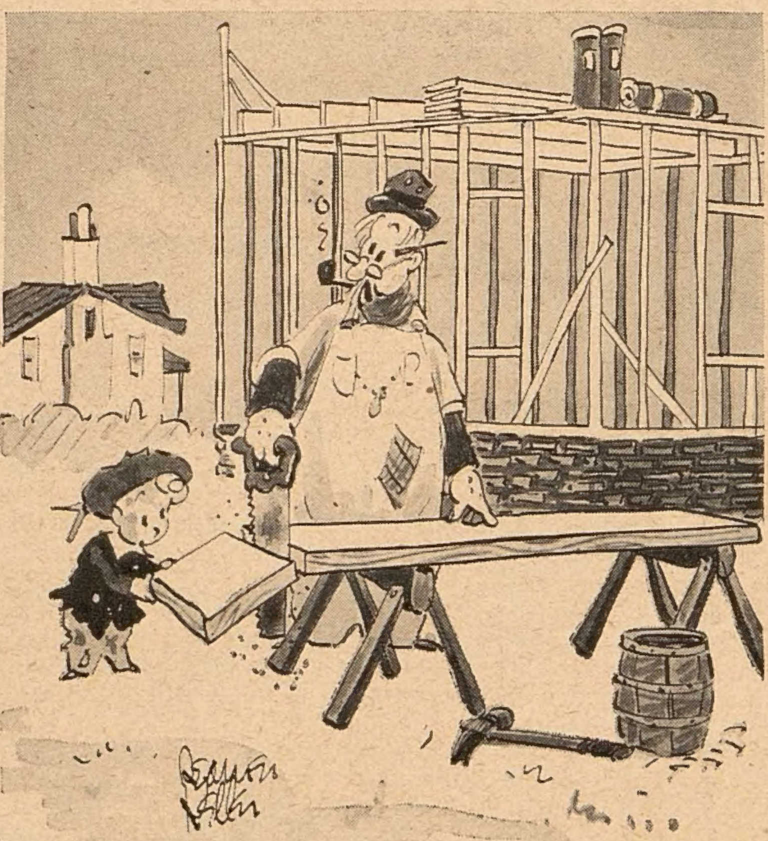
I shall greatly appreciate any further support which Mr. Macfadden may see fit to give the cause from time to time. It is my hope that the law will eventually be copied in all of the more important states.—*Jay E. Darlington.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Love on the Auction Block, is so timely that I feel it should be copied by the press and read in every pulpit in our land.

The "family" is a divine institution, a great force for righteousness, and the moral thermometer of civilization. Above everything else, we must build and maintain family life on the only sure foundation, that of true love. Otherwise, as a nation we are doomed to go on the rocks.

May I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Macfadden for such a splendid editorial from his pen.—*(Rev.) Floy Thornton Barkman.*

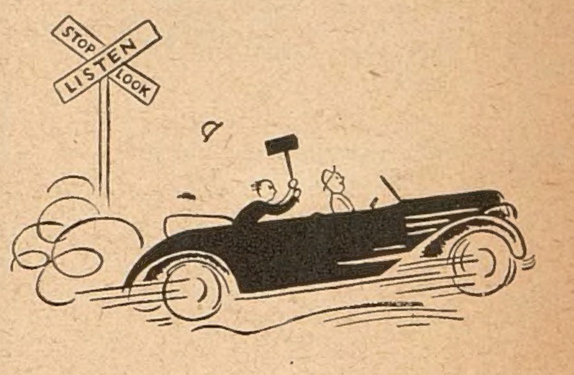
"HARDTACK"



"That's swell—can you kinda round the edges now? I want to stick it in my pants."

MALLETS FOR EVERY AUTO

WINCHESTER, IND.—If every automobile were only equipped with three good-sized rubber mallets for the use of passengers on the back seat! Then, when the damphool at the wheel (so-called driver) tried to cross railroads with blind crossing and bell ringing, cornfield corners and dangerous intersections, got on the wrong side of road and passed vehicles on curves and blind spots, we could take one of the mallets and crack him on the head. Newspapers, instead of printing casualty lists, could then print the names of the drivers so treated, and praise the men who took the wallops at them and show what fine citizens they were.—*Curtis M. Gillum.*



DOHERTY, STICK BY YOUR GUNS!

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—I want to congratulate Mr. Doherty on his story on polygamy in the April 10 issue, and Liberty for having enough guts to print it. In my opinion it is the best thing on that subject in print since polygamy was outlawed in Utah.

You will receive bales of protesting letters. You will be called all sorts of a liar, but no proof will be offered. You will be requested not to print any more of Mr. Doherty's story.

Pay no attention to any such protests. Stick by your guns, I will personally guarantee t prove every statement made b Mr. Doherty.—*Charles Kelly.*

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—I read with some interest the article in April 10 Liberty by Edward Doherty entitled Polygamy on the Santa Fe Trail. I hav been in California nearly fiv years, and there is very little o the state I have not been in. I served a number of years as a prosecuting officer as well as on the bench. I am frank to say that the article is so far from the truth that it is hard to believe that any one who pretends to be fair-minded could write such a piece.

Summing up, I would say the author makes a story which, to one who does not know, migh be quite interesting; but to m mind he has written what might call a "sixteen-oun story with one ounce of truth the other fifteen ounces bei untrue.—*William S. Marks.*

RUTH IS FUNNIER
THAN FICTION

It Happened In

LONDON, ENGLAND—Because they could not help being tidy, two youths were arrested as burglars. They were seized when they returned to the scene of the crime. Harry Leighton and Arthur Nicholls told the police that they had returned to "clean up a bit of the mess so that it will not look so bad when the owners come home."

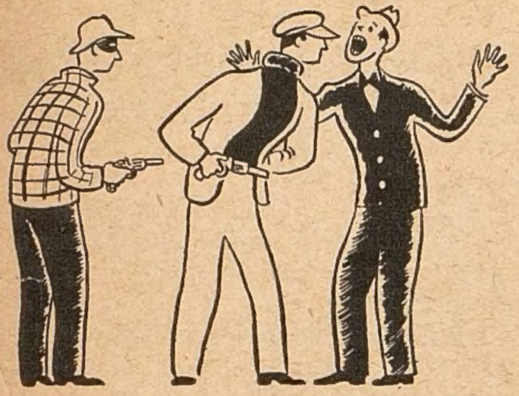
GREAT BEND, KAN.—Horses on the Tom Taylor farm have gone modern. Taylor pulled a buggy from the barn in which it had been stored for several years. Three horses in a near-by corral took one look at it, shied, and jumped over a high wire fence.

DENVER, COLO.—"Say 'ah,'" said the gunmen to John Boleman as they acosted him on a dark street.

The four men peered inside his mouth.

"Sure enough, he's got them," they decided.

Then they tapped Coleman on the head with a pair of pliers and took the gold bridges from his mouth—value sixty-six dollars.



MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The name of an Austro-Hungarian sick benefit society here has been shortened. Henceforth the Oesterreichisch-Ungarischer-Krankenunr-Stuetzungsverein will be known as e Oesterreich-Ungarischer-Krankenunterstuetzungs Verein.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

ign on a New Hampshire dairy:

"*Special Cows Kept for Infants and valids, and Delivered in Bottles.*"

ign outside a Kansas police barracks:

"*Join the police force and see the nderworld.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS

Well, about stayin' at home & not gettin' in no foriegn intanglments, such as Japaneze flypaper. How can we get in foriegn intanglments if we aren't doin' no foriegn trade?—Ezra Dill.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

EDWARD'S RULES TO MAKE HIS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS

Will the Duke of Windsor relish the possessive attitude sometimes displayed by women after marriage? Will some slight pangs of jealousy prove an entering rift in the married happiness if some old admirers of Wallis appear on the scene?

What about relatives? And house guests? And night clubs? How much shall they entertain—and whose friends—his or hers?

Both Edward and Wallis enter on their marriage with "their eyes open." This is no "sweet sixteen" affair and the Duke, at least, has not planned it so.

For every possible stumbling block in the path of marital happiness he has a rule. What these rules are, Helen Worden will reveal in Liberty next Wednesday in the most intensely interesting article yet written about these world-famous sweethearts.

ETTA RIEL

WHAT HAPPENED TO ETTA RIEL?

One of the most baffling mysteries of modern times—a young girl whose disappearance rivals that of the famous Dorothy Arnold.

Every clue has been run down; painstaking search of surrounding country has been made; a grave, even, has been opened. All to no avail!

For thrilling, gripping mystery—fact, yet rivaling the greatest fiction—read this first article of a series entitled "Will These Mysterious Crimes Ever Be Solved?" in Liberty next week.

WILL THE OXFORD RELIGIOUS DRIVE GET INTO POLITICS?

Another article by Will Irwin on this new movement which is making such sweeping progress abroad and now apparently is taking this country in its stride. Of intense interest to those accustomed to think of this as a godless, material age. In Liberty next Wednesday.

Also stories and articles by Roger Garis, Edward Doherty, Faith Ellen Smith, Lowell Thomas, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE MAY 12

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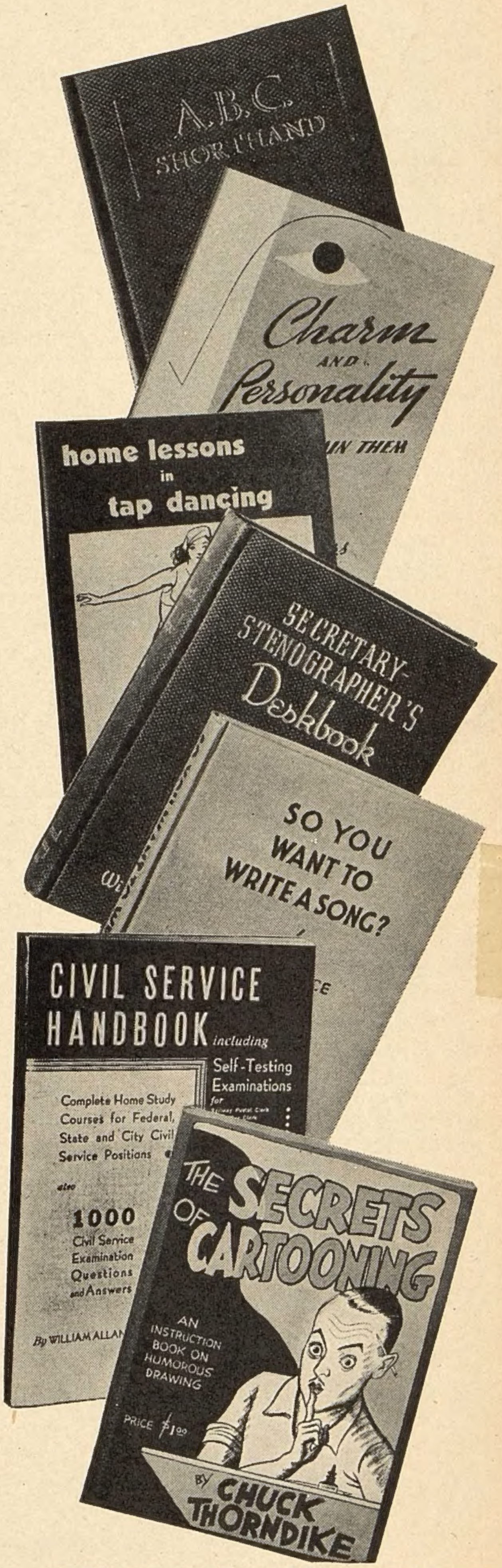
LET THESE BOOKS START YOU TOWARD A CHERISHED GOAL!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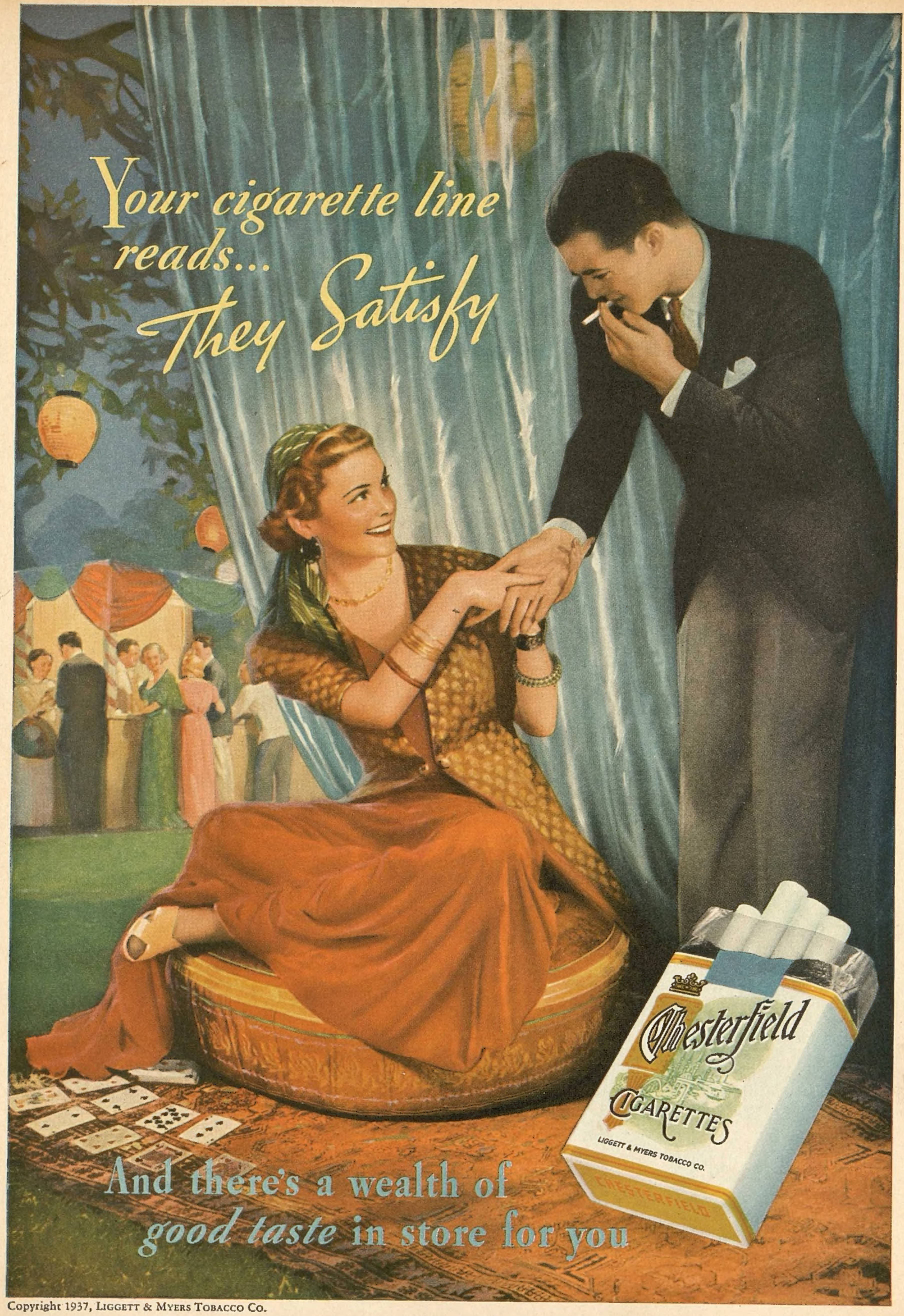
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